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"'Tis true thou art Odysseus."

Academy Classics for Junior High Schools
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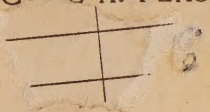
THE TOILS AND TRAVELS OF ODYSSEUS

TRANSLATED BY CYRIL A. PEASE



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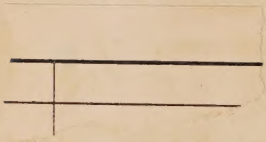

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE present edition of Homer's *Odyssey* is addressed to both the student and the general reader. All of Book XXIV and many additional passages omitted by the translator have been included. This edition conforms fully to college entrance requirements in English. For the translation of several passages, thanks are due Dr. Charles W. Siedler, head of the classical department of Walton High School, New York.

For the illustrations of Greek vases, the courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is acknowledged.

S. S. C.

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THE TOILS AND TRAVELS OF ODYSSEUS

THE WANDERINGS OF ODYSSEUS

THE TOILS AND TRAVELS OF ODYSSEUS

CHAPTER I

Odysseus Leaves Calypso's Isle on His Raft

Now Dawn arose from her couch to give light to gods and men, and the gods took their seats in council, and among them high-thundering Zeus, greatest of all in might.

Then Athene spake to them, calling to mind all the sufferings of Odysseus, for she was vexed that he should linger in the dwelling of the nymph Calypso.

"Father Zeus, and ye other happy and deathless gods, may no sceptre-bearing king seek to be kindly and gentle and of just mind, but let him be hard of heart and an evil-doer. For no one of the people over whom he ruled remembers Odysseus, though he was gentle as a father. But he stays in sore distress on the island, in the abode of the nymph Calypso, who keeps him by force. He cannot return to his fatherland, for he has neither ships rowed with oars nor a crew to carry him over the wide stretches of the sea. And now his enemies seek to slay his dear son Telemachus on his return

home. For he went to holy Pylos and sacred Lacedæmon to learn tidings of his father."

Then spake to her in answer Zeus who gathers the clouds:

"My child, how strange a word hath escaped the ring of your teeth! Was not this your own device, so that Odysseus on his coming should take vengeance on his enemies? Send Telemachus on his way with the cunning that is yours, so that he may come unhurt to his native land and the suitors may return in their ships."

So saying, he called to Hermes: "Hermes, our ever faithful messenger, do you make known to the fair-haired nymph our sure decree: that Odysseus is to return, albeit in evil plight, and without help from gods and men. After twenty days' suffering on his firmly set raft he shall reach fertile Scheria, the land of the Phæacians, who are akin to the gods. They will gladly honor him as a god and send him to his dear fatherland in a ship, giving him bronze and gold and raiment in plenty, greater store than Odysseus would ever have taken from Troy if he had returned without hurt with his allotted share. For so it is fated that he shall see his dear ones and come to his fatherland and his lofty house."

So spake he, and the Messenger, the slayer of Argus, gave heed. Straightway he bound under his feet his beauteous magic sandals of gold, which

HERMES

carried him alike over watery sea and boundless land with the breath of the wind. And he took his staff with which he charms to sleep the eyes of men as he wills, while others he rouses from sleep. With this in his hand flew the mighty slayer of Argus. He alighted upon Pieria and threw himself from the air over the sea: then he sped along over the waves like a cormorant, who dips his thick plumage in the salt water, as in quest of fish he flits along the dreadful troughs of the barren sea. So did Hermes ride over the crowding waves.

But when he reached the far-distant island he went up from the violet sea on to the land until he came to the cave in which the fair-haired nymph dwelt, and therein he found her. A great fire was blazing on the hearth, and far through the island spread the fragrance of burning splinters of cedar and cypress. The nymph was weaving with a golden shuttle within the cave, and sang with a sweet voice as she went to and fro at the loom. About the cave there grew a thick wood of alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress. Therein roosted long-winged birds, owls and hawks, and chattering sea-birds who spend their busy lives among the waves. Round the hollow cave spread a fruitful vine laden with grapes. Four springs of clear water, rising in order near each other, flowed each its own way, and around them bloomed soft meadows of violets and parsley. Even a death-

less god had he come there would have gazed in delight. So stood in wonder the Messenger, the slayer of Argus.

But when he had pondered on it all, straightway he went to the wide cave. And the goddess when she saw him face to face knew him, for the deathless gods know each other, however far away one may have his dwelling. Brave Odysseus he found not in the cave, but he was sitting weeping on the sea-shore, as was his wont, sobbing and groaning, heart-broken with grief. But the goddess Calypso set Hermes on a bright and glittering seat and questioned him: "Tell me, Hermes with the golden wand, mine honored guest, why are you come? Hitherto you have been a rare visitor. Tell me your purpose; I am ready to fulfil it, if fulfilled it may be."

So saying, the goddess set before him a table with ambrosia set thereon, and mixed the ruddy nectar. And the Messenger, the slayer of Argus, drank and ate. But when he had taken his meal and made glad his heart with food, then in answer he spake to her:

"You question me of my coming, a goddess asking a god, and I will truly answer, for so you bid me. Zeus bade me come hither, all against my will, for who of his own choice would cross so endless a waste of salt water? Nowhere at hand is there a city of mortal men who make choice

sacrifices to the gods. But no god can transgress nor defeat the will of Zeus. He says that there is here a man, the most miserable of all those who fought for nine years round Troy, the city of Priam, and in the tenth year sacked the city and set out for home. But on their homeward journey they sinned against Athene, and she roused against them a fierce wind and high waves. This man Zeus now bids you send home with all speed, for he is not fated to perish here, far away from his friends, but it will be his lot to see his dear ones and come again to his native land and lofty house."

So spake he, and Calypso the goddess shuddered and spake to him winged words: "Hard of heart are you gods, and jealous beyond all others, seeing that you grudge it when a goddess loves a mortal man. This man I rescued as he sat astride the keel of his boat, for Zeus with his thunder-bolt had crushed and shattered his swift ship on the wine-dark sea. His brave companions indeed had all perished, but he was wafted hither by wind and wave. I cherished and tended him, and promised to give him immortality and unfading youth. But since no other god can transgress the will of Zeus nor defeat it, let him, if such is the urgent command of Zeus, be gone across the barren sea. But in no wise will I give him a crew, for I have neither ships nor men to carry him over the wide tract of the sea. But I will willingly tell him to

go, hiding nothing, that he may reach his native land without hurt."

To her then in answer spake the Messenger: "Send him, as you say, on his way, and give regard to the wrath of Zeus, lest hereafter he show vengeful spite against you."

So saying, the mighty slayer of Argus left her; but the lady-nymph, obedient to the bidding of Zeus, went to brave Odysseus. She found him sitting on the shore, his eyes wet with tears, and his dear life ebbing away as he mourned for his return. For the nymph no longer pleased him. And the goddess, standing near him, spake to him:

"Hapless man, I bid you mourn no longer here, nor waste your life in sorrow, for I will now right gladly send you on your way. Set to and cut long beams, and fit together with an axe a wide raft, and on it fix high decks to carry you over the misty sea. I will put on board food and wine in plenty to fend hunger from you, and I will clothe you with raiment and send behind you a favoring breeze, that you may reach your native land unhurt, if it so please the gods who rule over the wide heavens and are greater than I in word and deed."

So she spake, but steadfast, god-like Odysseus shuddered, and in answer spake winged words: "You have some other purpose than helping me on my way, seeing that you bid me cross on a raft the wide gulf of the sea, so terrible and perilous

"She found him sitting on the shore."

that even the swift and well-trimmed ships rejoicing in the winds of heaven dare not cross it. I surely will not against your will go on board the raft unless you are ready to swear to me a mighty oath that you will devise no further evil to my hurt."

So spake he, and the goddess smiled and said to him: "Ready of wit are you, and no simpleton, to have thought good to utter such words. Now let earth be my witness, and the wide heaven above, and the down-flowing waters of Styx, which is accounted amongst the blessed gods the mightiest and most dreadful of all oaths, that I purpose and intend nothing but what I should counsel for myself if ever such need should come upon me. For my thoughts are righteous, and my heart within me is not hard, but pitiful."

So saying, the goddess led the way with all speed, and he followed her. So they came to the hollow cave, goddess and man, and he sat upon the seat from which Hermes had risen, while the nymph put before him food of every sort, both meat and drink, such as is the sustenance of mortal men. But she sat facing god-like Odysseus, and her servants put before her ambrosia and nectar. Then they put forth their hands to take the food set before them. And when they had had their fill both of meat and drink, then Calypso began to speak to him:

"Is it, then, your wish, wary Odysseus, to go straightway to your own dear land? Well, then, I bid you good speed. But if you knew through what suffering you must pass before you reach your own dear land, you would stay here and make this your home with me, and be immortal, however great your yearning to see your wife, for whom you are ever longing day by day. Surely I may claim to be her equal both in beauty and stature, for it is not likely that mortal woman should rival the immortals in bodily form."

Then spake in answer wise Odysseus: "Lady goddess, be not angry with me on this account. Even I know full well that wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than you both in beauty and stature. For she is a mortal woman, and you an immortal with unfading youth. Yet even so do I daily wish and long to reach home and see the hour of my return. But if one of the gods should wreck me on the wine-dark sea, I shall bear it with undaunted spirit. For already I have suffered much and toiled greatly by sea and on the battlefield, and now let be what must be."

So he spake, and the sun set and darkness came. But when rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, Odysseus put on his cloak and tunic, and the nymph planned how to send brave Odysseus on his journey. She gave him a great axe fitted to his hands, made of bronze and double-edged, and to it was deftly

fitted a fair handle of olive-wood. Then she gave him a polished adze, and led the way to the far end of the island, where grew tall trees, alder and poplar and pine, reaching to heaven, long-seasoned and very dry, such as would float lightly. So, when she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso the goddess went homeward; but Odysseus began to cut the timbers, and full soon made an end of his work. Twenty in all he felled and shaped with the axe and skillfully smoothed them and made them straight to the line. Then the goddess brought augers, and Odysseus bored all the timbers and fitted them together, and made all fast with pegs and bolts. Wide as a skillful carpenter will round off the bottom of a bulky merchant ship, so wide did Odysseus make his broad raft. Then he set up decks, fastening them to the close-set ribs, and, to finish all, put on long side-planks. Within her he made a mast with a yard fastened to it; a rudder, moreover, he made himself to guide her. From end to end he fenced her with osier mats to keep off the waves, and piled wood against them. Then Calypso the goddess brought cloth for him to make his sails, and these, too, he fashioned skillfully. Inside he fastened braces and ropes and sheets. Then, with levers, he dragged the boat down to the sacred sea.

The fourth day came, and all his work was finished, and on the fifth the goddess Calypso sent

him on his way from the island. She clad him in fragrant raiment, and put on board a skin of dark wine, and yet another great one of water, and provision in a wallet. Therein, too, she put a plentiful store of dainties. And she sent with him a kindly favoring breeze. So great Odysseus, rejoicing in the favoring wind, spread the sails and sat skillfully directing his course with the rudder. No sleep fell upon his eyes as he watched the Pleiades, and Boötes slow in setting, and the Bear who is also called "The Wain," and who, as she turns about, watches Orion. She alone never dips beneath the ocean, and the goddess Calypso bade him, as he sailed over the sea, keep her on his left hand.

For seventeen days he went sailing over the sea, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy mountains of the Phæacian land, where it lay nearest him, looking like a shield in the misty sea. But Poseidon, the mighty Earth-shaker, as he was returning from the Ethiopians, caught sight of him from afar from the mountains of the Solymi, sailing over the sea, and, shaking his head, spake in anger to his heart: "Alas, how wantonly have the gods changed their purpose concerning Odysseus while I was among the Ethiopians! He is drawing near the land of the Phæacians, where it is decreed that he shall escape from his misery. But for all that I will send him trouble enough."

POSEIDON, THE EARTH-SHAKER

So saying he gathered the clouds, and, taking his trident in his hand, troubled the sea. He roused from all sides every blast of wind, and hid earth and sea alike in cloud, and night sped down from heaven. Together rushed the East and South winds, the wild West wind, and the sky-born North wind, uplifting a mighty wave.

Then did Odysseus' knees tremble and his brave spirit failed him, and he spake lamenting to his brave heart: "Woe is me! What is to be mine end? All too true, I fear, were the words of the goddess who said I should have my fill of suffering on the sea before reaching my fatherland. Now is this all coming to pass, with such clouds is Zeus veiling the wide heavens and troubling the sea, while blasts of wind rush up from every side. Now doth sheer destruction surely await me. Thrice blessed and more are the Danaans who perished aforetime on the wide plain of Troy for the pleasure of the sons of Atreus. Would that I had died and met my doom on the day that a great host of Trojans hurled their bronze spears at me as we contended for the body of Achilles! Then should I have been granted funeral rites, and the Achæans would have sounded my name abroad, but now a miserable death awaits me."

As he spake, a great wave fell headlong upon him, driving on terribly, and whirled his raft about. Far from the raft he fell, and let go the tiller from

his hand, and the mast was broken in two by a fierce driving blast of the warring winds, and the sail and sail-yard fell afar in the sea. For a long time the great wave held him beneath the waters, nor could he at once rise against the might of it, for he was weighted down by the raiment which the goddess Calypso had given him. At length he came up and spat out from his mouth the bitter salt water which streamed from his head. But not even in this plight did he forget his raft. He darted after it and seized it amongst the waves, and, sitting upon it, escaped the doom of death. And as the wind in autumn drives across a plain a clinging mass of thistle-heads, so did the winds drive him hither and thither over the sea. Now would the South wind throw him to be driven by the North wind; now, again, the East wind would let the West wind give him chase.

But Ino, with white ankles, the daughter of Cadmus, Leucothea, who was once of mortal speech, but now held a place among the sea-gods, caught sight of him. And having pity on him as he drifted to and fro in sore distress, she came and sat upon the firmly-set raft, and spake thus: "Hapless man, why does Poseidon the Earth-shaker show you such bitter spite that he works you such mischief? But he shall not bring about your death, much as he desires it. Now this is what you must do, for you are not, methinks, lacking in

wit. Throw off your raiment, and leave your raft to the mercy of the wind. Then strike out and swim for the Phæacian land, where you are to find means of escape. See now, take my magic veil and lay it beneath your breast. There is no need to fear that you will come to harm or perish. But when you grasp any land, unfasten it, and cast it far out into the dark sea and yourself turn away."

So saying the goddess gave him her veil and plunged back into the heaving sea like a gull: and the dark wave hid her. But god-like, steadfast Odysseus pondered, and spake heavily to his brave heart: "Alas! I fear one of the gods is devising a fresh plot against me, seeing that she bids me leave the raft. But I will certainly not do her bidding yet, for with mine own eyes I saw how distant is the land where I am told I can find safety. This is what I will do, for so it seems best. As long as the beams hold together at the joints, I will stay here and endure my evil plight, but as soon as a wave shatters the raft I will swim, for there is no better counsel for me to follow."

Such thoughts did he for a while let rise within his heart and mind. But Poseidon the Earth-shaker uplifted a great wave — a monstrous, horrible, crested wave — which swept upon him. And as a gusty wind scatters a heap of dry chaff, making it fly hither and thither, so did the wave

scatter the long beams of the raft. But Odysseus sat astride one of the beams as if he rode a race-horse, and threw off the raiment which Calypso had given him. Then he stretched the veil under his breast, and, throwing himself headlong in the sea, struck out to swim. Poseidon, the mighty Earth-shaker, saw him, and, shaking his head, spake to himself: "So, then, you are drifting over the sea in sorry plight until you come once more among men who receive their sustenance from Zeus. But even so I ween you will not think lightly of your troubles." So saying he lashed his fair-maned horses, and came to Ægæ, where is his famed dwelling.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus, had a different purpose. She bound the other winds in their paths and bade them sleep: but she roused the swift North wind and quelled the waves in his path, until heaven-born Odysseus could reach the Phæacians who love the oar, and escape the doom of death.

Then for two nights and two days he drifted in the swell of the waves, and dark were the bodings of his heart. But when fair-haired Dawn brought the third day, then the wind fell and there came a cloudless calm, and, glancing quickly forward as he rose on a great wave, he saw land near by.

Dear as is the sight of a father's returning life to his children when he has lain long in wasting sick-

"Then he stretched the veil under his breast."

ness and racking pain — a victim to the spite of an evil spirit — but now the gods have granted him welcome respite from his suffering, even so dear to Odysseus was the sight of earth and woodland. So he swam on, eager to set foot on land. But when he came within shouting distance of the shore, he heard the din of the breakers against the rocks, and the land was hidden in clouds of spray as the great waves crashed foaming against it, nor were there any roadsteads nor landing-places, but jutting headlands and crags and rocks. Then Odysseus' knees trembled and his heart failed him, and he groaned as he spake to his brave heart: "Alas! now that Zeus hath suffered me beyond all hope to have sight of land after battling through the deep waters, I can see no way out of the grey sea. For out here are sharp rocks, and around them the waves bellow loud, and steep cliffs rise sheer from deep water, with no foothold and no escape from danger. If I try to land I fear a great wave will overtake me and dash me against a jagged rock, and I shall have made a sorry venture. But if I swim farther along the coast in search of slanting beaches and sheltered inlets, I fear a gust of wind may snatch me back and drive me lamenting over the swarming sea, or Poseidon may send against me some sea-monster, such as famed Amphitrite tends in countless herds, for I know how wroth with me is the renowned Earth-shaker."

As he let these thoughts rise in his heart and mind, a great wave swept him against the rocky shore. Then would his skin have been stripped from his body and his bones crushed, had not Athene, the grey-eyed goddess, shown him what to do. With both hands he hastily gripped the rock and held on, bemoaning, till the great wave had passed. So he escaped from the incoming wave, but as it swept back it struck him and flung him far out to sea. As the pebbles cling close to the suckers of an octopus when it is dragged from its hiding-place, so was the skin stripped off his strong hands against the rocks. Then a great wave covered him, and hapless Odysseus would have perished, but Athene put a wise thought in his mind. He got outside the waves which were foaming against the shore, and swam along, looking toward the land to find a sheltered inlet with slanting beaches. And when he reached, by swimming, a gently flowing river, here it seemed was the right place, free of rocks and sheltered from the wind. Then he felt the current, and prayed in heart:

"Give ear, O King, whoever thou art; I come to thee to pour out my supplication, seeking refuge from the sea and the threats of Poseidon. Even the immortal gods give heed to any that come from afar as I now come to thy stream, asking mercy in my sore distress. Have pity, O King."

So spake Odysseus, and the river checked its

current and stilled the wave, and made a calm before him, and brought him safe to its mouth. Then Odysseus' knees tottered and his strong hands fell limp, for his brave spirit had been quelled by the sea, and all his flesh was swollen, and the salt water streamed from his mouth and nostrils. So he lay in sore distress, breathless and speechless, and a grievous weariness came upon him.

But when he had recovered his breath and his spirit had revived within him, then he loosened off him the veil of the goddess and threw it into the current of the river. A returning wave carried it down, and straightway Ino took it in her hands. But Odysseus went back from the river and lay down in a bed of rushes, and kissed the grain-bearing earth. Then he spake to himself with heavy heart:

"Alas! what am I to do? What is to be the end of me? If I pass the night in sore distress in the river-bed, I fear lest the cruel frost and fresh dew may overcome me, so faint and breathless am I; and the wind blows cold from the river at early dawn. But if I climb up into the copse on the hillside and hide in the thicket, hoping that the chill and weariness may leave me, and sweet sleep come over me, then I fear I may become a prey and spoil to wild beasts."

This last, as he thought thereon, seemed to him to be the better way. So he made his way to the

wood, which he found near the river on high ground. Then he crept under two bushes growing from a joined root, a wild olive and a garden olive. Through them could pass no breath of damp winds, nor did the sun strike them with his rays, nor the rain pierce them, so close did they intertwine. Under them Odysseus crept. Then he gathered together with his hands a broad bed of leaves, for there was a great heap of them there, enough to shelter two or three men in winter-time, even in hard weather. Glad was brave, god-like Odysseus to see them, and he lay down in the middle of the heap and spread them over him. As a man hides a brand in the black ashes on a distant farm far from neighbors, and so saves the seed of fire that he may not have to seek elsewhere the wherewithal to kindle flame, so did Odysseus cover himself in the leaves. Then Athene shed sleep on his eyes, and closed his eyelids, to give him rest from weary toil.

CHAPTER II

Odysseus Is Rescued by Nausicaa

So steadfast, god-like Odysseus lay there, overcome with sleep and weariness. But Athene went to the country and city of the Phæacians, who aforetime dwelt in spacious Hypereia, near the Cyclôpes, lawless men who plundered them and overcame them. God-like Nausithous made them leave their land under his guidance, and planted them in Scheria, far from men whose food is grain. About their city he drew a line of wall. Houses, too, he built, and raised temples to the gods, and made division of the land. But he had already met his fate and gone to the dwelling of Hades, and Alcinous ruled the land with wisdom which the gods revealed to him. To his palace went the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, contriving means of return for brave Odysseus.

She made her way into the carved chamber wherein slept the maiden of god-like form and face, Nausicaa, daughter of brave Alcinous. Near her on each side of the door lay two maidens clothed in beauty by the Graces, and the gleaming doors were closed. She touched the maiden's coverlet like a breath of wind, and stood above her head, and spake to her in the likeness of the

daughter of Dymas, who was her equal in age and dear to her heart. Taking her likeness, grey-eyed Athene spake:

"Nausicaa, why has your mother so thoughtless a child? Your bright raiment lies neglected, and your wedding-day is near, when you ought to have fine raiment yourself and to furnish therewith those who take you to your home. Thereby doth there get abroad among the people a good report of a maiden to make glad her father and noble mother. Wherefore let us go and wash the raiment at break of day, and I will go with you to help you. Make ready, for you will not be long unwed. Already is your hand sought by the noblest of the Phæacian people, to whom you yourself belong by birth. Come, then, urge your noble father to make ready at early dawn the mules and the wagon to carry the girdles and cloaks and bright rugs. And for yourself, too, it will be much better to ride than to walk, for the washing-pools are far distant from the city."

So saying, grey-eyed Athene went up to Olympus, where they say is the dwelling-place of the gods set ever in safety. Neither does the wind shake it, nor the rain wet it, nor snow come near, but cloudless air spreads around it, and white light flows over it. There the blessed gods take their delight for ever. Thither returned the grey-eyed goddess when she had made an end of speaking to the maiden.

Odysseus Is Rescued by Nausicaa

Forthwith came Dawn from her bright throne and awoke fair-robed Nausicaa. Wondering at the dream, she made her way through the house to tell her parents, her dear father and mother. Within the palace she found them. Her mother was seated by the hearth with her serving-women, spinning purple-dyed yarn. But her father she met going out to join the noble chieftains in the place of assembly, whither the proud Phæacians were wont to call him. Standing by him, she said to her dear father:

"Dear father, make ready for me, I pray, the high, strong-wheeled wagon, that I may take down to the river such of our fine raiment as lies soiled, and wash it. It is but seemly that you yourself, when you go to take counsel with the Phæacian nobles, should be clad in clean raiment. Moreover, five dear sons have been born to you in your palace — two already wedded, three full grown but unwedded — and they like always to be clad in newly-washed raiment when they go to the dance; to all this I have given thought."

So she spake, for she was shy of speaking of her marriage to her dear father, but he knew her meaning and said in answer:

"I grudge you neither the mules nor aught else. Go your way, and the servants will make ready the high wagon well-fitted with wheels and frame."

So saying, he gave command to the servants,

and they did his bidding. They made ready the strong-wheeled mule wagon outside, and, having led up the mules, yoked them thereto. Then the maiden brought the bright raiment out of the chamber and placed it on the polished wagon, while her mother put in the chest a plentiful store of food of all sorts and dainties too, and poured wine into a goat-skin. Upon the wagon the maiden stepped, and her mother gave her olive oil in a flask that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after bathing. Then she took the whip and bright reins, and whipped the mules forward. And their hoofs clattered as they kept dragging the wagon on, carrying the raiment and the maiden, and not herself alone but her maidens with her.

But when they reached the beautiful waters of the river, where were the pools ever full and clear water flowing so freely through that the worst-stained raiment could be cleansed, then they unyoked the mules from the wagon, and drove them to graze on the sweet pasture by the eddying river. And taking the raiment from the wagon, they carried it to the dark water, and trod it in the pits in hasty rivalry. And when they had washed them and cleansed every stain, they spread them out in order at the edge of the sea just where the waves washed up the pebbles on to the beach, and, having washed and anointed themselves with oil, they

took food and drink by the river bank while they waited for their clothes to dry in the sun's rays. And when they had eaten their fill, maidens and mistress, they cast off their veils and played at ball. And Nausicaa with the white arms took the lead in the game. And as Artemis with her arrows steps down from a mountain peak along the far-

GREEK GIRLS PLAYING BALL — *Leighton*

stretching ridge of Taygetus or Erymanthus, bent on the chase of boars or swift stags, and with her sport the woodland nymphs, the daughters of Ægis-bearing Zeus, and glad at heart is Leto, so high above them all does she hold her head and brow, and so far does she outshine all the fair troop; even so was the damsel unwed fair beyond all her maidens.

Now when they had yoked the mules and folded the bright raiment ready to return home, then the goddess Athene contrived further that Odysseus should wake and see the lovely maiden, and that she should take him to the city of the Phæacians. So it befell that the princess aimed the ball at one of the maidens. She missed the maiden, but threw it with a great whirl. A loud shout they made, and great Odysseus awoke and sat pondering thus in his heart and mind:

"Alas! To what men's country am I come? Are they an insolent, savage, and unrighteous people, or god-fearing, kindly folk? For there has reached me the girlish voice of maidens, of nymphs who haunt steep mountain crags, and river waters and grass meadows. Or am I now among men of mortal speech? But I will make trial of them and see."

So saying, god-like Odysseus crept out from the bushes, and with his strong hand broke off a sprig of leaves from the copse to cover himself. Forward he came like a mountain-bred lion who, in the pride of his strength, stalks on through wind and rain with gleaming eyes, and gives chase to the wild deer, or comes among a herd of oxen or sheep, and hunger even drives him into a closed fold to attack the flocks. Even so Odysseus was ready to come up to the fair-haired maidens, so sore was his need. So terrible was he in their

ARTEMIS

sight with the stain of the salt water upon him that they scattered in fear over the jutting spits; but the daughter of Alcinous alone stood still, for Athene gave her courage and made her fearless.

So she stood facing him, and Odysseus considered whether to clasp the fair maiden's knees and make supplication of her, or to stay where he was and entreat her with gentle words to show him the city. And as he thought thereon it seemed to him the better way to stand at a distance and use soft speech, lest by kneeling before her he should anger the maiden's heart. So he spoke discreetly and with smooth tongue:

"I plead with thee, lady. Art thou a goddess or a mortal? If thou art a goddess, one of those that have their abode in the wide heavens, I hold thee most like in face and greatness of stature to Artemis, daughter of great Zeus. But if thou art a mortal, dwelling on earth, thrice blessed are thy father and lady mother, and thrice blessed thy brothers. With what pleasure do their hearts glow on thy account when they see thee entering the dance so goodly in growth. But beyond all others he will be most blessed in heart who wins thee with gifts and leads thee home as his bride. For never yet have I set eyes on such a mortal, whether man or woman. I am filled with wonder as I look on thee. I saw once at Delos such a young palm sapling growing up by the altar of Apollo. Thither, in-

deed, had I gone, followed by a great company, on that venture on which woeful suffering awaited me. At sight thereof I was held long in wonder, for never before had such a tree grown from the earth; even as now, lady, I am filled with awe and wonder, and I fear greatly to kneel before thee. But sore distress hath befallen me. Yesterday I escaped from the wine-dark sea, on the twentieth day, for so long without ceasing did waves and fierce storms drive me from the island of Ogygia. Now hath Heaven cast me hither, that here also I may suffer affliction, for before I have respite I ween the gods have much yet in store for me. But have pity on me, lady. For to thee first in my sore plight have I come, and I know none other of those who dwell in this city and land. Show me the way to thy city."

To him in answer spake white-armed Nausicaa: "Stranger, you seem a good man and wise. Now as you have come to our city and land, you shall not lack clothing nor aught else that a suppliant in distress should have when he meets help. I will show you the city and tell you the name of the people. The Phæacians it is that possess this city and land, and I am the daughter of brave Alcinous, to whom belong power and might among the Phæacians."

So she spake, and called to her fair-haired maidens:

"Stay, my maidens. Whither are you running at sight of a man? You surely do not think he is one that will do us hurt. There is no man living, and never will be, who comes to the land of the Phæacians with evil purpose. For we are very dear to the gods, and we live afar in a stormy sea, at the end of the earth, nor dares any stranger come among us. But this is some poor wayfarer who hath been driven here, and we must deal kindly with him. For all strangers and beggars are from Zeus, and a gift, however small, is welcome to them. But give the stranger food and drink."

So she spake, and they stood and called to each other. Then they made Odysseus sit down in shelter, as Nausicaa, daughter of great Alcinous, bade them. And by him they placed a cloak and tunic to clothe him, and gave him liquid oil in a golden flask, and bade him bathe himself in the river water. Then spake great Odysseus to the maidens:

"Maidens, stand there apart from me while I wash the brine from my shoulders and anoint myself with oil, for long has my body been without anointing."

So he spake, and they went apart and told their mistress. Then great Odysseus with the river water cleansed his skin from the brine which covered his back and broad shoulders, and washed from his head the froth of the barren sea. And when he had bathed himself all over and anointed

himself with oil, and clothed himself in the dress which the unwed maiden had given him, then Athene, child of Zeus, made him taller to look upon and broader, and made to flow from his head thick locks like the hyacinth flower. As when silver is coated with gold by a craftsman whom Hephæstus and Pallas Athene have taught all manner of craftsmanship whereby he fashions gracious work, so did she shed grace upon his head and shoulders. Then he went apart and sat by the seashore, glowing in beauty and grace, and the princess wondered and spake to her fair-haired maidens:

"Hear me now, white-armed maidens, that I may speak. By the good-will of some one of the gods who dwell in Olympus has this man come among the god-like Phæacians, for he seemed to me before an unsightly fellow, but now he is like the gods who rule in the wide heaven. Would that such a man as he might be named from among the people as my husband, and would be content to stay here. But give the stranger, my maidens, both meat and drink."

So she spake, and they gave ready heed to her and did her bidding. They placed by him meat and drink, and brave, god-like Odysseus ate and drank eagerly, for he had been long without the taste of food. But Nausicaa, the white-armed maiden, had a further thought in her mind. She

folded the clothing and put it on the goodly wagon, and, having yoked the strong-necked mules, herself stepped up. Then she called to Odysseus, and said:

"Set out now, stranger, for the city, that I may send you to the house of my wise father, where you will know, I ween, the noblest of all the Phæacians. But this must you do, for you are not, methinks, lacking in wit. As long as we are going through the fields and farms, walk quickly with my maidens after the mules and wagon, and I will lead the way. In time we shall reach the city surrounded with a high wall, with a fair haven on each side of the city, whereto there is a narrow entrance. Along the road are drawn up the curved ships, for every man has his own dock. There is their place of assembly on each side of the stately temple of Poseidon, built with firmly bedded stones. Here they take care of the tackle of their black ships, the cables and sails, and taper their oars. For the Phæacians care nothing for bows and arrows, but for sails and oars and well-trimmed ships in which they rejoice to cross the wide sea. I shun their idle gossip, lest hereafter one of them reproach me; for some of the people are very insolent, and some ill-mannered fellow who met us might say: 'Oh, who is this stranger who follows Nausicaa? What a tall, handsome fellow! Where did she find him? Soon will he be her husband. She has surely res-

cued some shipwrecked mariner from a far country, for we have no near neighbors. Or perhaps some god has come down from heaven in answer to her many prayers, and will keep her hereafter for his wife. The better is it if she has looked round and found a husband from elsewhere, for she openly despises the Phæacians, though many of the noblest seek to wed her.' Thus will they talk, and I should be held to blame, even as I should blame another who acted in like manner and should grieve her dear ones in her lifetime, even her father and mother, by seeking the company of men before the day of her open marriage. So do you, stranger, do my bidding, that you may, as soon as possible, win from my father the means of returning home. Near the road you will find the splendid poplar grove of Athene: in the grove is a welling spring, and round it a meadow; and there, within shouting distance of the city, is my father's garden and fruitful orchard. There sit and wait until we come to the city and reach my father's house. But as soon as you deem we have reached the house, then go into the city and ask for the house of my father, the brave Alcinous. It can readily be known, and a mere child would show you the way. For of none others of the Phæacians have the houses been built like that of the hero Alcinous. But as soon as you come within the courtyard of the house, go full speedily through the hall till you come to

PALLAS ATHENE

my mother sitting by the hearth in the firelight, with her back against a pillar. There she spins sea-purple yarn, a wonder to behold, and behind her sit her servants. And there against the pillar is my father's throne, on which he sits drinking wine like an immortal god. Pass by him and lay your hands on my mother's knees, so that from however far a country you are come you may soon see the joyful day of your return."

So saying she lashed the mules with her bright whip, and speedily they left the river waters, plying their feet in rapid trot. But the maiden kept them well in hand that the others might follow on foot, Odysseus and the maidens, and used her whip with care. Then the sun set, and they came to the splendid grove sacred to Athene. There Odysseus waited and prayed to Athene, daughter of Zeus:

"Give ear, unwearying goddess, child of Zeus the Ægis-bearer. Hear me, I pray, for aforetime thou didst not hear me in my peril, when the renowned Earth-shaker was bringing destruction upon me. Grant that the Phæacians welcome me and have pity on me."

So he spake in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him, but did not yet appear before him for fear of her father's brother Poseidon; for he longed to vent his rage on brave Odysseus before he could return to his country.

CHAPTER III

Odysseus Is Entertained by King Alcinous

So prayed god-like, steadfast Odysseus while the strong mules brought the maiden to the city. But when she came to the far-famed palace of her father, she drew them up at the entrance, while her brothers, like immortals, stood near her, and, having unyoked the mules, carried in the raiment. She herself went to her chamber. The chambermaid Eurymedusa was kindling her fire, the aged Aperæan whom aforetime the rounded ships had brought from Aperæa. The Phæacians had chosen her as spoil for Alcinous because he ruled over all the Phæacians, and the people heeded him as if he were a god. She was nurse to white-armed Nausicaa in the palace, and was wont to kindle the fire for her and make ready her supper.

Then Odysseus set out for the city. But Athene shed a thick mist round him, with kindly thought for him, lest one of the proud Phæacians should meet him and ask him his name mockingly. But as he was about to enter the pleasant city, grey-eyed Athene met him in the likeness of a young girl bearing a pitcher. She stood in front of him, and god-like Odysseus questioned her:

"My child, will not you show me the way to the house of Alcinous, who is king among these people? For I am come hither a hapless stranger from a distant land, wherefore I know none among those to whom this city and its gardens belong."

To him then said the goddess, grey-eyed Athene:

"Yes, aged stranger, I will show you the house you bid me, for Alcinous lives near my good father. I will lead the way, but do you go in silence, and neither look upon nor question anyone. For the Phæacians bear not at all with strangers, and give no kind welcome to any that come from afar. They cross the wide sea trusting to their swift ships, so fast by the favor of Poseidon do they sail: swift as a wing or a thought are their ships."

So saying, Pallas Athene led the way quickly, and he followed in the footsteps of the goddess. The Phæacians, sailors renowned, saw him not as he passed among them through their city, for fair-haired Athene, the dread goddess, did not suffer them, but poured a magic mist over him with kindly thought in her heart.

And Odysseus marvelled at the harbors, and the well-trimmed ships, and the gathering-places of the chieftains, and the long, high walls fitted with fences — a wonder to see. But when they were come to the far-famed house of the king, then was the grey-eyed goddess the first to speak:

"This, aged stranger, is the house which you

bade me show you. You will find the heaven-born chieftains at the feast. Go in with fearless heart, for a bold front serves a man well at every turn from wherever he be come. You will first find the mistress in the hall. Arete is she named, and she is the wife of Alcinous, who hath honored her as no other women are honored who in marriage rule in their lords' houses. In such marked honor is she now, as ever, held by her dear sons, and by Alcinous himself, and the people. For whenever they see her passing through the city, they greet her as a goddess. She is not herself lacking in good understanding, and she keeps peace among those she holds in favor. If she befriends you, you may surely hope to see your dear ones and behold your lofty house and native land." So saying Athene departed over the barren sea, leaving beautiful Scheria, and came to Marathon and broad-streeted Athens, and went within the strong house of Erectheus.

But Odysseus came to the famed palace of Alcinous. And he stood pondering long in his heart before he came up to the brazen threshold, for there was a light as of the sun or moon through the lofty house of brave Alcinous. For brazen walls, built on either side, ran from front to back, girt with a cornice of blue, and golden doors closed in the strong house, and silver doorposts were set on the brazen threshold. Of silver was the lintel,

and of gold the handle. On either side were dogs cunningly wrought by Hephæstus in silver and gold to guard the house of great Alcinous. Neither doth death ever await them, nor old age. Within were placed seats against the wall from end to end, covered with finely spun light rugs, the handiwork of the women. There sat the Phæacian leaders eating and drinking, for they had abundance. And boys wrought in gold were set on well-fashioned pedestals, with lighted torches in their hands to give light by night through the house to the guests.

In the house were fifty women slaves; some of them grind golden corn on the mill-stone; others sit weaving the web and spinning the yarn, restless as the leaves of the tall poplar, and from the close-woven linen drips liquid oil. And as the Phæacians are skilled above all men in rowing on the sea, so are the women cunning at the loom. For to them beyond all others Athene hath given good understanding and skill in beauteous handiwork.

Outside the court-yard, near the gates, is a great orchard of four acres, and on every side a fence has been set. There grow tall and fruitful trees, pears and pomegranates, and apples with glorious fruit, sweet figs and flourishing olives. Their fruit never fails, neither in winter nor in summer, but lasts through the year. The never-failing breath

of the west wind swells some and softens others; pear after pear ripens in turn, apple after apple, grape after grape, fig after fig. There, too, has been planted a fruitful vineyard. Part of it, in a level warm spot, is dried by the sun; here the grapes are being gathered, there they are being trod. In front are green grapes shedding their blossom, while others are turning color. Along the last row of vines are ordered garden beds of every sort, always gay. There are two springs of water, one spreading over all the orchard, the other flowing up to the doorway by the high house, and from this the townsfolk drew their water. Such were the splendid gifts of the gods in the house of Alcinous.

There stood steadfast, god-like Odysseus gazing in wonder. But when he had pondered on all he saw, he stepped quickly across the threshold into the house. There he found the chieftains and rulers of the Phæacians pouring out offerings from their cups to far-seeing Hermes, the last of the gods to whom they were wont to make offerings when their thoughts turned to rest. But steadfast, god-like Odysseus walked through the house clothed in a thick mist which Athene had shed about him, till he came to Arete and King Alcinous. Then he put his hand about Arete's knees, and, lo! the magic mist melted from him. But silence fell on them in the house when they caught sight of a

man, and they were amazed at seeing him. Then Odysseus made entreaty:

"Arete, daughter of god-like Rhexenor, in sore distress am I come before thy husband, before thee, whose knees I clasp, and before all this company. May the gods grant them happiness in life, and may each leave to his children the goods in his house, and the gifts that the people have made him. But as for me, I pray that with all speed you will send me on my way, that I may the sooner reach mine own land, seeing how long I have been away from my dear ones in sore distress." So saying he sat down by the fire amid the ashes of the hearth, while silence fell on them all.

At length out spake the aged hero Echeneus, who was the oldest of the Phæacians, foremost both in speech and in his full knowledge of the past. So he spake before them with kindly purpose:

"Alcinous, it is not right nor seemly that the stranger should sit on the ground among the ashes of the hearth while the rest of us wait on your word. Come, then, bid him arise and seat himself on a silver-studded chair, and bid the heralds mix wine that we may pour out offerings to Zeus the Thunderer, who protects all who claim pity. But now let one of the women of the house give the stranger his supper from her store."

But when great Alcinous heard he took wise, wary Odysseus by the hand and bade him rise from

the hearth, and placed him in a shining seat from which he bade his son arise, the manly Laodamas, who sat by him and was most dear to him. Then a serving-woman brought water, and poured it from a fair golden pitcher over a basin of silver, that he might wash, and drew to his side a polished table. And a sedate housewife brought food and put it beside him, setting out great choice of good things with a free hand. So god-like, brave Odysseus ate and drank. Then mighty Alcinous called a herald:

"Pontonous, mix a bowl of wine and serve out to all in the room, that we may make drink-offerings to Zeus the Thunderer, who is ready to help all who claim our pity as suppliants."

So he spake, and Pontonous mixed the sweet wine, and, having first poured a little in each cup, served it to all. And when they had poured out their offerings and had drunk to their heart's content, then Alcinous spake to them:

"Hear, chieftains and rulers of the Phæacians, that I may speak as my heart bids me. Go home now after the feast and betake yourselves to rest. At dawn we will summon in full number the chieftains, and feast the stranger in our palace, and make sacrifices to the gods. Then will we consider how we may send him on his way, that without toil or pain he may, with our aid, safely and with all speed reach his native land, however far distant it

THE THREE FATES — *Michelangelo*

be. May neither ill nor hurt befall him on the journey before he sets foot in his own land, but then he must follow whatever thread of life was spun for him at his birth by destiny and the cruel Fates. But if he be one of the Immortals come down from heaven, then have the gods some new purpose. For heretofore they have ever shown themselves among us, whenever we make splendid sacrifices, and they sit in our very midst and share our feasts. Moreover, if a lonely wayfarer meet them they do not hide themselves. For we are near of kin to them, as are the Cyclôpes and the wild races of the Giants." In answer to him spake Odysseus of ready counsel:

"Alcinous, put away such thoughts from your mind. For both in form and nature I bear likeness to mortal men, and not to the Immortals who bear rule in the wide heavens. But to the most miserable you know would I hold myself an equal in suffering. And yet further woes could I recount, all of which I have suffered by the will of the gods. But let me take my supper, of which I am in sore need. For nothing is more unmannerly than gnawing hunger. For to that, at its bidding, a man must needs give all his thoughts, whatever weight of sorrow lies on his mind. So it is with me. I am sad at heart, yet hunger keeps urging me to eat and drink, and makes me forget all my woes, and bids me take my fill. But do you at dawn of

day hasten to set me on my homeward way hapless as I am and in evil plight. For I care not if I die when once I have seen mine own high-roofed house and my slaves and lands."

So spake he, and they all assented and bade send the stranger on his way, seeing that he had spoken wisely. But when they had poured out drink-offerings, and had drunk to their hearts' content, they went to rest each in his own house. But god-like Odysseus was left in the hall, and Arete and noble Alcinous sat by him, while the women put aside the service of the feast. But white-armed Arete was the first to speak, for she knew, when she saw them, the cloak and tunic, the fine raiment which she herself with her women had woven. So she spake to him winged words:

"Stranger, one thing first will I ask you. Who are you? Who gave you this raiment? Do you not say you were drifted over the sea to this land?"

To her said wise Odysseus in answer:

"It would pain me, Queen, to tell the whole tale of my suffering, with such affliction have the gods of heaven visited me; but this will I tell you of which you ask me, and make question. Far away amid the sea lies an island named Ogygia, where the daughter of Atlas has her abode — crafty, fair-haired Calypso, a goddess to be feared. No one dwells with her, neither god nor mortal man. But Heaven brought me, to my sorrow, to her hearth —

me alone; for Zeus, with his gleaming thunderbolt, had struck my swift ship and shattered her on the wine-dark sea. There was I held fast for seven years, and ever moistened with my tears the heavenly raiment which Calypso had given me. But when the eighth year drew nigh, then she urged me to return, either at the bidding of Zeus, or because her own mind was changed. So she sent me on my way on a firm-set raft, and gave me abundance both of food and of sweet wine, and sent me with a kindly gentle breeze. For seventeen days I sailed, making my way over the sea. But on the eighteenth day there came in sight the shadowy mountains of your land, and I rejoiced in my heart, though sorrow awaited me; for I had yet to face a storm of trouble with which Poseidon the Earth-shaker assailed me. For by rousing the winds against me he stayed my course, and he stirred up a terrible sea, so that the waves suffered me no longer to be borne with loud lament upon my raft. Her timbers were scattered by the tempest, but I swam my way through this sea until, driven by wind and wave, I came near your land. There, as I tried to land, a wave would have driven me onward and hurled me against the mighty cliffs on that cruel shore. But I drew back and turned again to swim, till I reached a river where seemed to me to be the likeliest place, free of rocks and sheltered from the wind. So I crawled out and re-

covered my breath until sacred night came upon me. Then I drew aside from the rain-fed river and slept in a thicket, heaping the leaves about me, and there was poured over me from heaven a flood of sleep. There among the leaves in sore distress I slept all the night and until dawn and midday. But as the sun began to sink, sweet sleep left me. Then I caught sight of your daughter's maidens sporting on the shore, and among them was she herself, fair as a goddess. Her pity I asked, and she showed such good sense as one would not look for in a young girl, for generally the young are not over-wise. She gave me food in plenty and this raiment. Herein, albeit in sore distress, have I spoken truly." To him then Alcinous gave answer:

"Truly, stranger, 'twas ill-judged in my daughter not to bring you with her maidens to our palace, seeing it was of her you first asked for help." To whom in answer spake wise Odysseus:

"I pray thee, brave Alcinous, blame not a maiden in whom is no fault. For she bade me follow with the maidens, but I would not from shame, and from fear that when you saw me you would be wroth, for we men are the most jealous beings on earth." Then said Alcinous in answer:

"I am not of such a temper that I am angry without cause; fair dealing is better in all things. But I would it might please Father Zeus and

Athene and Apollo that, being such as you are, and of one mind with me, you would wed my daughter and abide here as my son-in-law. I would give you a house and lands if you would willingly stay, but none of the Phæacians shall keep you against your wish; may that never be the will of Zeus! In proof thereof I decree that to-morrow you be furnished with means of return. Then while you lie wrapped in sleep they shall sail the calm sea, till you come to your country and home, wherever you wish, however far it may be, even though it be ever so much farther than Eubœa, which, those of our people who saw it, when they took fair-haired Rhadamanthus to visit Tityos, the son of Gæa, say is the farthest away. Thither they went and on the very same day arrived without fatigue and then again performed the voyage home. Then you will understand for yourself how much better than all others do our ships sail the sea and our youths lash the water with their blades." So spake Alcinous, and steadfast Odysseus was glad and uttered a prayer:

"Father Zeus, may Alcinous bring to pass all that he has promised! For him I pray that his glory never grow dim throughout the grain-bearing earth, and for myself that I may come to my country."

So they spake together, but white-armed Arete called to the women to put a bedstead in the

portico and to put thereon fair purple rugs, and above to spread coverlets, and on it to lay woollen cloaks for him to wear. So they went out from the hall carrying a torch, and when they had hastily made up the bed they urged Odysseus, standing by and saying:

"Come and lie down, stranger; your bed is made." So spake they, and welcome to Odysseus was the thought of rest.

So there slept steadfast Odysseus on the carved bedstead in the echoing portico.

CHAPTER IV

The Phæacians Hold Games in Honor of Odysseus

Now when early-born rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, the hallowed ruler Alcinous rose from his couch. Then, too, awoke heaven-born Odysseus, sacker of cities. And mighty Alcinous led the Phæacians to the place of assembly built hard by the ships. They came and sat near by on the polished stones. But Pallas Athene went through the city, taking the likeness of the herald of wise Alcinous, planning the return of great-hearted Odysseus. She went up to each man and said:

"Come, rulers and chieftains of the Phæacians, to the assembly, that you may learn about this stranger, who has now come to the house of wise Alcinous — a man of god-like presence, who has drifted hither over the sea."

So saying, she quickened in each man his spirit and desire, and soon were the places of assembly and the seats filled by the throng, and many a one wondered as he saw the wise son of Laertes. Then Athene shed over his head and shoulders a magic charm, and made him taller and broader to look upon, so that all the Phæacians might hold him in love and fear and reverence, and that he might

have victory in all the contests wherewith the Phæacians made trial of him. But when they were gathered together in assembly, Alcinous addressed them:

"Give ear, rulers and chieftains of the Phæacians, that I may speak as my heart bids me. This stranger hath come on his wanderings to my palace, but who he is I know not, nor whether he hath come from the men of the East or the West. He begs us to send him on his way speedily and without fail. Let us, then, as is our wont, make ready with all speed for his journey. For no one, whoever it be, that comes to my palace, tarries long here, heavy at heart, for want of help on his way. Come, let us draw down to the sacred sea a black ship for her first voyage, and let there be chosen from among the people two-and-fifty youths of tried courage. When you have made the oars well fast to the benches, go ashore. Then come to our palace, and quickly give your minds to feasting. Full provision will I make for all. Such is my charge to the crew. And do you, sceptre-bearing chieftains, come to my stately palace that we may feast the stranger in our halls. Let none refuse. And summon Demodocus, the divine singer, to my palace. For to him beyond all others have the gods granted the gift of song, to be our delight whenever his spirit moves him to sing."

So saying, he led the way, and the chieftains

with their sceptres followed, while a herald went to summon the divine singer. And two-and-fifty chosen youths went, according to his bidding, to the shore of the barren sea. But when they came down to the black ship by the sea, they drew her down to the deep water, and within her they set up the mast and sails, and fastened the oars in the leather thongs all in order, and unfolded the white sails. Out at sea they anchored her, and then set out for the great palace of wise Alcinous. Then were the corridors and courts and halls thronged with men. And Alcinous sacrificed before them twelve sheep, and eight white-tusked swine, and two shambling oxen. These they flayed and dressed to make a welcome feast.

Then the herald came near, leading the faithful singer. Exceeding dear was he to the Muse, but he had received at her hands both good and ill; she had bereft him of sight, but given him sweet song. For him Pontonous placed a silver-studded chair in the midst of the feasters, leaning it against a tall pillar. Then the herald hung from a peg above his head his shrill lyre, and showed him where to take it in his hands, and by him he placed a basket and a fair table and cup of wine, for him to drink whenever his heart bade him. So they put forth their hands to take the good fare made ready for them. But when they had eaten and drunk to their hearts' desire, the Muse moved the

bard to sing of the great deeds of the warriors; that tale which was noised abroad through the wide heavens, the quarrel between Odysseus and Achilles, son of Peleus, how they contended with fierce words at the bounteous feast of the gods, and how Agamemnon, king of men, was glad at heart that the bravest of the Achæans were quarreling. For so had Phœbus Apollo in most hallowed Pytho declared in delivering the oracle, when Agamemnon stepped over the marble threshold to consult him. Then straightway by the will of mighty Zeus did the beginning of woe roll down upon Trojans and Danaans.

Of this did the far-famed bard sing. But Odysseus, taking in his hands his long purple cloak, drew it over his head and hid his comely face. For he was ashamed to let fall tears from his eyes before the Phæacians. But whenever the divine singer paused in his song, he would wipe his tears and draw back his cloak from his head, and, lifting his double cup, would pour libations to the gods. But as soon as Demodocus began again, at the call of the Phæacian leaders — such delight did they find in his songs — Odysseus would again cover his head and weep. Now, none of the others saw his tears. But Alcinous alone was ware of them, and took note thereof, for he sat next him and heard his deep groans. And straightway he said to the Phæacian mariners:

"Give ear, leaders and rulers of the Phæacians: we have now, sharing all alike, had our fill of the feast and the lyre which waits on the bounteous feast. Now let us go forth and try our strength in games of every sort, that the stranger on his return home may tell his friends how we surpass all others in boxing and wrestling and jumping and running."

So saying, he led the way, and they followed. Then the herald hung the shrill lyre from the peg, and, taking Demodocus by the hand, led him from the hall, and guided him by the same road which the other Phæacian chieftains had taken to watch the games. So they went to the place of assembly, and there followed a great throng — thousands of men. And many a stalwart youth stood forth. First, then, they made trial at the foot-race, and at full speed ran from the post. Swiftly they flew together across the plain in a cloud of dust, but among them noble Clytoneus was far the best at running, for by the distance that mules go without pausing on newly ploughed land did he outstrip the others, and leaving them behind reach the throng of people. Others made trial in fierce wrestling, and in that Euryalus overcame all the bravest. But in jumping Amphialus was foremost, and in throwing the disc Elatreus was far the best, and in boxing Laodamas, the brave son of Alcinous.

But when they had all had full enjoyment of the games, then spake to them Laodamas, son of Alcinous:

"Come, friends, let us ask the stranger whether he has learned and practiced any feat of strength. For he is of no mean build, neither in his thighs, nor in the calves of his legs, nor yet in his hands, in his stout neck and great strength. He is in no wise lacking in vigor, but he has been broken by hard usage; for nothing, I ween, deals worse with a man than the sea. however strong he may be."

To whom in answer spake Euryalus:

"Laodamas, you have surely spoken to good purpose. Go now yourself, call him out and speak to him."

So when the brave son of Alcinous heard it, he stepped among the throng and spake to Odysseus:

"Come hither, aged stranger, and make trial in the games if there be any you have learned. It is meet you should have skill in games, for a man can win no greater glory in his lifetime than by feats of hand and foot. Come, try your hand and put your cares far from your heart. Nor will it be long before you are set on your homeward way — even now the ship has been launched and the crew are ready."

To whom in answer spake Odysseus, ready at need:

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"Laodamas, why do you make game of me by urging me on? I have more thought for my evil plight than for games. For already toil and distress have been my lot, and now I sit among this gathering, lacking the means of return, begging help of the king and all the people."

Then Euryalus answered him, taunting him to his face:

"No, stranger, I do not take you for a man practiced in all the games in which men take part, but for some fellow who sails up and down in his benched ship, the captain of a crew of traders, who goes about with his mind on his cargo, and his eyes set on his merchandise and pleasant gains. You have no look of an athlete."

Then Odysseus eyed him grimly, and said:

"Stranger, you have not spoken well; you show yourself to be an ill-conditioned fellow. Even so the gods do not bestow on all their gracious gifts of mind and body and speech. For one man is mean in form, but the gods crown his speech with beauty, and the people look on him with delight. His words are sure and spoken with gentle modesty, and he is held in honor in the assembly; and, as he walks through the city, men look upon him as a god. Another man is like the gods in form, but no grace crowns his words, even as your form is so comely that not even a god could have fashioned it otherwise, but in wit you are wanting. You

have angered my spirit with your unseemly words. I am no simpleton in games, as you tell me, but methinks I was among the foremost as long as I could trust the strength of my hands. Now am I broken by sorrow and hard usage. Much have I suffered, both on the battlefield and in cleaving my way through the cruel waves. But even so, for all my hard usage, I will try my part in the games. For your speech is biting, and your words have stung me."

So spake he, and, leaping up with his cloak around him, he seized a quoit greater and thicker and far heavier than those which the Phæacians were throwing in rivalry. He swung it round and hurled it from his strong hand. Through the air it hummed, and the Phæacian oarsmen — those far-famed mariners — crouched on the ground before the rush of the stone. And, speeding from his hand, it flew past all the marks. Then Athene, taking the likeness of a man, set the mark, and, calling to him, said:

"Why, stranger, even a blind man could pick out the mark by feeling for it, for it is not lost in the crowd, but is a long way in front. Set your mind at rest about the outcome of this contest. No one of the Phæacians will reach nor yet pass this stone."

So spake she, and steadfast Odysseus was glad at heart, and took comfort at seeing a friend that

THE DISC-THROWER

stood by him in the gathering. Then he spake with light heart to the Phæacians:

"Now, you young men, reach this mark. It may be that someone will throw as far, and perchance farther. But if there be any other among all the Phæacians who has the heart and spirit, let him try his hand against mine, be it in boxing or wrestling or running; I care not which, for you have angered me beyond measure: only not Laodamas himself, for he has given me welcome, and who would set himself against his host? To be sure he is a poor simpleton who, finding himself among strangers, should offer to match himself in the games against the man who is giving him shelter; he seeks his own hurt. None of the others do I refuse or overlook, but I am ready to meet them face to face and measure my strength with theirs. For I am no weakling at any of the games men practice. I know well how to handle a polished bow. I should be the first to hit my man when shooting among a crowd of foemen, however many stood at my side marking their men. And I can hurl the javelin farther than any other man can shoot his arrow. In running only I fear someone among the Phæacians may outstrip me, for I was shamefully worsted in my long struggle with the waves. For there was no lasting provision on the ship, wherefore the strength of my knees was weakened."

So spake he, and they were all silent, but Alcinous alone answered him:

"Stranger, your words are not displeasing to us. You wish to give such proof of the prowess which is yours, in your wrath that this man has come up to you in the throng and taunted you, that no man who knows how to curb his tongue may slight your courage. But take note of what I say, that, when you sit at meat in your own halls with your wife and children, you may recall our prowess, and tell some other of the heroes what arts Zeus hath bestowed upon us, even from the days of our fathers. For albeit we are not faultless at boxing and wrestling, yet are we swift runners and unrivaled sailors, and dear to us are the feast and the lyre, and changes of raiment, and the warm bath and sleep. But come, let the best of our dancers make sport, that the stranger on his return home may tell his friends how far we surpass all others in seamanship and running and the dance and song. And let someone go with all speed and bring Demodocus his shrill lyre which lies somewhere in our palace."

So spake god-like Alcinous. And a herald set out to bring the hollow lyre from the palace. Then there stood forth judges chosen by the people, nine in all, who set all things in order for the games — for they made level the dancing ground and cleared a wide space. And from near at hand came the herald bringing the shrill lyre for De-

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modocus. Then he stepped into the middle, and round him stood youths in their early prime, skilled dancers, and they struck the sacred earth with their feet. And Odysseus watched the flashing of their feet, full of wonder. But the minstrel playing the lyre began to sing a beautiful song of the love of Ares and of well-crowned Aphrodite. As Odysseus listened, he was rejoiced in his heart, and also the others, the Phæacians of the long-oars, men famed for ships.

Then Alcinous bade Halios and Laodamas dance alone, for none could rival them. So they took in their hands a lovely ball of purple color which cunning Polybus had made for them. One of them, leaning back, kept throwing it up to the shadowy clouds, but the other, jumping up, lightly caught it before his feet touched the earth. When they had tried their skill with throwing up the ball, then they danced on the all-sustaining earth tossing the ball back and forward. And the other youths stood by in the throng and applauded, so that a great din arose.

Then god-like Odysseus spake to Alcinous:

"Mighty Alcinous, famed among all peoples, you boasted that you were dancers without a match — even so hath it been confirmed. I am filled with awe at the sight."

So he spake, and great Alcinous was glad, and straightway said to the Phæacian mariners:

"Hear, rulers and chieftains of the Phæacians. The stranger, methinks, is a man of good understanding, wherefore I bid that we make him gifts of friendship, as is meet. For twelve noble chieftains hold sway as rulers among the people, and I myself am the thirteenth. Let each of you bring a newly washed robe and a tunic, and a talent of precious gold. Let us forthwith bring them all together, that the stranger having them in possession may go to his supper with a glad heart. And let Euryalus make amends to him by word and gift, seeing that he spake amiss to him."

So spake he, and they all assented and sent each his herald to bring the gifts.

And Euryalus in answer said to him:

"Mighty Alcinous, far-famed among all peoples, I will surely make amends to the stranger as you bid me. I will give him this sword of bronze with silver hilt, and the sheath is fitted round with newly sawn ivory; of great worth will it be to him."

So saying, he put the silver-studded sword in Odysseus' hands, and spake to him winged words:

"I hail thee, aged stranger. If any wrong word hath been spoken, may the winds snatch it and bear it hence. As for you, the gods grant that you may see your wife and your own country, since you have long been in evil plight far from your dear ones."

To whom made answer Odysseus, ready in counsel:

"To you in turn I bid hail. May you never hereafter want this sword, which you have given me with gracious speech."

So spake he, and hung from his shoulders the silver-studded sword, and as the sun set the splendid gifts were brought. The proud heralds carried them to the palace, and the sons of noble Alcinous took them to their honored mother, gifts of passing beauty. Then the chieftains, led by the hallowed ruler Alcinous, took their places on their high seats, and mighty Alcinous spake to Arete.

"Bring hither, lady, a goodly chest, the best you have, and in it put the well-washed robe and the tunic. And on the fire heat for him a brazen caldron to warm the water, that when he has washed himself, and seen laid in due order all the gifts which the noble Phæacians have brought him, he may take his pleasure in the feast and in hearing the strains of the song. This cup of mine will I give him, a golden cup of rare beauty, that he may ever hold me in remembrance when he pours out drink-offerings in his hall to Zeus and the other gods."

So spake he, and Arete bade the women set on the fire with all speed the great three-legged caldron. So they set the caldron for warming water on the blazing fire, and poured in the water, and,

taking wood, set it alight thereunder. Round the bulging sides of the kettle played the fire, and the water grew warm. Then Arete brought out for her guest from her chamber a chest of great beauty, and placed in it the fine gifts — the raiment and the gold which the Phæacians had given him; and herself put therein a rug and a bright tunic, and spake to him winged words:

"Look yourself to the lid and put on at once a fastening, lest someone may steal them on the journey when you are wrapped in sweet sleep on board the black ship."

But when great steadfast Odysseus heard, he straightway fitted on the lid, and fixed a cunning fastening which the lady Circe had once taught him.

Then the dame bade him come to the bathing-tub and wash. Welcome to his heart was the sight of the warm water; he left the bath and went to join the men who were drinking their wine. But Nausicaa, whose beauty was the gift of heaven, stood by the pillar of the strong roof, and, gazing in wonder at Odysseus, spake to him winged words:

"Farewell, stranger; may you hereafter, when you are in your own land, think of me, inasmuch as to me first you owe thanks for the saving of your life."

To whom in answer spake Odysseus, ready in counsel:

"Nausicaa stood by the pillar."

"Nausicaa, daughter of noble Alcinous, may it please Zeus the Thunderer, husband of Hera, that I reach home and see the day of my return: then will I pray to thee there evermore as to a goddess; for thou, daughter, didst save my life."

So he spake, and took his seat by King Alcinous. But the Phæacians were already serving out the meat and mixing the wine. Then came near the herald, leading the faithful bard Demodocus, honored among the people, and gave him a seat against a tall pillar in the midst of the company.

Then Odysseus cut a piece of the chine of a white-tusked hog, rich in fat, leaving the greater part, and said to the herald:

"See, herald, give this meat to Demodocus to eat, and, heavy though my heart be, I will give him warm welcome. For among all on earth bards are held in honor and reverence, because the Muse has taught them song, and dear to her is all that company."

So spake he, and the herald took in his hands the meat and set it before Demodocus, who took it gladly. Then they laid hands on the good fare set ready for them. But when they had taken their fill, then said wise Odysseus to Demodocus:

"Demodocus, I hold you in honor above all men. Surely either the Muse hath taught you, the daughter of Zeus, or even Apollo, for with such truth do you sing of what befell the Achæans, their

deeds, their suffering, and their toil, as if you had yourself been there or had heard it from one who had been there. But, come, change your song, and tell how the wooden horse was fashioned which Epeius made with the help of Athene, the horse which great Odysseus brought by a cunning device into the citadel, having first put therein the warriors who sacked Ilium. If you recount this story to me as it befell, I will straightway tell all men what a magic gift of song the god hath graciously bestowed on you."

So spake he, and at the call of the god the singer began and set forth his song, taking up the tale from the time when the Argives set fire to their huts and sailed off in their benched ships, while great Odysseus and his men set themselves in the place of assembly of the Trojans, hidden in the horse. For the Trojans themselves dragged it up to the citadel. There stood the horse while they sat round it with aimless talk. Three counsels seemed good to them: either to cleave the hollow wood with a ruthless spear, or to drag it to the height of the city and cast it down the rocks, or to leave it as a great offering to appease the gods; and so in the end was it to come to pass. For it was fated that the city should perish so soon as it sheltered the great wooden horse wherein were seated the bravest of the Argives, to bring death and destruction to the Trojans. And he sang how the sons of

the Achæans rushed out of the horse, and, leaving their hidden ambush, ravaged the city. And he sang of different men in different ways, how they ravaged the lofty city, but of Odysseus, how, like Ares, he went with godlike Menelaus to the house of Deiphobus. There 'tis said he ventured on a most terrible fight and conquered then and afterwards with the help of high-minded Athene.

Of these deeds did the far-famed bard sing, but Odysseus' heart was melted, and his cheeks were moistened by tears from his eyes. And as a woman throws herself weeping round her beloved husband who has fallen before his city and people while warding off the cruel day of doom from his children and home, and seeing him dying and his breath leaving him she throws herself round him with bitter cries, while the foemen behind her strike her shoulders and back with their spears, and lead her into bondage to suffer toils and misery, and her cheeks are wasted with pitiful grief — so did Odysseus let fall pitiful tears from his eyes.

Now, of the others none was ware of his tears; only Alcinous, who was next him, saw and took note of them and heard his heavy sighs. And straightway he said to the Phæacian mariners:

" Give ear, rulers and leaders of the Phæacians; let Demodocus now lay aside the shrill lyre, for this song is not welcome to all alike. For ever since we have been at supper and the divine singer

began to sing, the stranger hath not ceased from pitiful weeping. Sorely hath grief encompassed his heart. So let the bard sing no more, that we may all alike be of good cheer, guests and hosts, as is far the better way. For it is for the sake of our guest that all this has been made ready — the crew and the welcome gifts which mark our friendship. For a man who has any good sense treats a guest who seeks his aid as a brother. Wherefore do you, too, hide nothing with cunning purpose of what I ask you. It is better you should tell all. Tell me your name by which your father and mother called you, and all who dwell in and about the city; for no man, high or low, is without a name, but everyone at his birth is given a name by his parents. Tell me your country and city and people, that our ships may by their own will take you thither. For the Phæacians have no pilots, nor have their ships rudders as others have; but they themselves know the mind of their masters — the cities of men and their fertile lands — and speed across a stretch of sea though hidden in mist and cloud. And there is never fear that they will come to harm or destruction. But this did I once hear from my father Nausithous: he said that Poseidon bears us malice because we carry all men safely on their way. He said that some day Poseidon would wreck a well-built ship of the Phæacians in the misty sea on her homeward

journey, and overwhelm our city with a great mountain. So spake the old man — let the god bring it to pass or not as he wills. But come, tell us truly by what way you have wandered afar, and of the lands you have visited, the well-built cities and the peoples, whether cruel and savage and ruthless, or kindly and god-fearing. Tell me why you weep and are so heavy at heart when you hear the fate of the Argives and Danaans of Ilium. That did the gods bring to pass, and to such destruction did they doom those men that the tale might be sung by men in days to come. Did there perish before Ilium some brave man of kin by marriage, the nearest after those of a man's own blood and race, or perhaps a brave and dear friend? For a friend, if he be of good understanding, is as good as a brother."

CHAPTER V

Odysseus Tells How He Escaped from Cyclops' Cave

Then said wise Odysseus in answer to Alcinous: "Mighty Alcinous, of high renown among all peoples, a joy indeed it is to listen to such a singer as this — so divine is his voice. For indeed it is the crown of delight when merriment reigns through the house, and the guests sit in their places listening to a bard, while the tables are spread with bread and meat, and the wine-bearer draws the sweet wine from the bowl and fills the cups. To my mind there is nothing more joyous. Your heart was inclined to question me of my piteous woes, while I bewail and lament them yet the more. Of what shall I tell first, and what last. With such a host of evils have the gods of Heaven afflicted me. First will I tell you my name, that you may know it, and that hereafter, when I have escaped my perils, I may be your friend, far though I dwell from you. Odysseus, the son of Laertes, am I. I am known to all for my craft, and my renown has reached to heaven. I dwell in far-seen Ithaca. On it is a mountain, fair leafy Neritum. Round it lie many islands near together

— Dulichium and Same and wooded Zacynthus. Ithaca itself lies low on the water farthest to the West; the other islands are away to the East. The land is rough, but good for rearing children. Never can I see anything pleasanter than one's own land. Calypso the goddess withheld me from it, and in like manner crafty Circe held me in her palace, longing that I should wed her, but never did she prevail upon me. For nothing is sweeter than a man's own land and his parents, in however rich a house he dwell in a far-distant strange land away from his parents. But let me tell with what affliction Zeus visited me on my homeward journey from Troy.

" From Ilium the wind carried me on my homeward way to the Cicones, to Ismarus, where I sacked the city and slew the people therein. We seized great spoil, which we divided so that none might lack his fair share. I bade my men depart thence with all speed; but in their folly they paid no heed to my word, but drank there much wine, and slew on the shore full many sheep and shambling oxen with crooked horns. Then the Cicones went away and called to their neighbors who lived on the mainland — a people greater in number and might, skilled in fighting, both on horseback and at need on foot. At dawn they came, countless as the leaves and flowers in their season. Then were we doomed to destruction, and a grievous

fate awaited us at the hand of Zeus, that we might have our fill of suffering. They took their stand and fought by the swift ships, casting at each other their brazen spears. Throughout the morning, while the sun was rising in the heavens, we stood our ground and held them off for all their numbers; but when the sun began to turn to eventide, then the Cicones prevailed over the Achæans and drove them back. From each ship there perished six well-armed men, but the rest fled from the doom of death. Thence we sailed on, glad to have escaped death, but grieving for the loss of our dear comrades. But Zeus, the Cloud-gatherer, roused against my ships a terrible tempestuous North wind, and hid in his clouds both land and sea, and darkness sped down from heaven. Headlong were the ships driven, and their sails were rent to pieces by the fierce strength of the wind, till we stowed them within the ships in fear of destruction, and with all speed rowed to land. There for two whole nights and days we lay consumed with pain and weariness. But when fair-tressed Dawn brought the third day we put up the masts, and, setting the white sails, took our places on board our ships, and wind and helm kept them on their right course. Now should I have reached mine own land without hurt, but as I was doubling Malea I was driven from my course by wave and current and the North wind, and was carried past Cythera. From there

was I driven for nine days over the teeming sea by fierce tempests; but on the tenth day we came to the land of the Lotus-eaters, whose food is a flower. There we went ashore and drew water, and straightway my men took their food by the swift ships. But when we had taken bread and drink I sent forward two chosen men, with a third as herald to learn what manner of mortal men lived in the land. Forthwith they went and fell in with the Lotus-eaters. Now, the Lotus-eaters, though they purposed no hurt against my men, gave them of the lotus to eat, and whichever of them ate the honey-sweet fruit, loath was he to return with tidings, but longed to remain there with the Lotus-eaters, feeding on the lotus, without thought of returning to the ships. I forced them back lamenting, and, dragging them under the benches, bound them in the hold. My other faithful men I bade hasten on board the swift ships, lest anyone should eat of the lotus and think no more of his return. Straightway they went on board, and, sitting in order on the benches, smote the grey sea with their oars. Thence we sailed onward heavy at heart. Then we came to the land of the reckless Cyclôpes, lawless men who, trusting to the gods for their food, neither plant nor plough, but all things grow without sowing or tilling — wheat and barley, and vines nurtured by the showers of Zeus, which yield wine of fine

grapes. They never meet to take counsel together, nor have they any laws; but they dwell in hollow caves and among lofty mountain crags, and each man is a law to his wife and children, and cares nothing for his fellows.

"Now, outside the harbor, at a little distance from the Cyclôpes' land, stretches a rugged island covered with wood; on it breed countless wild-goats; no footfall of man scares them, nor are they visited by hunters, who cannot without hurt make their way through the woodland to the hill-tops. There dwell neither shepherds nor husbandmen, but the land, lying ever unsown and unploughed and unvisited by man, is a pasture-ground for bleating goats. For the Cyclôpes have no painted ships nor carpenters to fashion benched ships, which would have made their journeys to all the cities of men, as men are wont to cross the sea to visit one another. They might by their labor have furnished the island with good homes, for the land is by no means poor, and would bear all fruits in season. For by the shore of the grey sea are soft water-meadows, and vines would grow freely. There is level arable land, and from year to year they could have mown heavy crops, so rich is the soil. A harbor, too, there is, with so good a roadstead that there would be no need for cables, nor for throwing out anchor stones, nor for fastening stern ropes; but the sailors could

beach their ships, and await the call of their hearts and the rising of the winds.

"Now, at the head of the harbor is a spring of pure water flowing from beneath a cave amid a grove of poplars; there we put ashore, guided through the darkness of the night by some god, for it was hidden from our sight. For the mist was thick round the ships, and the moon, being covered in cloud, gave no light from heaven. So no one of us had sight of the island, nor did we see the long waves rolling against the land, until we had run our benched ships on shore. But as soon as they were aground we lowered all the sails and stepped out on the beach. There we fell asleep till the coming of sacred Dawn.

"But when early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth we roamed over the island, wondering at all we saw. And the nymphs, the daughters of Ægis-bearing Zeus, drove in our path the mountain goats to furnish meat for my men. Straightway we took from the ship curved bows and long-handled javelins, and divided into three parties to let fly at them. And soon did the god grant us a rich booty. Twelve ships had I with me, and each had nine goats as its share, and for me alone they set aside ten. So then, through the whole day until the setting of the sun, we sat feasting on meat without stint, and sweet wine, for not yet was the red wine used up in our ships. There was still

some on board, for we every one of us drew off a good store in jars when we sacked the sacred city of the Cicones. We looked upon the land of the Cyclôpes which was near by, and saw the smoke and heard the voices of the men and of sheep and goats. But when the sun had set and darkness had come on, then we slept on the seashore. When early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, I called the men together, and said before them all:

"'Do you others wait here, my faithful men, but I will go with my ship and crew, and prove these men of what sort they are, whether lawless and savage and unrighteous, or kindly and god-fearing.'

"So saying, I went on board my ship, and bade my men step on board and loose the cables. Straightway they took their places on the benches, and, sitting in order, smote the grey sea with their oars. But when we reached the land, which was close at hand, we saw at the end of the island, near the sea, a lofty cave overshadowed by laurels. Flocks of sheep and goats were folded there within high courtyard walls built of long pines and towering oaks on a stone foundation. There lodged a monstrous man who shepherded his flocks in solitude. No dealings had he with others, but he lived apart with evil in his heart. A wondrous monster was he created, after the fashion of no

living man, but after that of a lofty wooded mountain peak standing forth alone.

"Then I bade the rest of my faithful fellows stay there and guard the ship while I went forward with twelve picked men. I had a goatskin of wine, dark and sweet, which had been given me by Maron, the priest of Apollo the guardian of Ismarus, because we had out of reverence spared him with his wife and children. For he dwelt in the wooded grove of Phœbus Apollo. So he gave me splendid gifts, seven talents of well-wrought gold, and a bowl of silver throughout. Then he drew off in twelve jars sweet wine unmixed, a drink for gods. None of the slaves nor maidens in his house knew thereof, but himself and his dear wife, and one only of the women. Whenever they drank of this red wine, sweet as honey, he filled one cup, and poured out twenty measures of water, and from the bowl arose a smell most wondrous sweet. Hard then was it to refrain. With this I filled a great skin and brought it with me, and food also in a wallet; for a boding was in my brave heart that there would meet me a man clad in mighty strength, a fierce man who cared nothing for righteousness and law.

"Soon we reached the cave, but we found him not, for he was shepherding his fat flocks on the pasture. Within the cave we came, and looked in wonder at all therein. Here were baskets laden

with cheeses, and pens full of lambs and kids, divided in their pens according to their age — elder and younger, and those of tender age, each apart. And all the wrought vessels were full of whey, the pails and milking bowls. My men begged me first to take the cheeses, and then return, and, having driven out of the pens to the ships the lambs and kids, to sail over the salt sea. But I would not consent, far wiser though it would have been, that I might see the man and know whether he would make me gifts of friendship. But no kindly host was he to show himself to my men.

"There we kindled a fire and made sacrifices, and, having taken some of the cheeses, ate them and sat within the cave, and there waited till he returned with his flocks. A huge burden of dried wood he carried to make his supper, and cast it down in the cave with a crash.

"In terror we fled to the back of the cavern. But he drove his fat flocks into the wide cave, all that he milked, for he left the males at the door, both sheep and goats, outside the high-walled fold. Thereupon he took up the great door stone and set it in its place — a huge stone which two-and-twenty strong four-wheeled wagons could not drag from the entrance, such a towering rock did he put against the opening. Then he sat down and milked the sheep and bleating goats, all in

turn, and put under each her young. Forthwith he curdled half of the white milk, and, having gathered it into woven baskets, laid it aside. The other half he stood in bowls, that he might take and drink thereof for his supper. But when he had hastily fulfilled all his tasks, he kindled his fire, and cast an eye on us, and asked us:

"'Why, strangers, who are you? Whence come you sailing over the watery ways? Have you some trade in hand, or are you wandering aimlessly over the sea after the manner of pirates, who go to and fro hazarding their lives, and bringing hurt to strangers?'

"So spake he, but our hearts failed us, for we dreaded his deep voice and monstrous presence. Yet even so I said to him in answer:

"'We are Achæans, who, hastening home from Troy, have been driven by conflicting winds over a vast stretch of sea by strange paths and ways unknown; so did it please Zeus to purpose. 'Tis our boast that we are of the people of Agamemnon, whom no man on earth now equals in renown, so great a city did he sack, and so many did he slay. But we have come to put ourselves at your mercy, in the hope you will give us welcome, or make us such gifts as are due from a host. But hold the gods in fear, good sir. To beg thy mercy are we come. And when strangers ask help and pity, Zeus will aid them and avenge their hurt.'

"So I spake, and he straightway answered me with cruel intent:

"'A simpleton art thou, stranger, or from a far country, to bid me fear or shun the gods. For we Cyclôpes care nothing for Ægis-bearing Zeus, or for the blessed gods, seeing that we are far mightier than they. Neither thee nor the men with thee will I spare, to escape the enmity of Zeus, unless my heart should bid me. But tell me, that I may learn, where did you berth your well-made ship — at the far end of the island or near at hand?'

"So he spake to try me, but I was too wary for his wiles, and gave him crafty answer.

"'Poseidon the Earth-shaker shattered my ship, casting her against the rocks at the end of your island, driving her on the headland, for the wind carried us shoreward; but I, with these my men, escaped sheer destruction.'

"Thus I spake, and he, in the cruelty of his heart, made no answer. Up he leapt and laid hands on my men, and, seizing two of them, dashed them to earth like puppies. Like a mountain lion he devoured them. I purposed in my brave heart to go near him, and, drawing my sharp sword from where it hung on my thigh, to take it in my hand and wound him in the breast where the midriff touches the liver; but a second thought made me pause. There should we have perished miserably, for we could not have pushed back

with our hands from the high doorway the huge stone which he had set against it; so we awaited the sacred Dawn lamenting.

"Now, when rosy-fingered, early-born Dawn shone forth, he kindled his fire and milked his goodly flocks all in turn, and placed under each her young. But when he had hastily fulfilled all his tasks, he seized again two of my men and made ready his meal. When it was ended he drove his fat flocks out of the cave, setting lightly aside the great door stone. Then he put it back as if he were putting a cover on a quiver. With loud whistling he sent off his fat flocks to the mountain. But I was left pondering sadly whether Athene would hear my prayer, that I might have my vengeance on him. And this methought the wisest plan. By the fold lay the Cyclops' great club of green olive wood which he had cut from the tree to carry when dry. We likened it, when we saw it, to the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a broad merchant ship which crosses wide stretches of sea. Of such length and such breadth did it look. Standing by it, I cut off therefrom a cubit's length, and, giving it to my men, bade them shave it down. So they made it smooth, and I stood and sharpened the point, and, quickly taking hold of it, hardened it in the blazing fire, and hid it carefully. My men I then bade shake lots to know who should dare help me lift the stake and drive

it in his eye as soon as sweet sleep came upon him. The lot fell to the very four I should myself have wished to be chosen, and I numbered myself as the fifth with them. At even he returned, shepherding his fleecy flocks, and straightway drove them every one into the wide cave, leaving not one outside in the high-walled courtyard, through some foreboding or some warning from Heaven. Then he lifted the great door stone, and, having set it in its place, sat down to milk the sheep and bleating goats all in turn, and placed under each her young. But when he had hastily fulfilled all his tasks, he seized once more two men and made ready for supper. Then I spake to the Cyclops, standing by him with a cup of dark wine in my hand:

"'Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy fill of men's flesh, that thou mayest know the nature of this drink which was stored within our ship. As a drink offering I brought it to thee, hoping thou wouldst take pity on me and send me home. But thy madness is past bearing, thou wretch! Surely no man will ever again visit thee on his travels, such evil hast thou wrought.'

"So I spake, and he took it and drank. Wondrous pleased was he at the sweet draught, and begged another. 'Be pleased to give me more, and tell me your name even now, that I may give you a gift of friendship to make you glad. For

their rich land bears for the Cyclôpes wine of good grapes, and the rain of Zeus giveth them increase. But this is the essence of ambrosia and nectar.'

"So he spake, and again I bore him the bright wine. Three times I bore to and gave it him, and three times in his senseless folly he drank. But when the wine stole over his senses I spake to him in gentle words:

"'Cyclops, you ask me my name by which I am called. I will tell you, but do you make me a gift of friendship according to your promise. "No Man" is my name. "No Man" am I called by my father and mother and all others that are known to me.'

"So I spake, and straightway he answered with cruel intent: 'No Man will I eat last among his men — the others first: that is my gift.'

"So he spake, and, leaning back, fell to the ground. There he lay, with his thick neck bent back, and, overcome by all-subduing sleep, lay heavy with drink. Then I thrust the stake under a heap of ashes to heat it, and to all my men spoke words of assurance, lest anyone should in fear fail me. But as soon as the olive stake, green though it was, was glowing fiercely and ready to catch alight, I brought it near from the fire while my men stood round. Fierce daring Heaven put in my heart. My men took the olive stake sharpened at the end, and pushed it in his eye while I stood

above it and twirled it round. Hideously did he roar aloud, making the rocks to ring, while we fled in terror. Then from his eye he drew forth the stake, and cried aloud to the Cyclôpes who dwelt around him in caves among the windy hill-tops. Hearing his shout, they came up from every side, and, standing round the cave, asked him what was his trouble.

"'Why, Polyphemus, do you cry out in such distress through the sacred night and make us sleepless? Surely no mortal man is driving off your flocks without your leave, or is by force or guile taking your life?'

"Then answered mighty Polyphemus from the cave: 'O friends, No Man is killing me, using guile instead of force.'

"And they in answer spake winged words:

"'Seeing, then, that no man is doing you violence, finding you alone, there is surely no way of escape from the sickness which great Zeus inflicts, but you had best pray to our father, the lord Poseidon.'

"So spake they and departed. But I laughed in my heart to think how my name had deceived them, and my clever device. But the Cyclops, groaning in agony, felt for the stone with his hands, and, having lifted it from the doorway, sat at the opening with hands outstretched to catch anyone who might go to the door with the

sheep, so simple did he take me to be. But I was considering how great would be the boon if I could find an escape from death both for myself and my fellows. So I began to contrive cunning plots and wiles of every sort, as for my very life, for dire calamity awaited me. This seemed to my mind the best device: There were some stout shaggy rams, fine big fellows, dark-fleeced. These I quietly tied together with the pliant withies on which the evil monster Cyclops made his bed. Three together I took; the middle one carried a man, the other two went one on each side for a cover. So three sheep carried each man; but as for me, there was a ram which was far the finest of the flock. I took hold of his back and lay curled up under his shaggy belly. So I took courage, and, back downwards, kept fast my hold of his goodly fleece, and so we awaited sacred Dawn, lamenting.

"Now, when early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, he drove out the rams and he-goats to pasture, but the ewes and she-goats, not being milked, kept bleating round the folds. But their master, racked with pain, kept feeling the backs of the sheep as they stood up. But of this the simple fellow had no thought, that the men were strapped under the breasts of his woolly sheep. Last of all the flock the ram came to the doorway, cumbered by his fleece, and by me and my crowding thoughts. But mighty Polyphemus, as he felt him, said:

" ' Dear ram, why, pray, dost thou run through the cave last of all the sheep? Thou art wont not to lag behind the sheep, but, stepping out, to be the first to nibble the tender flowers of the pasture, the first to reach the running streams, the first to wish to return at even to the fold. But now thou art last of all. It may be thou dost miss thy master's eye, of which he has been blinded by an evil wretch, " No Man," who, with his vile fellows, mastered his senses with wine. But not yet, I tell you, hath he escaped destruction. Would that thou couldst share my thoughts and tell me in speech where he lurks in fear of my wrath. Then would he be smitten, and my heart would have rest from the hurt which No Man hath dealt me.'

" So speaking, he drove the ram from him to the door. But when we had gone a short space from the cave and courtyard, I first let go of the ram, and then untied my men, and with all speed we drove before us the long-legged, well-favored flocks, turning often to look back until we reached the ship. Welcome to the sight of our dear comrades were we who had escaped from death, but for the others they began to make mourning and lamentation, until, frowning on them each one, I made sign to them not to weep, but bade them speedily throw on board a number of the fleecy flocks, and sail over the salt sea. Quickly they went on board and took their places on the benches, and, sitting

in order, smote the grey sea with their oars. But when I was still within shouting distance from the shore I called to the Cyclops, taunting him:

" ' No weakling, Cyclops, was he to prove whose fellows you brutally devoured in your hollow cave, and right hard usage were you to meet, you scoundrel, since you dared devour your guests in your house. Therefore hath Zeus requited you, and the other gods.'

" So I spake, and his heart raged the more. He broke off a huge mountain crag, and, hurling it, cast it in front of the dark-prowed ship, and the sea was washed up by the fall of the rock. Back to the land was the ship borne by the returning wave, washing shorewards. On to the beach was she being driven, but I seized hold of a long pole and pushed her out, and, calling on my men, nodded to them, and bade them take to the oars that we might escape disaster. To their oars they bent, but when we had reached twice the distance from the shore I called to the Cyclops. But my men on every side were for staying me with gentle words.

" ' Why with rash daring do you seek to anger that savage man? But just now he cast a rock out to sea and drove our ship back to land, where we thought we were lost. Had he heard the sound of your voice he would have shattered our heads and our ship's timbers, casting a rough crag, so far does he throw.'

" So they spake, but did not bend my proud will. In anger I answered him:

" ' Cyclops, if any mortal man asks you about the shameful blinding of your eye, say that you were blinded by Odysseus, son of Laertes, who lives in Ithaca.'

" So I spake, but he answered me bitterly:

" ' Alas! surely there has befallen me that which was long foretold. There was here a seer, good and true, Telemus by name, a prophet of great renown, who lived to old age among the Cyclôpes. He told me that all this would come to pass in days to come, that I should be bereft of sight by the hand of Odysseus. But I looked ever for the coming of a big, stalwart man, clothed in the might of his strength, but now a mean and feeble creature hath blinded me by mastering me with wine. But come here, Odysseus, that I may make you gifts of friendship, and may urge the great Poseidon to grant you a safe return. For his son am I, and he calls himself my father. He, if he so wills, will heal me, and no other either of mortal men or of the happy gods.'

" So spake he, but I in answer said to him:

" ' Would that I could rob you of the breath of life and send you to the house of Hades, for not even the Earth-shaker will heal your eye.' So I spake, and he prayed to the lord Poseidon, stretching forth his hands to the starry heaven:

" ' Hear me, Poseidon, dark-haired shaker of the earth. If I am truly thy son, and thou dost own that thou art my father, grant that Odysseus, sacker of cities, may not return home. But if it is appointed that he shall see his dear ones and reach his well-built house, and his own land, may he return after many days and in evil case. May he lead every one of his men to destruction, and return in a strange ship, and find affliction in his home.'

" So he prayed, and dark-haired Poseidon heard him. Then, lifting again a stone of far greater size, he sent it whirling, bringing to bear strength immeasurable. Close behind the dark-prowed ship he cast it, but it fell short of the rudder's point. The sea was heaped up by the fall of the stone, and onward was the ship carried by the wave and driven to the island's shore.

" But when we came to the island, where lay together the rest of the well-benched ships, while the men sat about, lamenting and ever watching for our return, then we drew up our ship on the sand and stepped out on the shore. Then we took from the hollow ship the flocks of the Cyclops, and made division so that none might go lacking his fair share. The ram my well-armed men gave to me alone, before all, out of the division of the flocks. Him I sacrificed on the shore to cloud-girt Zeus, son of Chronos, ruler of all, and burnt the

thigh-bones. Yet he paid no heed to the sacrifices, but considered how the well-benched ships might all be destroyed, and my faithful men. So then through the whole day, unto the setting of the sun, we sat feasting on plenteous flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun was set and darkness came on, we slept on the shore of the sea. When early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, I roused my men and bade them go on board and loose the cables. Straightway they took their places on the benches, and, sitting in order, smote the grey sea with their oars. Then we sailed on, grieved at heart, glad to have escaped death, but lamenting our dear fellows.

CHAPTER VI

Odysseus Tells of Circe's Enchantments

"Then we came to the isle of Æolia, where dwelt Æolus, son of Hippotas, on a floating island, and dear was he to the immortal gods. Round the whole island was an unbroken wall of brass, and smooth rocks uprose. Six daughters hath he in his palace, and six stalwart sons. By their dear father and lady mother they continually feast, and before them is spread great store of meats. The steam thereof fills the echoing courts by day; by night they sleep under rugs on carved bedsteads. To their city and stately house did we come. For a whole month I was his guest, while he questioned me fully of Ilium and of the Argive ships, and the return of the Achæans, and I told him all in due order. When I asked him of my journey, and bade him help me on my way, he refused me not, but contrived means for my return. He flayed an ox of nine seasons, and gave me the skin. Therein he bound the paths of the boisterous winds, for the son of Chronos had made him guardian of the winds, to put to rest or rouse any he should wish. In the hollow ship he fastened them with a shining silver cord so that no breath whatever should escape. To aid me he sent a gentle westerly breeze

to carry us and our ships. But his purpose was not to be accomplished, for our own folly was our undoing.

"For nine days we sailed by day and night alike, and on the tenth our own land was now coming in sight, and we even saw men watching their fires, so near were they. Then sweet sleep came over me in my weariness, for without a rest I had been minding the sheet. To no one of my men had I given it, that we might the sooner reach our country.

"But the men began to speak one to another, and said I was carrying home for myself gold and silver, gifts from noble Æolus. Thus would one speak, looking at his companions:

"'Alack, with what kindness and honor he meets from all men whose cities and lands he visits! Many rare treasures doth he bring of Trojan spoil, while we who have made the same journey return empty-handed. And now, to show his friendship, Æolus hath made him these gifts. But come quickly and let us see what they are, and how much gold and silver is in the skin.'

"So they spake, and their evil counsel prevailed. They unfastened the skin, and forth rushed all the winds. Speedily did the blast bear them lamenting out to sea and away from their own land. As for me, I awoke from sleep, and considered in my righteous heart whether I should throw myself

overboard and perish in the sea, or endure in silence and remain among the living. In the end I took heart and forbore, and lay covered in the ship. But the ships were carried by a fierce blast back to the isle of Æolus amid the lamentations of the crews.

"There we went ashore and drew water, and the men at once took their meat by the swift ships. But when we had taken food and drink, bidding a herald and another of my fellows to follow me, I went to the famed house of Æolus, and found him feasting with his wife and children. So we came to the house, and sat on the threshold by the pillars. But they were astonished, and asked: 'Why are you come, Odysseus? What evil fate hath dealt hardly with you? Truly we made due provision for your journey, that you might reach your country and house and any place you might wish.'

"So they spake, and I answered sorrowfully: 'By my reckless men have I been undone, and by my untimely sleep. But make good our loss, dear friends — for you have the means.'

"So I spake, using gentle words. They indeed kept silence, but their father answered: 'Away from the island with all speed, most unrighteous of living men. I may not lawfully make welcome, nor yet aid on his way, any man against whom the blessed gods feel hate. Begone, seeing that you have come here under the displeasure of the im-

mortals.' So saying, he sent me from his house, bitterly lamenting.

"Onward we journeyed, heavy at heart, and the spirit of my men was broken by the toil of rowing, for by our own folly no help was at hand. For six days we fared onward by day and night alike, and on the seventh day we came to the steep city of Lamos, where shepherd calls to shepherd as he drives his flocks homeward, and is answered by the other bringing his flocks out. There a man who could live without sleep would earn double wages by first minding cattle and then tending white sheep, so closely follows day after the coming of night. At length we came to the famed harbor. Around it on each side is an unbroken line of lofty cliffs, while jutting headlands facing each other guard the opening, leaving a narrow passage. Thither they all brought the rounded ships, and moored them in close order within the shelter of the harbor; for never did a wave rise therein, great or small, but a glassy calm lay about. I alone made fast my black ship outside at the far end of the harbor, fastening cables from the rock, and stood upon a rugged peak whither I had gone up to view the land. There could be seen neither tillage nor husbandry; smoke alone we saw rising from the land. Then I sent forward some men to learn who they were that found nurture in the land. Two men I chose, and sent a third with them as

herald. So they departed, and made their way by a level road by which wagons brought down wood to the city from the mountains. In front of the city they met a girl carrying water, the stalwart daughter of Antiphates the Læstrygonian. For she was going down to the clear spring Artakia, from which they were wont to carry water to the city. So they came up, and, speaking to her, asked her who was king of the people, and over whom he ruled, and she forthwith showed them her father's lofty house. But when they came within the stately house they found his wife, great as a mountain crag, and hateful to their sight. Straightway she called from the place of assembly mighty Antiphates her husband, who purposed their cruel destruction. He quickly seized one of my men, and made ready to devour him. But the two others came in headlong flight to the ships. Then he raised a shout through the city, and the mighty Læstrygonians came rushing up from every side in their thousands, like giants rather than men. From the rocks they cast huge stones; and a horrible din arose from the ships of dying men and crushed timber. While they were dealing death within the harbor, I drew my sharp sword from my thigh, and therewith cut away the cables of my dark-prowed ship. Then I called upon my men, and bade them bend to their oars, that we might flee from calamity. In terror of death they lashed the water, and glad

were we when our ship escaped to sea from the overshadowing rocks. But all the others perished there together.

"Thence we sailed onward, glad to have escaped death, but sorrowing for the loss of our dear fellows. To the island of Ææa we came, where dwelt fair-haired Circe, a dread goddess living among mortal men, sister of Æætes the sorcerer. There, guided by some god, we silently brought our ship ashore into a harbor with good anchorage, and went on land. For two days and two nights we lay consumed with weariness and grief. But when fair-haired Dawn brought the light of the third day, I took my spear and sharp sword, and went quickly up from the ship to a place of wide prospect, if perchance I might see any homesteads or hear any voice; and, standing there, I saw from across the wide open country the smoke of Circe's palace amid a thicket of oaks and underwood. When I saw the ruddy smoke, I was in doubt of heart and mind whether to go and learn thereof; but it seemed better, as I gave it thought, first to return to the swift ship by the seashore, and, having given my men their meal, to send forward men to inquire. But when I came near the rounded ship some god had pity on me in my loneliness, and sent in my very path a great tall-antlered stag. He was going down to the river from his feeding-ground in the wood to drink, overcome by the strength of the sun.

As he came from the wood I smote him in the middle of his back under the spine. Right through passed the bronze spear, and he fell moaning in the dust as his spirit fled. Then I stood upon him and dragged my bronze spear from the wound. The spear I laid on the ground, and there left it while I plucked brushwood and withies. And having plaited a rope, a cubit in length, twisted firmly from both sides, I bound together the feet of the great beast. So I went back to the black ship carrying him on my neck, for, as I was leaning on my spear, I could not carry him on my shoulder with the other hand, so great a beast was he. I threw him down in front of the ship, and, standing by my men, cheered them each one with soothing words.

" ' Not yet, good friends, shall we go down to the house of Hades for all our trouble, not till the day of doom overtakes us. Come! So long as we have food and drink in our swift ship, let us give thought to eating, and pine no more with hunger.'

" So I spake, and they gave ready assent. Uncovering their heads by the shore of the barren sea, they gazed on the stag, so mighty a beast was he. But when they had had their fill of gazing, they washed their hands and made ready a sumptuous feast. Through the whole day we sat until the setting of the sun, feasting upon meat without stint and sweet wine. But when the sun was set and darkness came on, then we slept by the seashore.

When early-born rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, I called my men together, and said to them all:

" ' Good friends, we know not where is the West, nor where is the East, nor where sets the sun which brings light to men, nor where it rises; but let us consider quickly whether there is yet any good counsel that we may devise. To me there seems none. For I went up to a rugged peak, and saw the island girt by the boundless sea. The land lies low, and in the midst I saw smoke among the thick oak woods and undergrowth.'

" So I spake, and their heart failed them as they called to mind the deeds of Antiphates the Læstrygonian, and the savagery of insolent Cyclops, the man-eater. They wept aloud and shed plenteous tears, but our lamentations were of no avail. Then I numbered into two companies our well-armed men, and appointed a leader for each — myself for one, god-like Eurylochus for the other. We hastily shook the lots in a brazen helmet, and forth leapt the lot of brave Eurylochus. Therewith he set forth, and with him two-and-twenty sorrowing companions, while we were left lamenting.

" On open ground among the glades they found the house of Circe, built of smooth stones. About it were mountain wolves and lions which she had charmed with poisonous drugs. Nor did they rush upon the men, but stood whisking their long tails. And as dogs fawn round their master as he comes

from his meal — for he always brings some dainties to please them — so did the strong-clawed wolves and the lions fawn on them. But the men were in terror at the sight of the fierce beasts. So they stood in the porch of fair-haired Circe, and hearkened to the goddess singing within with sweet voice, as she went to and fro at her great loom imperishable, full of grace and charm and beauty, as is the handiwork of the gods. First spake Polites, chief among the men, the nearest and dearest of my company:

" ' Good friends, someone within, busied at a great loom, is singing with sweet voice, with which the floor resounds, either a goddess or a mortal woman; let us quickly speak.'

" So he spake, and they called to her. At once she came out, opening the shining doors, and called them in, and they in their folly went after her. But Eurylochus stayed behind, boding some wile. In she led them, and seated them on chairs and couches, and mixed for them cheese, and barley, and yellow honey with Pramnian wine. But with the mess she mingled baneful drugs, that they might lose all thought of their native land. As soon as she had given it them and they had drunk, she struck them with her wand and penned them in styes. They had the heads of swine, and the voice and bristles and bodies, but their minds remained as before. So they were shut in lament-

ing, and Circe threw before them acorns and chestnuts and the fruit of cornel, the food of wallowing swine.

"But Eurylochus returned to the swift black ship to bring tidings of his fellows and tell of their unseemly fate. Not a word could he utter for all his longing, with such sorrow was his heart crushed; his eyes were filled with tears, and his mind was bent on lamentation. But when we questioned him in wonder, he made known to us the fate of the others:

"'We went as you bade us, renowned Odysseus, through the oak thickets, and found the stately house where it had been built in the glades. There someone, either goddess or mortal woman, was singing aloud as she moved before a great loom, and the men shouted to her. At once she opened the shining doors and, coming out, called to them. They, in their folly, went after her; but I stayed behind, boding some wile. Then they vanished every one, and I saw them no more, though I sat long watching.'

"So he spake, but I hung over my shoulders my great silver-studded bronze sword, and slung my bow about me. Then I bade him lead me back by the road he had come, but he clasped my knees and entreated me.

"'Compel me not to go thither, but leave me here, for I know you will neither yourself return,

nor bring back any of your men; but let us with all haste fly with these that are here, for we may still escape calamity.' So he said, and I in answer spake: 'Eurylochus, do you stay here in this place by the hollow black ship eating and drinking, but I am going, for indeed I needs must.'

"So saying, I went up from the ship and the sea. But when I was going through the sacred glades, and was nearly come to the great house of Circe the enchantress, there met me before the house Hermes with the golden wand, in the likeness of a young man with his first beard when youth is most gracious. He took me by the hand and spake to me:

"'Why, hapless man, do you come alone through the crags without knowledge of the country? Your companions are shut up here in Circe's house, like swine, in thick-walled styes. Have you come to set them free? Be sure you will not yourself return, but will stay with the others. But come, I will save you from harm and shield you. See now. Go to Circe's house with this potent drug, which will be your defence against hurt. I will tell you all the baneful arts of Circe. She will make for you mixed draughts, and will put drugs in your food; but not even so will she be able to bind you under her spell, for the potent drug which I will give you will be proof against her. All that will come to pass will I tell you. As soon as Circe strikes you with her long staff, do you draw

your sharp sword from your thigh, and set upon her as if you purposed to kill her. When she shrinks back in terror, bid her to take the oath of the blessed gods that she will set free your men and devise no further hurt against you.'

"So saying, the slayer of Argus plucked from the ground and gave me the drug, and showed me its nature. Its root was black, and its flower white as milk, and the gods call it 'moly.' Hard is it for mortal man to uproot it, but the gods are all-powerful.

"Hermes then took his way through the wooded island to high Olympus, but I set out for Circe's house, and greatly was my heart troubled as I went. In the doorway of the fair-haired goddess I stood and called aloud, and the goddess heard my voice. Straightway she came out, and, having thrown open the shining doors, called me in, and I followed with a heavy heart. She led me in and set me on a silver-studded seat, beautifully wrought, and under my feet was a stool. Then she made ready for me in a golden cup mixed draughts for me to drink, and put therein a drug in the evil purpose of her heart. But when she had given it me and I had drunk, but without hurt from the charm, she struck me with her wand and spake to me:

"'Away now to the styes and make your bed with your fellows.' So she spake; but I drew my

sharp sword from my thigh and rushed on Circe as if I purposed to slay her. With a loud scream she shrank back, and, clasping my knees, begged my pity, speaking winged words:

"'What manner of man are you? Where is your city, and where your parents? Amazed am I that, having drunk this drug, you are not bound by my spell. For no other man has hitherto withstood it, who has drunk it and let it once pass his lips. Surely you are wary Odysseus, for the Argus-slayer with the golden wand has oft-times told me he should come on his return from Troy in his swift black ship. But come, put your sword in its sheath, and let us trust one another in loving friendship.'

"So she spake, but I in answer said: 'O Circe, how can you ask me to bear you good-will, seeing that you have changed my men into swine in your palace, and that with crafty purpose you keep me here and bid me show you love? To that will I never consent, unless you dare to swear a great oath that against me myself you purpose no further hurt.'

"So I spake, and she at once swore as I bade her.

"Four women who served in her house were meanwhile busying themselves. Of the springs and groves were they born, and of the sacred rivers which flow to the sea. One of them placed rich coverlets on the chairs, smooth linen beneath, and

dark rugs above them. Another drew out in front of the seats silver tables, and set thereon golden bread-baskets. The third mixed pleasant sweet wine in a silver bowl, and dealt out golden cups. The fourth brought water, and kindled a fierce fire under a great tripod. The water grew warm, and when it boiled in the glittering brass caldron she made me sit in the bath. When I had clad me in a rich cloak and tunic, she led me in and set me on a silver-studded seat beautifully wrought, and beneath was a stool for my feet. Then she bade me eat, but I had no liking for food, and sat with my thoughts elsewhere, boding evil in my heart.

" But when Circe saw that I sat without putting forth my hands for food, with sorrow heavy upon me, she stood by me and spake winged words:

" ' Why, Odysseus, do you sit thus, as if speechless, consuming your heart, and touching neither food nor drink? Are you afraid of some further wile? You need have no fear, for I have already sworn you a mighty oath.'

" So she spake, and I in answer said to her: ' O Circe, what man of upright heart could bear to touch food and drink before setting free his fellows, and seeing them before his eyes? But if you bid me eat and drink with kindly intent, set my faithful men free that I may see them.'

" So I spake, and Circe passed out through the

"Once more they became men."

hall, with her staff in her hand, and, having opened the doors of the sty, drove them out in the likeness of full-grown swine. Then they stood in front of her while she passed between them, and with a new drug anointed them each one. From their limbs fell the bristles, which had before been made to grow on them by the evil drug given them by the lady Circe. Once more they became men, younger than they were before, and far more comely and of greater stature. Knowing me, they clasped my hand, and all fell to weeping for joy, till the house rang again about them. Even the goddess herself felt pity, and, standing by me, spake:

" ' Go now, crafty Odysseus, heaven-born son of Laertes, to your swift ship by the seashore. First draw your ship on to land, and take your goods and all the tackle to the caves. Then come back with your faithful men.'

" So she spake, and my proud heart assented, and I went to the swift ship and seashore. By the ship I found my faithful men, bitterly lamenting and shedding plenteous tears. As when the calves in the homestead all leap together in front of the herds returning to the fold-yard with their fill of pasture, and the pens cannot hold them, but with loud lowing they frisk round their mothers, so they, when they saw me, fell upon me weeping, and felt in spirit as if they had reached their own land and the very city in rugged Ithaca where they were born

and nurtured. Weeping, they spake to me winged words:

"'At thy return do we rejoice, as if we had come to Ithaca, our fatherland. But come, tell us of the fate of the rest of our company.'

"So they spake, and I answered them in words of good cheer: 'Let us first draw up our ship on land, and put in the caves our goods and all our tackle. Do you then hasten to follow me, that you may see your fellows eating and drinking in the sacred house of Circe; for they have abundance.'

"So I spake, and they at once assented. Eurylochus alone tried to hold back all the company.

"'Alas! whither are we going? Why do you seek your hurt, wishing to visit the palace of Circe, who will change you every one to swine or lions or wolves, to be under constraint to guard her great house? Even as the Cyclops wrought evil when our fellows entered his dwelling along with reckless Odysseus, for it was by his blind folly that they perished.'

"So he spake, and I considered in my heart whether to draw my long pointed sword from my stout thigh and, having smitten off his head, to fell him to the ground, near of kin though he was to me. But my men on every side checked me with soothing words.

"'Heaven-born, we will suffer him, if it be your will, to remain here by the ship and keep guard,

but do you lead us to the sacred house of Circe.' So saying, they went up from the ship and the sea. Nor was Eurylochus left by the hollow ship, but he followed them in fear of my fierce reproach.

"We found my other men feasting right well in the halls of Circe. But when they saw each other face to face they fell to weeping and wailing, and the house was filled with their lamentations.

"Then the goddess, standing near me, spake: 'No longer now let flow your plenteous tears. I myself know what misery you have suffered on the teeming sea, and what hurt has been wrought you by the malice of men upon land. But come, take food and drink until your spirit is restored within you, as when you first left rugged Ithaca, your native land. Now you are cast down and broken in spirit at the ever-present thought of your toilsome wanderings, and have no heart for merriment, so much have you suffered.'

"So she spake, and our brave hearts assented. There we stayed for the full circle of a year, feasting on meat without stint, with sweet wine. But when the year was fulfilled with its changing seasons, then my faithful men called to me and said: 'Are you beside yourself? 'Tis time to remember your own country, if it be decreed that you should safely return to your well-built house and the land of your birth.'

"So they spake, and my brave heart assented.

So then through the whole day we sat until the setting of the sun, feasting upon meat without stint and sweet wine. But when the sun was set and darkness came on, they fell asleep throughout the shadowy halls.

"Then I went to Circe and made supplication, and the goddess heard me. 'O Circe, fulfil your promise to me to send me home. For that do we now long in our hearts, both I and my fellows, who weary me with their lamentations whenever you leave our sight.'

"So I spake, and the goddess at once answered: 'Wary Odysseus, heaven-born son of Laertes, tarry no longer against your will in my house. But you must first make another journey and visit the dwellings of Hades and dread Persephone to inquire of the spirit of Teiresias the Theban, the blind prophet of steadfast mind, to whom alone Persephone hath granted, even after death, understanding and wisdom, while all others are but flitting shadows.'

"So she spake, but I was utterly cast down, and sat weeping on the couch, and no longer had wish to live and look upon the light of the sun. But when I had had my fill of rolling in grief, then in answer I said to her: 'O Circe, who will lead us on this journey? Never yet has any man made his way to Hades in a black ship.'

"So spake I, and the goddess in answer said:

'Crafty Odysseus, be not troubled for want of a guide for your ship; but when you have set up the mast and spread the sails, take your places, and the breath of the north wind will carry her on her way. But as soon as you have crossed the Ocean stream and reached the wooded shore, and the groves of Persephone, where are the tall poplars and willows whose fruit never ripens, then beach your ship by the deep eddying Ocean stream, and yourself go to Hades' dark dwelling. There flow into Acheron Pyriphlegethon, and Cocytus, which is a branch of Styx, and there is the rock where the two roaring streams meet. Draw close thither, hero, as I bid you, and dig a trench a cubit in length and breadth, and on each side pour out libations to the dead, first with honey and milk, then with sweet wine, and last with water. Thereon sprinkle barley-meal, and promise the fleeting spirits of the dead that on your return to Ithaca you will sacrifice in your palace your most choice heifer, and will load the pyre with treasures, and that to Teiresias alone, apart from the rest, you will sacrifice a black sheep, the finest of your flock. But when you have addressed your prayers to the hosts of the famed dead, then sacrifice a ram and a black ewe with their heads turned to Erebus; and yourself turn away and go towards the Ocean streams. Then will come many a soul of the dead. Thereupon call to your fellows and bid them flay and sacrifice the

sheep which lie slain by your pitiless sword, and pray to the gods, to mighty Hades and dread Persephone. Draw your sharp sword from your thigh, and, sitting there, suffer none of the fleeting shades to come near the blood until you have questioned Teiresias. The seer will come forthwith, great chieftain, and tell you your way, and the length of your journey, and how you will cross the teeming sea on your homeward voyage.'

"So she spake, and Dawn came from her golden throne. I went through the house and called upon my men in gentle words, standing by each one:

"'Lie no longer wrapped in sweet sleep, but let us begone, for the lady Circe has already pointed the way.'

"So I spake, and their brave hearts assented. But not even thence did I bring my men without hurt. A certain Elpenor there was, youngest of them all, not very brave in battle, and of feeble wit. Apart from his fellows he lay in Circe's house, for being heavy with wine he sought a cool place. But hearing the noise and clatter of the men moving about, he suddenly leaped up, and forgot to climb down by going to the long ladder, but fell headlong from the roof. His neck was broken from the spine, and his spirit fled to Hades. As my fellows came up, I spake to them:

"'You think now to return home to your dear fatherland, but Circe has shown us another way,

even to the dwellings of Hades and dread Persephone, to inquire of the spirit of Teiresias the Theban.'

"So I spake, and they sat broken-hearted, weeping and tearing their hair, but of no avail were their tears. Now when we came to the swift ship and the seashore mourning and pouring forth tears, then Circe went apart and tethered by the dark ship a ram and a black ewe. Easily she slipped past us, for who can see a goddess going to and fro if she wills it not?

CHAPTER VII

Odysseus Tells of His Visit to Hades

"But when we had gone down to the ship by the sea, first we dragged her into the sacred sea, and placed in her the mast and sails. Then we took the sheep and put them in the ship, and ourselves went on board, heavy at heart and shedding plenteous tears. Behind our dark-prowed ship Circe, the dread goddess with comely hair who lives among men, sent a favoring breeze to fill our sails — a welcome helpmeet. So we set the tackle in order and took our ease on board, while wind and helmsman kept the ship on her course. All day she sped over the sea with full sails till the sun set and all the ways were darkened.

"To the deep Ocean stream that bounds the world she came, where are the people and habitation of the Cimmerians, hid in mist and cloud. Never does the bright sun look down upon them with his rays, neither when he is climbing into the starry heavens nor when he is turning back from the heavens to the earth, but dismal night overspreads poor mortals. Having come thither, we beached our ship and took out the sheep. Then we went along the shore of the Ocean until we came to the place of which Circe told us.

"There Perimedes and Eurylochus held the victims. But I drew my sharp sword from my thigh and dug a trench a cubit each way, and about it poured a drink-offering to all the dead — the first mead, the next wine, the third water — and sprinkled thereon white barley. Then I made long prayers to the fleeting spirits of the dead, promising when I came to Ithaca to sacrifice in my halls the choicest of my heifers and to load the pyre with treasures. To Teiresias alone I promised I would sacrifice a black sheep, the finest in my flocks.

"When I had made my prayers and supplications to the hosts of the dead, I took the sheep and cut their throats, so that the dark blood ran into the trench. And up from Erebus gathered the souls of the dead. Then I called to my men, and bade them flay and roast the sheep which lay slain by my pitiless sword, and pray to the gods, to mighty Hades and dread Persephone; but I myself drew my sharp sword from off my thigh, and, sitting there, suffered none of the fleeting dead to come near the blood until I had questioned Teiresias.

"First came the soul of my comrade Elpenor, for he had not yet been buried under the wide-wayed earth. We had left his body in Circe's palace unwept and unburied, since other matters pressed upon us. When I saw him I wept for him

and felt pity, and spake winged words to him: 'Elpenor, how did you come beneath the shadow of darkness? Though you journeyed on foot, you were before me in my black ship.'

"So I spake, and he answered me sorrowfully: 'By the cruel doom of Heaven was I brought to hurt, and by wine unstinted. I lay down on Circe's palace roof, and had not the wit in coming down to go to the long ladder, but fell headlong from the roof. My neck was broken from my spine, and my soul went down to Hades. But now I beseech you by those absent ones that we have left behind, by your wife and your father who nurtured you in your childhood, and by Telemachus whom you left alone in your house. For I know that when you go hence you will steer your well-built ship to the isle of Ææa. There, O King, I bid you bear me in remembrance. Do not turn away from me, and, going your way, leave me unwept and unburied, lest you bring down on my account the wrath of Heaven. But burn my body with my weapons, and raise a mound by the shore of the grey sea, that men in days to come may learn of my ill fate. Fulfill this for me, and on my tomb set up mine oar with which I was wont in my lifetime to row when with my fellows.'

"So he spake, and I in answer said to him: 'This, hapless friend, will I fulfil and accomplish.' Thus we sat in sad converse, while I held my sword

"Then came near the soul of Teiresias the Theban carrying a golden sceptre."

away from me over the blood, and on the other side the image of my comrade spake at length to me.

"Then came up to me the soul of my dead mother, Anticleia, daughter of brave Autolycus, whom I had left alive when I went to sacred Ilium. When I saw her I wept, and my heart pitied her. But even in the bitterness of my grief I suffered her not to come nearer the blood until I had questioned Teiresias.

"Then came near the soul of Teiresias the Theban carrying a golden sceptre. He knew me, and said:

"'Why, alas! have you left the light of the sun and come to see the dead and the land of horror? But draw away from the trench and hold back your sword, that I may drink the blood and reveal to you the truth.'

"So he spake, and I drew back and thrust my silver-studded sword into the sheath. But when the righteous prophet had drunk the black blood he spake to me:

"'You ask about a happy return, renowned Odysseus. That will the gods render hard for you. For you will not, I ween, be forgotten by the Earth-shaker, seeing that he hath stored up wrath in his heart against you, in his rage that you blinded his dear son. But even so you will reach home, albeit in grievous plight, if only you will curb your desire and that of your men. When you bring your well-

wrought ship to the Thrinacian Isle, and, having quitted the violet sea, there find grazing the cows and fat sheep of Helios, who overlooks and overhears all things, if you leave them unharmed and are mindful of your return, you will even now reach Ithaca, though in sorry plight; but if you harm them, I foretell the destruction of your ship and your men. If you should yourself escape, you will lose all your men, and return after many days in a stranger's ship. In your house you will find afflictions, insolent men who devour your substance and offer gifts to your noble wife, seeking to wed her; but even so you will make them pay for their crimes on your coming. But as soon as, either by stealth or face to face with your sharp sword, you have slain the suitors in your house, then go your way with your well-trimmed oar till you come among men who neither know the sea nor mingle salt with their food. Of red-cheeked ships, too, they have no knowledge, nor yet of well-trimmed oars which are their wings. But I will tell you a very sure sign which will not escape you. Whenever another wayfarer meets you and says you have a winnowing fan on your goodly shoulder, then fix your well-trimmed oar in the ground, and, having sacrificed choice victims to the lord Poseidon — a ram, a bull, and a boar that leads the herd — return home and offer holy victims to the immortal gods that dwell in the broad heaven, even to each in

turn. To yourself death will come as gently as can be, and from the sea, in the failing strength of peaceful age. Your people about you will be happy. This do I tell you truly.'

"So he spake, and I in answer said: 'Teiresias, such a thread of life have the gods themselves spun for me. But come, tell me this, and speak truly. I see here the soul of my dead mother. But she has seated herself in silence near the blood, and has not dared to look her son in the face nor to speak to me. Tell me, master, how may she know me, who I am?'

"So I spake, and he in answer said to me: 'Readily will I tell you and make you understand. Whomsoever among the dead you suffer to come near the blood will tell you the truth; whomsoever you refuse will go back.' So saying, the soul of great Teiresias went again to the dwelling of Hades, having recounted the decrees of fate.

"There I waited unmoved until my mother came up and drank the dark blood. At once she knew me, and spake piteously to me in winged words:

"'My child, how came you, while living, beneath the shadowy gloom? Here are woeful sights for living men. Are you come hither with your ship and men while still on your long journey from Troy? Have you not yet reached Ithaca and seen your wife in your house?'

"So she spake, and I in answer said: 'Of ne-

cessity, dear mother, I came down here to inquire of the soul of Teiresias the Theban. For not yet have I come near the Achæan land nor set foot upon my country; but I have been ever driven hither and thither in sore distress from the time I first followed great Agamemnon to Ilium, the land of horses, to war against the Trojans. But come, tell me this, and speak truly. How were you doomed to meet death that stretches men at length? By lingering sickness? or did Artemis the archeress visit you with death from her gentle arrows? Tell me of my father and of my son whom I left behind. Is my kingship still in their hands, or does some other now hold it, saying I shall never return? Tell me, too, the purpose and mind of my lawful wife. Is she still at her son's side, keeping sure watch over everything, or hath the noblest of the Achæans already wed her?'

"So I spake, and my gentle mother at once answered me: 'With unflinching heart she stays in your palace. Her days and her nights go by in sorrow and tears. No one yet holds your high estate. Telemachus has peaceful charge of your lands, and is given his share in the public feasts, which are rightly prepared for a judge whom all invite. But your father abides in the country and goes not down to the city. Neither bedding nor cloaks nor bright rugs has he to lie in, but through the winter he sleeps within doors with the slaves,

among the ashes before the fire, clad in miserable raiment. But when summer comes and fruitful autumn, a bed of fallen leaves is laid for him wherever he may be on the level fertile vineyard. There he lies in evil case, nursing his sorrow, and longing for your return. And there has come upon him, too, the burden of age. This is how I perished and met my doom. Neither did the keen-sighted goddess of the bow visit me in my home and slay me with her gentle arrows, nor was I smitten by any sickness which takes the life by cruelly wasting the limbs, but my longing for you, great Odysseus, and your counsel and kindliness, bereft me of my dear life.'

" So she spake, and, albeit I doubted, I sought to take hold of my dead mother's spirit. Three times I ran towards her, and the desire of my heart was to take hold of her: three times she flitted from my hands like a phantom or a dream. The grief within my heart grew the more bitter, and I spake to her winged words:

" ' Dear mother, why do you not stay for me when I long to hold you, so that even in the dwelling of Hades we may together in loving embrace find comfort in chill lamenting? Is this a phantom that great Persephone has sent me that the burden of my grief may be even heavier? '

" So I spake, and straightway my gentle mother answered: ' Alas, my son, most hapless of men,

'tis not that Persephone, daughter of Zeus, is cheating you, but thus is it ordained for all mortals at their death. The flesh and bones are no longer held together by the sinews, but as soon as the spirit leaves the white bones they perish before the fierce power of the flame. But the spirit takes wing and flits about like a phantom. Hasten back to the light of day, and bear in mind all you have seen, that hereafter you may tell it to your wife.'

" As we talked thus together, there came, at the bidding of great Persephone, women, all wives or daughters of heroes. Round the dark blood they thronged, while I considered how I might question each one. This seemed to my mind the best device. Having drawn from off my stout thigh my long pointed sword, I suffered them not all at one time to drink the dark blood. In turn each one came up and told me her parentage, and I questioned them all. But I will not make mention by name of all the wives and daughters of heroes that I saw. For the sacred night would not last me. And the time is come for sleep, whether I go to the crew of the swift ship or abide here. It rests with you and the gods to make ready for my journey."

So spake Odysseus, and silence fell on them all throughout the shadowy hall as they sat spell-bound by the story. But white-armed Arete began to speak:

"Phæacians, what think you of this man, both in face and stature and good judgment? Though he is my guest, yet all share in doing him honor. Wherefore hasten not to send him away. Let your gifts be without stint to a man in such need, for by the grace of the gods you have much treasure stored in your houses."

To them, too, spake the aged hero Echeneus: "O friends, the words of our wise Queen are not beside the mark, nor other than we look for in her. Pay good heed to her — yet as Alcinous wills, so must we speak and act."

To him Alcinous spake in answer: "It shall be as she says, so long as I live and rule over the Phæacians. But let our guest take heart, and, greatly though he longs to be on his homeward way, let him wait till the morrow, when I may complete all my gifts. In providing for his journey every man must take part, but I myself beyond all. For mine is the rule in this land."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "Lord Alcinous, of great renown among all peoples, if you should bid me stay here for a whole year, and would find me the means to return, and make me noble gifts, even to that would I gladly assent. Indeed, it would be a great gain to reach my dear country with a full hand. Whoever should see me returning to Ithaca would heed me and welcome me the more."

To him then in answer said Alcinous: "O Odysseus, in no wise do we take you from your look to be a cheat and trickster, albeit the dark earth nourishes many such men spread abroad, who devise falsehoods out of things unseen. There is grace in your speech and wisdom in your thoughts, and with the skill of a bard have you told your story, even the piteous calamities of yourself and all the Argives. But come, tell me truly whether you saw any of your god-like companions who went along to Ilium with you and there met their fate. For the night is endlessly long, and not yet has come the hour for sleep in the house. So tell me of your wondrous deeds. I should not tire of listening till sacred dawn whenever you might have the heart to recount in my house all you have suffered."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "Mighty Alcinous, of great renown among all peoples, there is a time for long stories and a time for sleep. But if you wish indeed to hear more, readily would I tell you both of these and of yet more pitiful doings, the cruel fate of my fellows who perished later. For they escaped the direful conflict with the Trojans, but perished in their turn by the will of a vile woman.

"When holy Persephone had driven hither and thither the souls of the women, then came the soul of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, in deep sorrow. Around him were gathered the souls of all the

others who along with him met the doom of death in the house of Ægisthus. He knew me at once when he had drunk the dark blood. Aloud he wept, letting fall plenteous tears and spreading out his hands toward me with desire to reach after me. But he had lost the nerve and strength that once were in his supple limbs. When I saw him, I pitied him in my heart and spake winged words:

"'Renowned son of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men, how did you meet the doom of death which lays men at length? Did Poseidon overwhelm you on your ship by calling forth a horrible blast of fierce wind, or did you suffer hurt from foemen on land as you were capturing oxen or choice flocks of sheep, or fighting in defence of your city and women?'

"So I spake, and he in answer straightway said: 'Heaven-born son of Laertes, wary Odysseus, neither did Poseidon overpower me on my ship by calling forth a horrible blast of fierce winds, nor did I suffer hurt from foemen on land; but Ægisthus brought about my death, as it was appointed for me, with the aid of my cruel wife. He bade me to sup in his house, and slew me as a man slays an ox at the manger. Such was my pitiful death, and my fellows around me fell one after another, as white-tusked swine are slaughtered in the house of some rich man of high estate for a marriage festival, or club feast, or sumptuous

banquet. Often ere now have you been present at a man's death either in single combat or in fierce battle, but the sight of those deeds beyond all would have filled your heart with pity, as we lay in the hall around the wine-bowl and loaded tables, while the floor ran with blood. Most pitiful was the cry I heard of Cassandra, daughter of Priam, who was slain at my side by treacherous Clytæmnestra. I raised my hands, and then, dropping them, fell pierced by the sword. She turned away without pity, and dared to let me go down to Hades without closing my eyes or pressing together my lips. For a woman can beyond all others be cruel and heartless, even as she contrived a foul deed, bringing to pass the death of her wedded husband. I thought I should have been welcomed on my return by my children and servants, but by such monstrous cruelty she covered with shame both herself and women in days to come, even the upright.'

"So he spake, and I in answer said: 'Alas! how terribly hath Zeus from old satisfied his hatred for the house of Atreus by the devices of a woman! For Helen many of us died, and against you, while in a distant land, Clytæmnestra contrived a plot.'

"So I spake, and he in answer said: 'Wherefore now I bid you be not gentle even towards your own wife. Tell her not all you know; let part be spoken, and part be kept hidden. Yet you will

not, Odysseus, meet death at the hands of your wife, for very discreet and prudent is the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope. For when we went to the war we left her a newly wed wife, with an infant who now takes his seat among men. Happy is he, for his dear father on his return will see him, and he, as it should be, will embrace his father. But my wife did not even suffer me to have my fill of gazing on my son, but slew me myself before that could be. But come now, tell me this, and speak truly, whether you ever hear of my son among the living, either in Orchomenos or sandy Pylos, or with Menelaus in wide Sparta; for not yet is noble Orestes dead upon earth.'

"So he spake, and I in answer said: 'Son of Atreus, wherefore do you question me concerning this? I know not at all whether he lives or is dead, and it is wrong to speak empty words.'

"So we stood in sad converse, sorrowing and shedding plenteous tears. Then came the soul of Achilles, son of Peleus, and Patrocles, and faultless Antilochus, and Ajax, who, after the faultless son of Peleus, was noblest of all the Danaans in form and build and limb. But the soul of swift-footed Achilles knew me, and with lamentation spake winged words:

"'Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, wary Odysseus, what deed will you purpose, reckless one, beyond this? How had you the courage to come

down to Hades, where dwell the senseless dead, the images of men whose toil of life is ended?'

"So he spake, but I in answer said: 'O Achilles, son of Peleus, mightiest of the Achæans, I came to inquire of Teiresias if he could counsel me how I may reach rugged Ithaca. For not yet have I come near the Achæan land nor have I set foot in my country, but troubles without end are my portion. But no man has in days that are gone been more fortunate than you, Achilles, and none ever will be. For in past time we Argives paid you worship in your lifetime as to the gods, and now you hold strong sway here among the dead. Wherefore, Achilles, grieve not at your death.'

"So I spake, and he in answer to me said: 'Speak not lightly to me of death, renowned Odysseus; I would rather labor on the land, the serf of some poor man with scant livelihood, than be lord of all the dead that are no more. But come, give me tidings of my valiant son. Did he go to the war as a chieftain, or not? And tell me if you have had tidings of noble Peleus, whether he is still held in honor among the Myrmidon hosts, or is he of no account throughout Hellas and Phthia, because in hand and foot he feels the weight of age? For no longer am I in the light of the sun to stand by him, as when in time past I slew the bravest amongst the hosts on the wide plains of Troy, fighting for the Argives. If in such might

I could visit my father's house for but a short space, then would I let feel the resistless strength of my hand any who do him violence and rob him of his rights.'

"So he spake, and I said to him in answer: 'Of noble Peleus no tidings have reached me, but of your dear son Neoptolemus I will tell you the whole truth, as you bid me; for I myself brought him from Scyros, on my well-trimmed hollow ship, to follow the armor-clad Achæans. Whenever we took counsel before the city of Troy, he was the first to speak, and his word was always to good purpose. God-like Nestor and myself alone outmatched him. When we contended with arms on the plain of Troy, never would he stay among the press and throng, but always dashed far in front, giving place to none in might, and many he slew in the fierce battle. When we went into the horse which Epeius made, a company of the bravest among the Argives, with myself in command, then were all the other leaders of the Danaans drying their tears and trembling in their limbs; but never at all did I see pallor in his fair face, nor yet tears drying on his cheeks, but he kept urgently beseeching me to let him go forth from the horse, and kept grasping his sword-hilt and bronze-headed spear with intent to do hurt to the Trojans. When we had sacked Priam's steep city, he took for his fair share a noble prize and went on board unhurt,

neither struck by sharp brazen spear nor wounded in close conflict, as often befalls when Ares rages in the confusion of battle.'

"So I spake, and the soul of swift-footed Achilles went striding through the beds of asphodel, rejoicing that I had told him that his son had won renown. But the other souls of the dead stood by sorrowing, and asking after their hearts' trouble. The soul of Ajax, son of Telamon, alone stood apart in anger at the victory I had won over him at the ships, pleading my claim to the arms of Achilles, whose noble mother had put them up as a prize. Would that I had not been victor in such a contest, for it was on their account that the earth covered so mighty a one, even Ajax, who after Achilles was foremost of the Danaans in beauty and prowess. To him I said in soothing words:

"'Ajax, son of noble Telamon, not even in death, it seems, were you to forget your wrath against me on account of the ill-starred arms. For the hurt of the Argives the god offered them as a prize, such a tower of strength did they lose in you; for we ceased not to lament your death as we did that of Achilles, son of Peleus. None other was to blame, but Zeus bitterly hated the army of Danaan warriors, and inflicted upon you your doom. But come hither, King, that you may hear my words. Curb your wrath and your proud spirit.'

"So I spake, but, without making answer, he

followed the other souls to the dark dwelling of the dead that are no more. But I stood in my place, if perchance some other should come of the heroes who in times past had died. Now I might have seen men of yet earlier days as I wished, but, ere that, came crowding up with fearful din the countless tribes of the dead, and pale fear seized me lest great Persephone might send to me from Hades the Gorgon head of some horrid monster. Then I went to the ship and bade my men go on board and loose the cables, and they speedily stepped into the ship and sat on the benches. And with the current of the Ocean stream the ship was carried first by rowing and then by a fair wind.

CHAPTER VIII

Odysseus Tells How He Escaped from Scylla and Charybdis

"When the ship left the river current of Oceanus and reached the waves of the wide sea, and the island of Ææa, where early-born Dawn has her dwelling and her dancing-ground and the Sun his place of rising, there we beached the ship, and ourselves stepped on shore and awaited in sleep the coming of sacred Dawn.

"But when early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, I sent my men to Circe's house to bring the body of Elpenor who was dead. Forthwith we cut logs and buried him on a headland, sorrowing and shedding plenteous tears. When the body was burned and the dead man's arms, we heaped up a mound, and, having dragged up a stone, fixed on the top of the mound his well-shaped oar.

"So we carried out all in order, and Circe was ware of our return from the dwelling of Hades, and came full soon in gay attire. Her handmaids brought bread and meat in plenty, and bright red wine, and the goddess stood in their midst, and said:

"'Daring are you to have gone down in life to

the dwelling of Hades to face death twice when others die but once. But come, take food and wine here till close of day, and when dawn shines forth you shall set sail. But I will show you the road and warn you of every danger, that you may not from some evil artifice suffer hurt and pain, either by sea or land.'

"Thus she spake, and our brave hearts assented thereto. So the whole day, until the setting of the sun, we sat feasting on meat without stint, and sweet wine. But when the sun set and darkness came on, my men slept by the ship's cables. And Circe, having taken my hand and seated me apart from my fellows, reclined at my side and questioned me diligently, while I told her in due order all that had befallen me. Then the Lady Circe said to me:

"'So hath this been accomplished, but do you hearken as I will speak, and as Heaven will confirm. First you will come to the Sirens, who cast under their spell all who approach them. If any man come near them unaware and hear their voice, never will his wife and tender children gather joyfully round him to welcome his return, but the Sirens in their meadow seats will charm him with their clear voices. Around them in decay are piled the bones and shrivelling skins of men. Hasten past them, and smear upon your men's ears sweet kneaded wax, that none of them may hear. But should you yourself wish to hear them,

let them bind you in the swift ship hand and foot, standing in the mast-socket, with ropes fastened to the mast itself, that you may have your delight in hearing the voice of the Siren; and if with entreaty you bid your men loose you, then must they yet the more firmly bind you. But when your men have rowed past the Sirens, I cannot truly tell you which way you will follow, but you must take counsel with yourself. But I will tell you what is on either side. On one side are over-arching rocks, and against them roar the great waves of dark-eyed Amphitrite — the Planctæ are they called by the blessed gods. No birds pass by there, not even the timid doves which carry ambrosia to Father Zeus, but the steep rock always snatches one away, and Father Zeus sends another in its place. Never yet has any ship of men that came thither escaped by that way, but the bodies of the dead and the timbers of the ship are heaped together by the waves of the sea and the blasts of deadly fire. One ship alone passed by that place, far-famed Argo on her voyage from Æaetes, and even she would have been dashed headlong against the great rocks, but Hera, out of love for Jason, guided her thereby.

"'On the other side are two rocks. The one lifts its steep peak up to the wide heaven, and a dark cloud covers it. Never does the cloud leave it, and never does clear air lie about its peak, not even in

summer and autumn. No mortal man could climb up it nor yet down from it, not if he had twenty hands and feet, for the rock is as smooth as if polished. In the middle of the rock is a dark cave facing westward, towards Erebus, by which way, great Odysseus, you must guide past your hollow ship. The cave's mouth is beyond even a strong man's bowshot from his ship. Within dwells howling Scylla, a vile monster with the voice of a new-born whelp, a hideous sight that not even a god would wish to face. Twelve outstretched feet in all she has, and six long necks. On each is a dreadful head, with three rows of teeth, close set and strong, and full of black deadly poison. Up to her waist she is hidden in the cave, but she thrusts her heads outside the fearful chasm. There she fishes, groping round the rocks for dolphins and sharks and any larger beast she can seize of the myriad flocks which boisterous Amphitrite feeds. Never can sailor boast that he has passed by that way with his ship unharmed, for with each head she snatches and carries off a man from the dark-prowed ship.

" 'The other rock, you will see, is lower, Odysseus. They are near each other, even within bowshot. Thereon is a wild fig, a spreading leafy tree. Under this dread Charybdis sucks back the dark water. Three times in the day she spouts the water up, three times draws it terribly back.

Be sure you are not at hand when she draws it back, for not even Poseidon would save you from hurt. Draw near Scylla's rock and row quickly past, for far better is it to mourn the loss of six men on the ship than of every one.'

"So she spake, and I in answer said: 'Come, Goddess, tell me this truly, whether I shall escape from murderous Charybdis and ward off Scylla, when she does hurt to my men?'

"So I spake, and straightway the goddess answered: 'Brave heart, warfare and toil have been your part; will you never yield before even the deathless gods? No mortal woman is Scylla, but a pest immortal, a dread and direful creature, and a brute invulnerable. Defence there is none; flight is best. For should you arm yourself and tarry by the rock, I fear she may rush upon you once more, and, reaching out, seize with every head a man. But push forward with all speed and call upon Cratais, the mother of Scylla, the scourge of mortals. She will hinder her from making further attack.

"'To the Thrinacian Isle you will come. There graze the countless kine and fat sheep of Helios, seven herds of cows, and seven goodly flocks of sheep, fifty in each flock. None are born among them, none waste with age. Their shepherds are goddesses — fair-haired nymphs, the daughters of Helios and the goddess Neæra. Their noble mother

gave them nurture, and sent them to the Thrinacian Isle to dwell afar and guard their father's sheep and crooked-horned oxen. If you leave the herds unharmed, giving thought to your return, you may yet reach Ithaca, though in evil plight; but if you should do them hurt, then I warn you that destruction will befall your ship and your men, and, if you should yourself escape, after length of days will you return, and in evil case, after losing all your men.'

" So she spake, and forthwith came Dawn on her golden throne. Then the goddess made her way back through the island; but I went to the ship and called to my men to go on board and loose the cables, and with all speed they stepped on the ship and took their places on the benches. Behind our dark-prowed ship Circe sent a favoring wind to fill our sails, a welcome helpmeet. So we put all the tackle in order, and took our ease, while the wind and the helmsman kept the ship in her course. Then I spake to my men with heavy heart:

" ' It is not well, friends, that one or two only should know the decrees of fate, as Circe the goddess revealed them to me. But I will tell you that we may have warning, whether we die or perchance avoid and escape the doom of death. She bids us first shun the voice and flowery meadow of the wondrous Sirens. She has bidden that I alone hear their voice. You must bind me with

painful cords that I may stay unmoved, standing in the mast-socket with ropes fastened from the mast. But should I entreat you and charge you to loose me, then must you make me fast with yet more cords.'

"So I made known this in full to my men, and our well-built ship came rapidly to the Sirens' Island, for a kindly breeze sped her forward. Then the wind dropped, and there was a breathless calm, and the god stilled the waves. My men stood up and furled the sails, and, having stowed them in the hold, sat to their oars and made the waves foam under the blades of pine. But I with my sharp sword cut into small pieces a great cake of wax and kneaded it with my strong hands. The wax soon grew soft, yielding to my hard grip and the rays of sovereign Helios, son of Hyperion. With this I smeared the ears of each one; and they bound me hand and foot within the ship, standing in the mast-socket, and fastened cords from the mast. Then they took their seats and smote the grey sea with their oars. But when they had sped the ship forward to shouting distance from the shore, the Sirens saw the swift ship coming near, and raised their loud song:

"'Come hither, far-famed Odysseus, pride of the Achæans; bring your ship to shore to hear our voice. For never yet hath any man passed by here in his black ship before hearing the sweet

song from our lips, and with increase of wisdom he goes joyously on his way. For we know all that the Argives and Trojans suffered on the plain of Troy by the will of the gods, and we know all that befalls on the fruitful earth.'

" So they sang, with sweet voice uplifted. My heart's desire was to hear them, and, frowning upon my men, I signed to them to loose me. But they bent to their oars, while Perimedes and Eurylochus stood up and tied me yet more closely with further cords. But when they had rowed past the Sirens, and we were out of hearing of their voice and song, my trusty men at once took off the wax which I had smeared on their ears, and released me from my bonds.

" Hardly had we left the island when I saw the fume of the great waves and heard the din thereof. In their terror my men dropped their oars, and they fell rattling down. There lay the ship unmoved, since they no longer put their hands to the tapering oars; but I went along the ship and with soothing words gave my men heart, standing by each one:

" ' O friends, we have hitherto been no strangers to adversity. This peril that now faces us is no greater than when Cyclops shut us with brute violence within the hollow cave; but even from there we escaped by my courage and clever device, and these perils we shall some day, I ween, call to

mind. But now come and let us assent every one to my words. Sit on the benches and smite the towering sea-surf with your blades, hoping that Zeus may grant that by flight we may escape this peril. To you, helmsman, this is my behest, and do you bear it in mind, since the helm of the hollow ship is in your charge: — Keep the ship outside the fuming waves, and make for the rock, lest she drift into them unawares and you drive us to destruction.'

"So I spake, and they at once assented; but I spake no more of the dire pest Scylla, lest my men in their terror should cease rowing and cower within the ship. Then, forgetful of Circe's stern command that I should in no way arm myself, I put on my fine armor, and, taking in my hand two long spears, went on to the deck of the ship's prow; for from there I thought I should first see the rock-monster Scylla who brought hurt upon my men. Nowhere could I see her, though I wearied my eyes with searching over the dark rock.

"Along the strait we sailed in dismay, for on one side was Scylla, and on the other the fiend Charybdis was fearfully sucking up the salt sea-water. Whenever she disgorged the water, the sea, like a caldron on a fierce fire, boiled up in turmoil, and the leaping foam fell on the tops of the rocks on either side; but whenever she sucked back the salt sea-water, the swirling hollow of the gulf

was laid bare, and the rocks around resounded fearfully, while beneath the ground showed dark with sand. Pale fear seized my men, and we watched her in terror of destruction. Then Scylla snatched from the hollow ship six of my men, the foremost in strength of limb and skill of hand. As I looked over the swift ship in search of my men, already they were raised aloft, and I saw their hands and feet above me. They were calling upon me in their anguish, and spake my name for the last time. As a fisher standing on a headland with his long rod throws down food as a bait for the little fish, and, casting into the sea his ox-horn tackle, catches them and throws them out gasping, so were they lifted gasping on to the rocks. At the mouth of the cave she devoured them, screaming and throwing up their hands to me in dread struggle. That was the most pitiful sight that met my eyes amid all I suffered in searching out the paths of the sea.

"When we had escaped the rocks and horrid Charybdis and Scylla, we straightway reached the pleasant island of the god. There were the fine broad-fronted cows of Helios and his great flocks of fat sheep. While yet at sea in my black ship, I heard the lowing of the cattle in their folds and the bleating of the sheep, and there came to my mind the word of the blind prophet Teiresias, and of Circe, who charged me straitly to shun the island

of Helios, who gladdens mortal men. Then I spake to my men with heavy heart:

"'Hear my words, my men, evil though our case may be, that I may tell you the warning of Teiresias and Circe, who charged me straitly to shun the island of Helios, the delight of mortal men, for there they said the most dire calamity awaited us. Row the black ship past the island.'

"So I spake, but they were heart-broken, and Eurylochus answered me bitterly: 'A hard man are you, Odysseus, beyond measure in your strength, and unwearying in your limbs. Of iron surely are you fashioned, seeing that you do not suffer your men, albeit full weary and drowsy, to land on the sea-girt isle, where we might make ourselves a savory supper. But through the swift falling night you bid us without respite drift away from the island across the misty sea. Of the night are born fierce winds, a peril to ships. How shall any man escape sheer destruction if a sudden blast of wind fall on him from the South or the wild West, the worst winds to shatter a ship, even against the will of Heaven? But let us now at the bidding of the black night stay by the swift ship and make our supper, and at dawn we will go on board and push our way over the wide sea.'

"So spake Eurylochus, and the rest of the men approved. Then truly I saw that Heaven purposed evil against us, and I spake to him winged words:

"'Eurylochus, you would surely constrain me because I am alone. But come now, I bid you all swear a mighty oath that, if we find any herd of cattle or great flock of sheep, no one be so evil and reckless as to slay ox or sheep. Take your ease, and eat the food which the goddess Circe gave us.'

"So I spake, and they took an oath as I bade them. When they had sworn and confirmed their oath, we moored the well-built ship within the sheltered harbor near some fresh water, and my men left the ship and deftly made ready their supper. But when they had taken their fill of food and drink, they bethought them with tears of their dear fellows whom Scylla had snatched from the hollow ship and devoured, and they wept until sweet sleep fell on them. But in the third part of the night, when the stars were beginning to sink, Zeus the Cloud-gatherer roused against us a violent wind with dreadful tempest, and hid in clouds both land and sea, and night rushed down from heaven. When early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth we dragged the ship into a hollow cave, and moored her there by the pleasant dancing grounds and haunts of the nymphs. Then I called my men together, and said before them all:

"'Seeing that we have in our swift ship both meat and drink, let us, good friends, leave the cows untouched, lest we bring trouble upon ourselves; for these cows and fat sheep belong to the

dread god Helios, who keeps his eyes and ears on all things.'

"So I spake, and their brave hearts assented. But for a whole month the south wind blew without ceasing, and then no other wind arose but from the East and South. As long as they had bread and red wine my men kept their hands off the cows, for all their longing. But when all the provision on the ship was spent, then perforce they roamed about pursuing game, fish and birds, and whatever came to hand, with bent hooks, for they were sore famished. Then I withdrew into the island to pray to the gods, in hope that one of them might show me a way to reach home. When I had gone as far through the island as to be out of sight of my men, I washed my hands in a place where there was shelter from the wind, and prayed to all the gods who dwelt in Olympus, but they shed sweet sleep on my eyelids. And Eurylochus gave evil counsel to his fellows:

"'Listen, comrades, in your evil plight to my words. Every manner of death is painful to us timid mortals, but the most miserable is to meet the doom of death through hunger. But come, let us give chase to the finest of the cattle of Helios, and make sacrifice to the gods who dwell in the wide heavens. Should we return to Ithaca, our country, we will straightway build a rich temple to Helios, in which we may put many a choice offering. But

should he, in wrath at the loss of his straight-horned cattle, be pleased to wreck our ship with the aid of the other gods, I would rather lose my life at one gasp under the wave than slowly waste away in this lone island.'

"So spake Eurylochus, and the rest of my men approved, and at once gave chase from near at hand to the choicest of Helios' cattle. For the fine wide-fronted cows with crooked horns were grazing hard by the dark-prowed ship. These they surrounded, and, having plucked the tender leaves of the tall oak, prayed to the gods; for they had no white barley on the well-benched ship. And when, after praying, they had slain and flayed them, they cut slices from the thighs, and, having wrapped them in a double layer of fat, laid raw pieces thereon. They had no wine to pour over the burning sacrifice, so they made libations with water, and roasted the entrails. But when the thigh-bones were burnt and they had eaten the inner parts, then they cut the rest of the victim small and pierced it with spits.

"Then sweet sleep left my eyelids, and I set out for the swift ship and seashore. But when I came near the rounded ship the savory smell of the fat came over me, and with lamentation I cried aloud to the immortal gods: 'Father Zeus, and all ye blessed and deathless gods, truly have ye lulled me to my destruction by ill-timed sleep,

while my men, awaiting me, have devised a monstrous thing.'

"To Helios sped long-robed Lampetia with tidings that we had slain the cows. Forthwith he spake in wrath to the gods:

"'Father Zeus, and all ye blessed and deathless gods, requite the men of Odysseus, son of Laertes, who have ruthlessly slain my cows, my joy whenever I ascend into the starry heaven, or from heaven turn again to earth. But if they do not pay me full penalty in return for my cows, I will go down to Hades and shine among the dead.'

"To him in answer spake the Cloud-gatherer Zeus: 'Helios, do you by all means shine among the gods and upon the fertile earth among mortal men. Full soon will I cast my gleaming bolt and crush their swift ship to pieces on the wine-dark sea.' This I heard from fair-haired Calypso, and she had heard it, she said, from Hermes the Guide.

"But when I returned to the ship and seashore, they began each in turn to reproach his fellow, but no remedy could we devise: the cows were already slain. Then the gods showed them portents. The skins began to move, and the flesh, both roasted and raw, began to low on the spits as if with the voice of the cattle.

"For six days then my faithful men hunted down the choicest of Helios' cows and feasted. But when Zeus, son of Chronos, had brought the

seventh day, then the driving hurricane of wind was stilled, and we hastily went on board and pushed out to sea, lifting the mast and drawing up the white sails. When we had left the island, and no land came in sight, but only sky and sea, then the son of Chronos set a black cloud above the hollow ship, and the sea was darkened beneath it. Nor did she for long speed on her way, for there arose at once a howling West wind, a mighty rushing tempest; and a blast of wind broke both the mast-stays. Back fell the mast, and all the tackle was thrown into the hold. The mast struck the head of the helmsman astern, and brake at one blow every bone of his head. Like a diver he fell from the deck, and his brave spirit left his body. But Zeus thundered, and therewith hurled a bolt against the ship, and as it struck her she swung right round filled with sulphurous vapor. All my men fell overboard, and like gulls were tossed on the waves round the ship, and the gods denied them their home-coming. But I kept pacing the ship until a wave parted the sides from the keel. The wave carried her along stripped, and brake off the mast at the keel. The stay made of ox-hide fell upon it, and with this I bound together the keel and the mast, and, sitting upon them, was driven along by fierce winds. Then the rushing tempest from the West was stilled, and the south wind at once arose, filling me with the horror of being

carried back to the fell Charybdis. Through the night I was driven along, and at sunrise I came to Scylla's rock and dread Charybdis. She sucked back the salt sea-water, but I was lifted up to the tall fig-tree, to which I clung like a bat. I could neither stand firmly on my feet nor climb on the tree, for the root stretched far out, and above me were the long, heavy branches overshadowing Charybdis. But I held on, waiting for her to disgorge the mast and keel. At last, as I longed, up they came. At the hour when a man who is passing judgment on many disputes which men have brought to trial leaves the assembly and goes to his supper, then indeed the timbers appeared from Charybdis. I let go my hands and feet for a fall, and splashed right into the sea beyond the long timbers. On them I sat, and swam with my hands. From there I drifted for nine days, but on the tenth night the gods brought me to Ogygia, where the fair-haired goddess Calypso dwells — a dread goddess living among men. She made me welcome and tended me. Why should I recount more? For already, even yesterday, I have told my story to you and your noble wife in your palace, and I have no wish to narrate again what has been clearly told."

CHAPTER IX

Odysseus Lands in Ithaca

So he spake, and silence fell upon them all, and they were held spell-bound throughout the shadowy halls. But Alcinous said to him in answer: "O Odysseus, since you have come to my lofty house with floor of brass, therefore you will return home, methinks, without further wandering, however much you have already suffered. This charge do I lay upon each of you who are wont to drink in my halls the wine of the chieftains, and to listen to the bard. Raiment is stored for our guest in the polished chest, and finely wrought gold, and all the other gifts which the Phæacians' counsellors have brought thither. But come, let us each one give him a great caldron and basin, and we will make collection among the people and repay ourselves, for it is hard for one man to make a gift without return."

So spake Alcinous, and they approved his words. Each to his own house they went to rest. But when early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, they hastened to the ship bearing the precious gifts of bronze. Alcinous, the hallowed ruler, passed along the ship, and stowed them safely under the benches, lest they should hinder any

of the crew when rowing at speed. Then they went to Alcinous' palace, and let their thoughts dwell upon the feast. For them mighty Alcinous sacrificed an ox to the son of Chronos, cloud-girt Zeus, Lord of all. The thighs they burnt, and took their delight in a sumptuous feast, while before them sang Demodocus, the divine bard, honored among the people. But Odysseus kept turning his face to the glowing sun, eager for it to set, for he longed to be on his homeward way. As a man longs for his supper when his wine-red oxen have all day been dragging his jointed plough across the field, and glad is he when the bright sun sets, so that he can go to his supper, and his knees tremble beneath him, even so was the setting of the bright sun welcome to Odysseus.

Then he spake to the Phæacian oarsmen, and to Alcinous before all declared his words: "Lord Alcinous, of great renown among all people, pour out drink offerings, and send me speedily on my way without hurt; and fare you well, for already the desire of my own heart has been fulfilled, the means of return, and the gifts which I pray the gods of heaven may bless on my behalf. On my return home, may I find there my noble wife and my dear ones in safety. But may you, Phæacians, abide here to gladden your wives and children. May the gods grant you every blessing, and may no evil befall your people."

So he spake, and they all assented, and bade him send their guest on his way, inasmuch as he had spoken wisely. Then great Alcinous said to the herald: "Pontonous, mix a bowl of sweet wine and serve out to all in the hall, that we may pray to Father Zeus and send our guest to his own country."

So he spake, and Pontonous mixed the sweet wine, and, going round, served out to each man; and to the blessed gods who dwell in the wide heavens they poured out drink-offerings from their seats. But Odysseus stood up, and, having put into Arete's hand a double cup, spake winged words to her: "May blessing flow upon you, Queen, until you reach old age and death, which waits upon all men. I go on my homeward way. May you in this house find happiness in your children, and your people, and King Alcinous."

So saying, god-like Odysseus stepped over the threshold. Before him great Alcinous bade a herald go to lead him to the swift ship and the seashore; and Arete sent with him serving-women, one carrying a clean robe and tunic, while another was charged to carry the strong chest, and yet another brought bread and red wine.

When they reached the ship by the sea, the stalwart crew took and stored in the hollow ship all the food and wine. And for Odysseus they laid on the stern deck of the hollow ship a rug and

linen sheet, that he might have unbroken sleep. He stepped on board and lay down in silence, and the crew took their seats on the benches, each one in his place, and made loose the cable from the ring of stone. Then they leaned back and scattered the salt water with their blades, while gentle sleep fell on his eyelids — a deep, sweet sleep very like unto death. And as four stallions fastened abreast dash forward under the stroke of the lash, and, bounding high, speed on their way, so was the ship's prow uplifted and the tumultuous sea rolled behind in a great dark wave. Without pause she glided steadily onward; not even a hawk, the swiftest of birds, would have kept pace with her. With such speed did she cleave the waves of the sea in her course, carrying a man like the gods in the purpose of his mind, who in past days had suffered sore distress battling with men and stormy seas, but who now lay still in sleep forgetful of all his suffering.

When the bright star rose which comes to herald most surely the light of early-born Dawn, then the ship on her course drew near the island.

There is a harbor in the land of Ithaca belonging to old Phorcys, the sea-god. Thereby are two jutting headlands, abrupt, but sloping down towards the harbor, and sheltering it from the great waves uplifted by the fierce winds outside. Therein the well-benched ships, when they reach

the limit of the anchorage, lie without cables. At the head of the harbor is a long-leafed olive, and hard by a pleasant shady cave belonging to the nymphs called Naiads. Within are bowls and urns of stone. There, too, bees store their honey. Long looms of stone there are at which the nymphs weave robes of sea-purple, a marvel to behold, and unfailing springs of water are there. It has two openings, one facing the North, by which men go in; another facing the South, which is more sacred. By that no men go in, but it is the way by which the immortals go.

Therein they rowed, for they knew the spot of old. The ship ran up at speed on the beach to half her length, so hard was she driven by the hands of the oarsmen. Then the crew stepped on to the land from the well-benched ship, and first lifted Odysseus with the linen sheet and bright rug out of the hollow ship, and laid him down on the sand wrapped in sleep. Then they lifted out the treasures which, by the doing of great Athene, the lordly Phæacians had given him on his homeward journey. These they heaped together by the trunk of the olive-tree, away from the road, lest some wayfarer should come upon them and make away with them before Odysseus awoke.

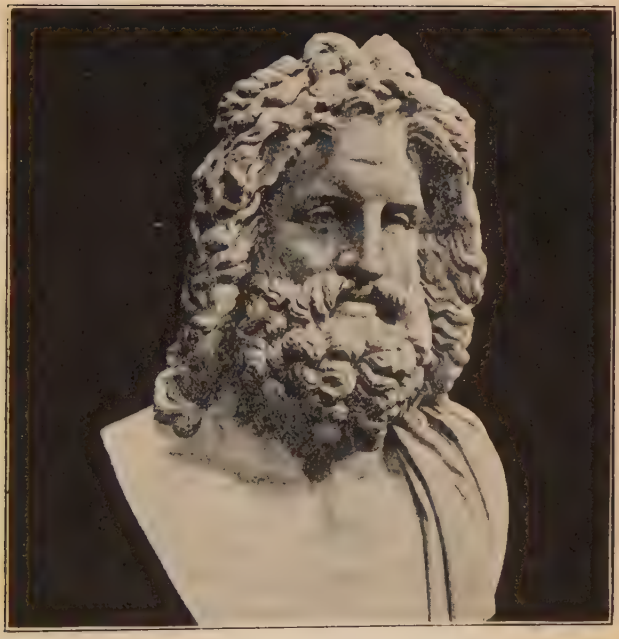
Thereupon the Phæacians set off on their homeward journey.

But Poseidon the Earth-shaker was not un-

mindful of the threats he had from the beginning uttered against Odysseus. So he inquired of the purpose of Zeus: "Father Zeus, I shall no longer be held of any account among the deathless gods, seeing that the mortals pay me no heed — not even the Phæacians, who are my offspring. For I said that Odysseus would suffer sore affliction before he reached home. It was not my purpose wholly to prevent his return, since you had already given thereto your promise and assent. But the Phæacians have carried him over the sea in sleep on their swift ship and landed him on Ithaca, and have made him precious gifts of bronze and gold in abundance, and woven raiment, a great store, beyond all that Odysseus would have carried off from Troy if he had gone his way without hurt with his fair share of spoil."

To him in answer spake the Cloud-gatherer Zeus: "For shame, far-ruling Earth-shaker! what strange words! The gods do not slight you. It would be unkindly to insult the oldest and noblest of the gods. But if among men there be one who lets his strength and passion get the better of him, and shows you no honor, then for all time to come vengeance is in your hands. Do as you wish and according to the desire of your heart."

Then Poseidon the Earth-shaker answered him: "Readily would I do as you bid, cloud-girt Zeus, but I ever dread and shun your anger. Now would



ZEUS

it please me to wreck the Phæacians' stately ship on the misty sea as she returns from her errand, that from now they may no longer aid men on their way, and to shut off their city by a great mountain."

To him in answer spake Zeus the Cloud-gatherer: "This, dear friend, is my good pleasure: As soon as all the people from the city see the ship upon her way, smite her into a stone near shore in the likeness of a ship, a marvel for all to behold, and shut off their city with a great mountain."

When Poseidon the Earth-shaker heard, he set out for Scheria, where the Phæacians dwell. There he waited. Onward came the ship, driven at speed on her way over the sea. Near her came the Earth-shaker, and, having turned her to stone, rooted her beneath, holding her down with his hand. Then away he went.

But the far-famed Phæacian mariners talked together, and thus would one speak, looking at his neighbor: "Alas! who has made fast in the sea our swift ship as she was being rowed home? She was fully in sight." So would one speak, but they knew not how it had come to pass.

But Alcinous spake to them, and said: "Alas! Those oracles are come to my mind which my father spake long since. For he said Poseidon was jealous of us because we help all travelers safely on their way. He said that some day Poseidon would wreck on the misty sea a stately Phæacian

ship which was returning after giving aid to a traveler, and that he would cast a great mountain about our city. So spake the old man, and all he said is now being fulfilled. But come, let us all assent to what I say. No longer give aid on his way to any man who visits our city, and to Poseidon we will sacrifice twelve chosen bulls, in the hope he may have pity on us and not shut in our city with a lofty mountain." So he spake, and they in fear made ready the bulls. So did the rulers and counselors of the Phæacians, standing about the altar, pray to King Poseidon.

But god-like Odysseus awoke from his sleep in his own country. Nor did he know it, so long had he been away from it. For the goddess Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, spread a mist over it, to make him also hidden while she gave her mind to the matters in hand, so that none should know him, neither his wife nor the men of his city nor his friends, until he had made the suitors suffer for their insolence. Wherefore all seemed strange to the chieftain's sight, the far-reaching paths and the sheltered havens, the steep rocks and the leafy trees. He rose up and stood gazing at his own land. Then he bewailed and beat his hands down upon his thighs, and spake words of lamentation:

"Alas! to what men belong the land to which I am come? Are they violent, savage, and unrighteous men, or are they kindly to strangers and

of godly heart? Whither am I to take all these treasures? Whither, too, shall I betake myself? Would that they had been left among the Phæacians, while I had gone to some other of the mighty chieftains, who would have shown me kindness and sent me on my way. Now I know not where to store them, nor yet will I leave them here, lest they fall a spoil to others. Alas! the rulers and counselors of the Phæacians were not in all things kindly and just. For they have taken me to a strange land, and, albeit they said they would bring me to far-seen Ithaca, they have not kept their word. May they suffer at the hands of Zeus, who protects the weak, and who, keeping watch on all, punishes wrong-doers. But come, let me count my treasures and see whether they have not borne some of them away in their hollow ship."

So saying, he counted the caldrons and beauteous basins, and the gold, and rich woven raiment. Not one did he find missing. Then he paced the shore of the tumultuous sea, mourning for his native land and bitterly lamenting.

But from near by came Athene in the form of a shepherd boy, delicate as are kings' sons, wearing a well-fashioned mantle doubled on his shoulders. Under her smooth feet she had sandals, and a javelin in her hand. Glad was Odysseus to see her, and, facing her, he spake winged words: "Friend, since you are the first I meet in this

place, I bid you hail, and pray that you meet me with no evil purpose, but will protect these my goods and me myself. As to a god I pray to you, and am come to ask your pity. Tell me this truly that I may know it clearly. What land and what people are these, what men are born herein? Is this some far-seen island, or some coast of the fertile mainland that lies resting on the sea?"

To him in answer spake the grey-eyed goddess Athene: "A dull fellow are you, stranger, or a traveler from a far land, seeing that you ask about this country. In no wise is it wholly without repute. It is known to full many, both of those who dwell in the sunlit East, and those who are back in the dark West. In truth it is a rough country, ill fitted for horses. Though it does not stretch far, yet is the land in no wise poor. Therein is abundance of corn and wine. It has constant rain and heavy dews. There is good grazing for goats and cattle. Woodland is therein of all kinds, and unfailing springs. Wherefore, stranger, the name of Ithaca has reached even to Troy, which they say is far from the Achæan land."

So she spake, and brave, god-like Odysseus was glad, and rejoiced in his native land, as its name was told him by Pallas Athene, daughter of Ægis-bearing Zeus. So he spake to her winged words, yet he spake not the truth, but checked his words, ever guiding his thoughts warily within him:

PALLAS ATHENE

"I heard indeed of Ithaca even in wide Crete, far beyond the sea. Now am I myself come hither with these treasures. As much have I left behind with my children while I am become an exile because I slew the dear son of Idomeneus, fleet-footed Orsilochus, who outstripped in running the gain-loving men of wide Crete. For because I was not ready to serve under his father in the land of Troy, but led another company, therefore he sought to rob me of all the Trojan spoil, for which I have been sorely afflicted of heart, braving the battle of men and the stormy seas. Him I smote with a bronze-tipped spear as he came back from the fields, lying in wait for him with a comrade. An exceeding dark night shrouded the heavens, and none saw us, nor did any man know that I had taken his life. When I had slain him with my sharp spear, I went at once on board the ship of some proud Phœnicians, and entreated them with a rich gift of spoil. I bade them take me on board and land me at Pylos or divine Elis, where the Epeans hold sway. But a violent wind drove them thence sore against their will, for they had no wish to play me false. Having drifted thence, we came here by night. With much ado we came into the harbor, nor did we give thought to supper, much as we needed it, but all went on land and lay down as we were. There sweet sleep came over me in my weariness, but the Phœnicians took my

treasures from the hollow ship, and put them down on the sand where I myself lay. Then they went on board ship and made their way to the pleasant land of Sidon while I was left in sore distress."

So he spake, but the grey-eyed goddess Athene smiled. For she had taken the form of a woman, fair and tall, and skilled in lovely handiwork, and she spake to him in winged words: "Crafty and cunning would he be who could get the better of you in all manner of wiles, even if it should be a god that met you. You rascal, full of cunning and bent on deceit, you were not likely, not even in your own country, to forget the wiles and crooked words which have been ever dear to you. But come, there is no need to tell the whole tale, for we are both practiced in guile. You outdo all mortal men in counsel and speech, while I have won a name among the gods for shrewd wit and cunning. Even you did not know Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, who in all your trials stood by you to protect you, and who made you dear to all the Phæacians. Now am I come hither to weave a plot for you and hide the treasure, which by my thought and counsel the proud Phæacians gave you on your homeward way, and to tell you what troubles you are doomed to face in your well-built house. You must flinch not, even perforce, nor yet tell any man or woman among them all that you have returned from your wandering; and

though you suffer hard usage and bear violence, you must hold your peace."

To her in answer spake wise Odysseus: "Hard is it, goddess, for a mortal man to know you, when he meets you, however shrewd he be. For you take the likeness of all things in turn. But this I know well, that in past days, when we sons of the Achæans were fighting on the plains of Troy, you were kindly towards me. But when we sacked the steep city of Priam and went on board our ships, and the Achæans, by the will of Heaven, were driven hither and thither, then, daughter of Zeus, I did not see you, nor was ware of your coming on board my ship to shield me from ill. Now I entreat you, in the name of Father Zeus, for methinks I have not reached far-seen Ithaca, but am tarrying in some other land. But you say this, I believe, to taunt me and deceive me. Tell me whether I have indeed come to mine own dear country."

To him then said in answer the grey-eyed goddess Athene: "Such was ever the imagination of your heart. Wherefore I cannot forsake you in trouble, so wary are you, and shrewd and prudent. For any other man on his return from his wanderings would have set out with light heart to see his wife and children in his home. But you seek neither to learn nor yet to know, until you have proved your wife who sits as you left her in her

home, while her nights pass in sorrow and her days in the shedding of tears. This I never doubted, but knew in my heart that you would return with loss of all your men. But I was loath to quarrel with my father's brother Poseidon, who nursed wrath in his heart towards you, feeling anger that you had blinded his dear son. But see, I will show you your abode in Ithaca that you may believe me. Here is the haven of the aged sea-god Phorcys, and here at the end of the harbor is the long-leafed olive. This is the vaulted cavern where you offered many sacrifices without blemish to the nymphs. There is Mount Neritum, clothed in woodland."

So speaking, the goddess scattered the mist and the land came in view. Then was god-like Odysseus, who had endured many things, glad, and, rejoicing in his country, kissed the grain-bearing earth. With hands uplifted, he prayed to the nymphs: "Naiad nymphs, daughters of Zeus, methought I should never again see you. Now I greet you with loving prayers. Gifts, too, we shall make you as in bygone days, if the daughter of Zeus, the goddess of foray, graciously suffer that I live, and if she bring my dear son to man's estate."

To him then said Athene, the grey-eyed goddess: "Take courage; let this not trouble your heart. Let us now at once put the treasures at

"Odysseus brought the gold and the imperishable bronze."

the back of the sacred cave, where they may be in safe keeping for you, and we will ourselves consider what may best be done."

So saying, the goddess went into the dark cave, searching for hiding-places therein. But Odysseus brought them all near, the gold and the imperishable bronze, and the well-woven raiment which the Phæacians had given him. He put them all carefully in place and Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, set a stone against the cave's mouth.

Then they two sat by the trunk of the sacred olive and planned the death of the insolent suitors. Athene the grey-eyed goddess first spake: "Heaven-born son of Laertes, consider how you will lay hands on the shameless suitors who have for three years been lording it in your house, seeking to wed your noble wife and offering her gifts. But she ever mourns in heart for your return, while she feeds them with hope and makes promises to each, sending them messages, while her heart's desire is elsewhere."

To her in answer spake wise Odysseus: "Alas! truly I should have perished in my house by the cruel fate of Agamemnon, if you, goddess, had not given me full and timely warning. But devise, I pray, a plan by which I may requite them. Do you stand by me and put within me confident strength as when we overthrew the bright diadem of Troy. If you would stand by me now, grey-

eyed goddess, with the same zeal, I would fight even with three hundred men with you at my side, whenever you should be minded to help me."

Him then answered grey-eyed Athene: "Full surely will I be at your side, nor shall I forget you in the toil before us, and methinks some of the suitors who devour your substance will stain the earth afar with their blood and brains. But see, I will so change you that no mortal man shall know you. I will shrivel the fair skin on your supple limbs. I will make perish the golden hair on your head, and will clothe you in rags loathsome to see. Your eyes, now so bright, I will dim, so that you may be vile in the sight of all the suitors, and your wife and your son whom you left in your house. But first you must visit the herdsman who has charge of your swine, who has gentle regard for you, and likewise holds dear your son and wise Penelope. You will find him in his place among the swine. They are feeding by the Raven's rock and the spring Arethusa, devouring their fill of acorns, and drinking the dark water on which the rich fat of swine is nourished. Abide there at his side, Odysseus, and question him fully while I go to Sparta, the city of fair women, to call Telemachus, your dear son, who went for tidings of you to Menelaus in the broad lands of Lacedæmon, to know whether you were still living."

To her in answer spake wise Odysseus: "Why

did you not tell him, knowing all you do? Was it that he, too, might be driven in misery over the unharvested sea while strangers devour his substance?"

To him in answer said the goddess, grey-eyed Athene: "Trouble not your heart about him. I myself guided him, that he might win a good name by going thither. He suffers no hardship, but rests at ease in the house of Menelaus, enjoying full plenty. 'Tis true the young men lie in wait with their black ship, with intent to slay him before he reaches his own country, but ere that befall methinks the earth will cover them."

So saying, Athene touched him with her staff. She shrivelled the fair skin of his supple limbs, and marred the golden hair on his head, and covered his body with the skin of an aged man, and dimmed the eyes that were so bright. She clad him afresh in a vile ragged cloak and tunic, torn and filthy, and stained with foul smoke. She cast about him, too, the great skin of a shaggy deer, worn bare, and gave him a staff and a filthy wallet full of holes, with a strap by which to hang it. So they laid their plots and parted from each other, and the goddess went to sacred Lacedæmon to fetch Odysseus' son.

CHAPTER X

Odysseus Visits Eumæus the Swineherd

By a rough path he went up from the harbor through the wooded country between the crags, where Athene had shown him was the dwelling of the good swineherd, who, among all the servants belonging to great Odysseus, felt most concern for his substance.

In front of his house Odysseus found him seated, where his lofty courtyard had been built on high ground — stately and wide, with open space around it. The swineherd had built it himself for the swine while his master was away, without aid from his mistress and old Laertes, using huge stones and fencing the top with thorns. Without, down the whole length of each side, he had fixed a close line of stakes of oakwood stripped of their black bark. Inside the courtyard he had built twelve styes close together for the swine to lie in. In each were penned fifty wallowing swine, sows with young; but the hogs lay sleeping outside and were much fewer. For the lordly suitors made their number ever less by eating them, and the swineherd kept sending away the finest of the fat hogs. Of these there were three hundred and sixty.

By them always slept four dogs, fierce as wild beasts, which the swineherd, the chief among his fellows, had reared. He himself was cutting some ox-hide of rich color to fit his feet with sandals. Of the other herdsmen, three had gone each his own way with the herded swine. The fourth he had perforce sent to the city to take a hog to the insolent suitors, that they might slay it and have their fill of flesh.

Suddenly the barking dogs caught sight of Odysseus. They ran after him with clamor, but Odysseus had the wit to sit down, and dropped his staff from his hands. There by his own homestead would he have suffered grievous hurt, but the swineherd went after them with speedy foot, and ran through the outer door, dropping the leather from his hands. He shouted at the dogs, and scattered them with a shower of stones. Then he said to his master: "You came near to some rough handling from the dogs, old man; and then you would have poured reproach upon me, and the gods have already given me my share of pain and sorrow. I sit mourning and lamenting for my noble master, and rear my hogs for strangers to devour, while he wanders hungering among the lands and cities of men of other tongues, if he still lives and looks upon the light of the sun. But follow me, old man; let us go into the hut, that when you have had your fill of food and wine you

may tell me whence you are come and what troubles you have faced."

So speaking, the good swineherd led the way to the hut, and, having brought him within, made him sit down. On the floor he threw rough brushwood, and spread upon it the great hairy skin of a shaggy wild-goat on which he slept. Odysseus rejoiced at so good a welcome, and said to him: "May Zeus and the other deathless gods grant you, stranger, your dearest wish, seeing how readily you have made me welcome!"

To him in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "Friend, it is not right that I should slight a stranger, even if one meaner than you should come. For all strangers and beggars come from Zeus. My gifts, if welcome, are but small, for it is the way of servants to be ever in fear if ruled by young masters. For in truth the gods have hindered the return of my master, who would have shown me true kindness, and given me for my own a house and a piece of land, and a wife of good repute, such gifts as a kindly master makes to a servant if he toils for him, and if the gods prosper his work, as this work at which I abide prospers under my hand. Even so my master, had he lived here to old age, would have dealt bountifully with me. But he has perished, as all Helen's people should have perished headlong, seeing how many men fell on her account; for it was to satisfy

Agamemnon that my master went to Ilium, the land of horses, to fight the Trojans."

So saying, he hastily fastened his tunic with his girdle, and went to the styes where were penned the herds of young swine. Two he chose out, and, having brought and slain them, singed them and cut them up. The flesh he put upon spits, and, having roasted it, set it hot on the spits before Odysseus with white barley-meal sprinkled thereon. Then he mixed sweet wine in a wooden cup, and sat facing Odysseus, and, urging him, said:

"Eat now, stranger, of the young swine, the servants' portion, for the grown hogs are devoured by the suitors who care nothing for the wrath of Heaven, and have no thought of pity. The blessed gods have no liking for deeds of violence, but honor in men righteousness and just dealing. Even fierce lawless men who, after raiding another land, set off home with their ship full of plunder which Zeus has suffered them to win, even their hearts are seized with deadly fear of Heaven's wrath. But these men know something; some tidings have reached them from Heaven, telling of his pitiful death, seeing that they care not to woo honorably nor yet to return to their homes, but insolently waste his substance at their ease, sparing nothing. For each day and each night following in Heaven's appointed course they slay not one nor two victims alone, and they recklessly draw off and waste

the wine. For, indeed, he had boundless substance; no other of the heroes had so much either on the dark mainland or in Ithaca itself. Not twenty men together have such wealth. But I will recount it to you. Twelve herds has he on the mainland. Twelve flocks of sheep there are, twelve herds of swine, twelve straying flocks of goats tended by strangers and by his own herdsmen. Here at the end of the island are pastured eleven straying flocks of goats watched by trusty herdsmen. Day by day each of them takes to the suitors the best in his eyes of the fat goats. But I watch and guard these swine, and carefully choose the best to send to them."

So he spake, but Odysseus in silence ate heartily of the meat and eagerly drank the wine, planning the hurt of the suitors. But when he had ended his supper and satisfied his heart with food, then the swineherd filled the cup from which he drank, and gave it him full of wine. Odysseus took it, glad at heart, and spake to him winged words.

"Who, my friend, is this man of such great wealth and might, as you tell me, who bought you with his substance? You said he had perished to win satisfaction for Agamemnon. Tell me, for I may perhaps know such a man. For Zeus and the other deathless gods know whether perchance I may have seen him, and may give tidings of him, for I have wandered far."

To him then said in answer the swineherd, chief among his fellows: "Old man, no roaming fellow coming here with tidings of this man will prevail upon his wife and dear son. For roving men in want of shelter lie recklessly without desire to speak the truth. Whenever a wayfarer visits the land of Ithaca, he goes to my mistress with a false tale, and she welcomes him gladly and questions him, and sheds tears of sorrow, as is the way of a woman when her husband perishes in a distant land. And readily would you, old man, fashion a false tale if you were offered a cloak or tunic to wear; but even now, surely, the dogs and swift birds are dragging the skin from his bones, and his spirit has fled, or the fishes have eaten him in the sea, and his bones lie on the shore covered deep in sand. So hath he perished afar, and sorrow for days to come hath been brought upon those he held dear, and for me above all; for never shall I find another master so kindly wherever I go, not even if I should return to the house of my father and mother where I was born and where they nourished me. Not even for them do I mourn so much, greatly as I long to be in my own land and set eyes upon them. But there hath taken hold of me a longing for Odysseus, who is gone hence. It befits me not, stranger, to call him by his name, even though he is not here; for he loved me dearly and held me near his heart, and I call

him my lord and master, even though he be gone."

To him then said brave Odysseus: "Seeing, my friend, that you will in no wise be prevailed upon, and, having lost belief in your heart, say he will never return, I will tell you even with an oath that Odysseus will come again. Let me have reward for my good tidings so soon as he comes home, but until then, for all my need, I will take nothing. Hateful to me as the gates of Hades is the man who, because his need is great, tells a false tale. Let Zeus before all the gods be my witness, and the table spread for the guest, and the hearth of noble Odysseus to which I am come, that all shall in truth be accomplished as I say. During this very year Odysseus will return."

To him in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "Never, old man, will there be reward for your good tidings for me to pay, nor will Odysseus return home. But drink at your ease, and let us give thought to other matters than these, and call them not to my mind; for my heart within me is cast down whenever anyone recalls to my mind my dear lord. The oath we may leave, but would that Odysseus might come as we wish, I myself and Penelope, and old Laertes, and godlike Telemachus. Never do I cease now from mourning after Telemachus, Odysseus' son. The gods made him grow like a sapling, and I thought

surely he would be as great among men as his dear father, both in stature and in wondrous beauty, but some god or man has shaken the balance of his mind. He went to pleasant Pylos to hear tidings of his father. The insolent suitors are lying in wait for him on his homeward way, that the house of godlike Arceisius may perish without name in Ithaca. But let us speak no more of him, whether he fall a prey to them or escape under the sheltering hand of Zeus. Recount, old man, your own trouble, and tell me this truly, that I may be assured thereof. Who are you? Where are your city and your parents? On what ship did you come? How came sailors to bring you to Ithaca? Who do they count themselves to be? For you did not, I ween, come hither on foot."

To him in answer spake wise Odysseus: "Be sure I will answer you truly. If now we had here in the hut lasting store of meat and sweet wine, so that we could feast at our ease while others gave themselves to labor, then could I easily recount for a whole year without pause all the sorrow I have suffered by the will of Heaven. I am a rich man's son, and claim as my birthplace the broad island of Crete. Besides myself were born and brought up in my father's house a number of sons, the offspring of his wedded wife. My own mother was a bought slave, but I was treated as his other sons by Castor, whom I claim as my

father. He was then honored by the people in Crete for his wealth and riches and sons of good repute. But his doom came, and death carried him away to the dwelling of Hades. His haughty sons divided his substance, and cast lots for their portions, giving me for my share a house and a mean pittance. I took a wife from wealthy folk by reason of my valor, for I was no weakling nor yet timid in battle; but now I have lost my prowess; yet I ween you will know the grain from the look of the stubble. Pain enough truly hath taken hold upon me. Courage and might had Athene and Ares given me. Whenever, plotting hurt against the foe, I lay in ambush with a chosen body of stalwart men, never a thought of death was in my brave heart; but far to the front would I dash, and slay with my spear any of the foe whom I could overtake. Such a one was I in battle. But husbandry I liked not, nor yet the care of the home and rearing of noble children. Galley ships I loved, and battle, and polished javelins, and arrows — grim things, hateful to other men. But dear to me was that which the gods put in my heart. For different men find delight in different deeds. Before the sons of the Achæans set foot on the land of Troy, I nine times led men and swift ships against strange peoples. Much did I win, of which I took what I desired, and afterwards won much by lot. Soon did my house prosper,

and therefore I was feared and held of great account among the Cretans.

" But when far-seeing Zeus devised that hateful venture against Troy which laid many a warrior low, then the Cretans bade me and renowned Idomeneus lead them on ship-board to Ilium. Denial was in vain; the violent clamor of the people prevailed against me. There for nine years we sons of the Achæans were warring, and in the tenth year we sacked the city of Priam, and set out for home in our ships. But the gods scattered the Achæans, and, as for me, Zeus the Counselor contrived my hurt. For one month only I found delight in my children and wedded wife and my wealth, abiding at home. Then my heart bade me fit out ships, and set sail with a brave company for Egypt. Nine ships I made ready, and soon gathered a company. Then for six days my trusty men feasted, for I gave them full many victims to sacrifice to the gods and to make ready for their own feasting. On the seventh day we put out from broad Crete, and sailed before a fair and fresh north wind as lightly as if borne on a current. We took our ease without hurt or pain, while our ships, held on their course by wind and helm, took no harm. On the fifth day we reached the fair-flowing Nile, and anchored our rounded ships in the river. Then I charged my trusty men to guard the ships and stay by them, while I bade spies go

to places of outlook. But they fell victims to their folly, and, giving place to their desires, began forthwith to ravage the exceeding fair fields of the Egyptians, and to carry off the women and tender children, and to slay the men. Tidings soon reached their city, and, hearing the call, they came at the dawn of day. Horses and footmen with the gleam of arms covered the plain. Then Zeus the Thunderer spread shameful panic among my men, and none dared stand and face the foe. Peril beset them on every side. Many of our company they slew with the sharp sword; others they carried away alive to labor in bondage. But Zeus himself put this thought in my mind, though I had better have died and met my fate there in Egypt, for trouble was yet in store for me. Straightway I took from my head my well-wrought helmet, and my shield from off my shoulders, and cast my spear from my hand. Then I ran to meet the king's chariot, and clasped his knees and kissed them. And he in pity saved me, and, setting me in his chariot, brought me weeping to his palace. A great host rushed upon me with their spears with intent to kill me, so wroth were they. But he drove them off, fearing the anger of Zeus, the friend of strangers, who abhors dark crimes. There I abode for seven years, and gathered great wealth among the Egyptians, for they all tendered me gifts.

"But when the eighth year came in due course, then there came a Phœnician versed in guile, a greedy wretch, who worked all manner of mischief. He cunningly prevailed upon me, and urged on me to go with him to Phœnicia, where he said were his houses and store of wealth. There I abode with him for a full year. But when the months and days had passed, and the year returned with the seasons in train, he put me on board a sea-going ship to go to Libya, feigning that I should join him in carrying merchandise, but with real intent to sell me there and get for himself a great price. I went with him on his ship of necessity, but with some forebodings. Before a steady fair north wind the ship was speeding on in mid-sea beyond Crete, but Zeus planned their destruction. When we had left Crete, and no land was in sight, but only sky and sea, then the son of Chronos set a black cloud above the hollow ship, and the sea grew dark beneath it. Then, with a crash of thunder, Zeus hurled his bolt at the ship. As it struck her she heeled over, choked with sulphur, and all the crew fell from her. Like cormorants they were tossed on the waves around the black ship, and the gods denied them their home-coming. But Zeus himself, as I was in sore distress, put in my hands the tough mast of the dark-prowed ship, that I might even yet escape hurt. Then I was driven, clinging to the mast, by the fierce winds.

"For nine days was I driven, but in the darkness of the tenth night a great rolling wave carried me to the land of the Thesprotians. There the hero Pheidon, King of the Thesprotians, gave me free welcome. For his dear son, finding me overcome by chill and weariness, raised me by the hand, and, having led me to his father's house, put upon me a cloak and tunic to clothe me. There I had tidings of Odysseus, for Pheidon said he had given him shelter and welcome on his homeward journey, and showed me the treasure which Odysseus had gathered of bronze and gold and tough iron, enough to keep one after another even to the tenth generation, such treasure had he stored in the king's palace. He said Odysseus had gone to Dodona to learn from the lofty sacred oak the counsel of Zeus, how he should return to the fertile land of Ithaca from which he had been so long away, whether openly or secretly. He sware before me, making libations in his palace, that a ship had been launched and a crew were ready to carry him to his own dear land. But before that came to pass he sent me on my way, for a ship of the Thesprotians chanced to be going to the rich wheat-land of Dulichium. He bade them send me safely to King Acastus. But it pleased them to design evil against me, that I might even yet reach my full depth of misery. When the ship had sailed over the sea far from land, they made a plot to put me in bondage.

They stripped me of my clothes, my cloak and tunic, and gave me to wear in their place the tatters which you see before you, a tunic and some vile rags. At close of day they came to the farm-lands of far-seen Ithaca. There they bound me firmly with a well-twisted thong within the benched ship, while themselves they went on land and hastily took their supper on the seashore. But the gods themselves graciously unloosed my bonds. I covered my head with a ragged garment, and climbed down the smooth rudder shaft. Then I breasted the water, and struck out swimming with both hands, and was soon out of the water and away from them. There I went up to a copse of thick underwood, and lay down in fear. They roamed about with loud lament, but, thinking it better to search no further, went back again on board the hollow ship. But the gods themselves graciously hid me, and led me to the dwelling of a man of understanding. For even yet I am fated to live."

To him in answer didst thou say, Eumæus the swineherd: "Hapless stranger, deeply have you moved my spirit by all you have told me of your sufferings and distant wanderings. But for your tale concerning Odysseus you will not win my belief. Therein I deem you have not spoken truly. What need for such a one as you are to use wanton deceit? I myself am well assured about my lord's return, how that he hath been bitterly hated by

all the gods, seeing that they did not suffer him to die among the Trojans, nor in the arms of his dear ones when he had made an end of warfare. Then would all the Achæans have heaped a mound above him, and for his son he would have won renown in days to come. But now the winds have snatched him away to a nameless grave while I live out of sight among the swine. I never go to the city save when wise Penelope bids me come when some tidings reach her. Then they sit at my side and question me closely, both those who have long mourned their absent lord and those who take their pleasure wantonly devouring his substance. But I care not to question them nor to make inquiry, since an Ætolian deceived me with his story. For he had killed a man, and after long wandering came to my dwelling, and I gave him warm welcome. He said he had seen Odysseus in Crete in the house of Idomeneus, repairing his ships which had been shattered by storms. And he said he would return by summer or autumn with great treasure, and his brave followers with him. Do not you, luckless old man, since Heaven hath brought you to me, win me over and blind me with lies. For not on that account will I welcome you with honor, but through fear of Zeus, the god of strangers, and through pity for yourself."

To him in answer spake wise Odysseus: "Guarded indeed is your heart within you, for

not even by my oath can I move you and prevail with you. But, come, we will make a covenant together, and the gods above who rule in Olympus shall be our witnesses. If ever your master return to this house, do you clothe me in cloak and tunic and send me on my way to Dulichium according to the wish of my heart. But if your lord come not according to my word, do you set on the servants to cast me from a high rock, that the next beggar may be warned against deceiving you."

To him in answer spake the good swineherd: "My friend, how fair and honorable a name should I win among men, both now and for time to come, if, having brought you into my hut and given you welcome, I should kill you and take your dear life! How readily should I then make my prayers to Zeus the son of Chronos! But now is the hour for supper. My fellows will soon, I hope, be home, that we may make ready in the hut a cheerful meal."

So they spake to each other, and near by came the swine and herdsmen. The swine they penned in their places for the night, and a wondrous din arose as they settled in the courtyard. But the good swineherd called to his fellows: "Bring the best of the swine that I may slay for our guest from a far country. We also will make merry who are burdened with grievous toil among the white-tusked swine while others devour at their pleasure the fruit of our labors."

So saying, he split wood with his pitiless axe, and they brought a fat five-year-old boar and placed it on the hearth. Nor did the swineherd forget the gods, for his heart within him was righteous. As a first offering he threw the forelock of the white-tusked boar on the fire, and prayed to all the gods that wise Odysseus might return to his home. Then he stood up and struck the boar a blow with a splint of oak wood which he had left when splitting the wood, and its spirit fled. Then they cut its throat, and singed it, and hastily cut it up, and the swineherd for a first offering cut slices from the limbs and laid them in the rich fat. These he sprinkled with barley-meal and set upon the fire. The rest of the flesh they cut in pieces, and, having pierced it with spits and deftly roasted it, they drew it off and threw it together on the carving boards. Then the swineherd stood up to serve it out, for he was a man of exceeding just understanding. Seven portions he made as he divided it; one portion he offered with prayer to the nymphs and Hermes, the rest he shared out among the company. For Odysseus he chose out the full length of the chine of the white-tusked boar, and gladdened with honor his lord's heart. And wise Odysseus said to him: "May you be as dear, Eumæus, to Father Zeus as you are to me, seeing that you honor with good cheer a man in such sorry plight."

To him in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "Eat, poor friend, and take your pleasure of what is before you. God will give and withhold according to the pleasure of his heart, for he is all-powerful."

So he spake, and offered to the undying gods the portions set apart, and, having poured out libations, put bright wine in the hands of Odysseus, the sacker of cities. When he had seated himself by his portion, the bread was served out to them by Mesaulius, whom the swineherd had himself alone bought while his master was away, without help from his mistress or old Laertes. He had bought him from the Taphians out of his own substance. So they put forth their hands to take the good cheer set before them. But when they had satisfied their desire for meat and drink, Mesaulius took away the bread, and they began to hasten to their beds with their fill of bread and meat.

Night fell, dark and stormy. Zeus sent rain unceasing, and a strong west wind blew wet. Odysseus spake to them, to prove the swineherd whether he would throw off his cloak and give it him, or urge one of his fellows to do so, since he cared so much for him. "Hear me now, Eumæus, and all of you his fellows. I will tell you a tale to show my hope: for so am I driven to speak by distracting wine, which sets a man, be he never so sedate, singing and merrily laughing, and bids

him dance and let slip some word better unspoken. But, since I have once given utterance, I will not hide it. Would I were in the full vigor of manhood, as when we took the lead in setting an ambush before Troy. Odysseus and Menelaus were the leaders, but I, too, shared in the command — for so they bade me. When we reached the city and steep wall of the town, we lay crouching beneath our armor under some bushes about the city, among reeds and marshy ground. Night fell stormy and cold, with a driving north wind. Down came the snow like hoar-frost, bitter cold, and the ice froze around our shields. The others had everyone cloaks and tunics, and slept quietly, covering their shoulders with their shields. But I, when I set out, had foolishly left my cloak with my men, thinking I should not be cold in spite of the weather. So I had joined the company with only a shield and a shining doublet. But when the third part of the night was come, and the stars had passed the South, then I nudged Odysseus, who lay by me, with my elbow, and spake to him, and he at once gave heed: 'Heaven-born son of Laertes, wary Odysseus, no longer shall I be among the living; the cold is killing me, for I have no cloak; beguiled by an evil spirit, I am clad in a tunic only. There is now no help for it.'

"So I spake, and Odysseus, great in counsel as in battle, took my meaning to heart. Speaking

in a low voice, he said to me: 'Be silent, lest some of the Achæans hear you.' So he spake, and, leaning his head on his elbow, he said: 'Listen, my men; there came to me in my sleep a dream from Heaven. So far have we come from the ships, that I would there were someone to take word to Agamemnon, leader of the host, so that he might order more men to come from the ship.' So he spake, and Thoas, son of Andræmon, leaped hastily up, and, throwing off his purple-dyed cloak, set off at a run for the ships. Then I lay down in comfort in his cloak until Dawn shone from her golden throne. Would that I were now in the vigor of manhood and the fulness of strength."

To him in answer didst thou say, Eumæus: "Old man, well chosen is the tale you have told; wisely have you spoken, and to good purpose. Wherefore you shall not now be left without raiment, or whatever else is due to one who in sorry plight seeks aid of those he meets. But at dawn you shall put your rags about you. For we have here no great store of cloaks nor yet changes of tunic to wear, but only one apiece."

So saying, Eumæus leaped up, and placed bedding for him near the fire, and threw thereon sheepskins and goatskins. Then Odysseus lay down, and over him Eumæus cast a great thick cloak which lay at hand for a change of raiment to wear at the coming of hard wintry weather.

So Odysseus slept there, and by him the young men. But the swineherd would not have his bed there nor sleep away from the swine, but armed himself to go out. Glad was Odysseus that he was careful of his substance while he was away. First he hung about his strong shoulders a sharp sword, then he clad himself in a cloak to keep the wind off, very thick, and over all put the fleece of a great strong goat. A sharp javelin, too, he took — a defence against dogs and men. Away he went, to lie where the white-toothed swine slept under the hollow of a rock in shelter from the north wind.

CHAPTER XI

Telemachus Returns to Ithaca

To spacious Lacedæmon went Pallas Athene to make brave Ódysseus' illustrious son mindful of his home-coming, and to urge him to return. She found Telemachus and the noble son of Nestor at rest in the porch of renowned Menelaus. The son of Nestor was wrapped in gentle sleep, but no sweet sleep overcame Telemachus, for throughout the sacred night troubled thoughts for his father within his heart kept waking him. Standing near him, grey-eyed Athene spake to him: "Telemachus, no longer is it well that you should be wandering far from home, leaving your wealth in your house among such reckless men. I fear they may have shared and devoured all your substance, and that your journey may be to no purpose. But urge the fierce warrior Menelaus to send you with all speed on your way that you may find your good mother still in her home. Already her father and brothers bid her wed Eurymachus, for he outdoes all the suitors in gifts, and has raised the marriage dower beyond all. I fear lest without leave from you she may carry off from your house some part of your wealth. For you know the way of a woman's mind. Whomsoever she weds she seeks to sustain

his house, but of her former children, of her dead husband so dear, she no longer has thought nor makes question. But do you go and put all your goods in the keeping of the servant you deem most trusty until the gods find for you a noble wife. Another charge will I give you, and do you bear it in mind. The suitor princes are lying in wait for you in the strait between Ithaca and rugged Same, with purpose and desire to slay you before you reach your native land. But that, I ween, will not come to pass; before that, the earth will cover some of the suitors who devour your substance. But keep your well-built ship at a distance from the islands, and sail by night as by day. The god who protects and guards you will send behind you a favoring breeze. But as soon as you reach the nearest point of Ithaca's shore, send forward your ship and all your men to the city, and yourself go first to the swineherd who guards your swine and holds you dear. There rest for the night, and bid him go to the city to take word to wise Penelope that you are safe, and are returned from Pylos."

So spake she, and went her way to lofty Olympus, but Telemachus awoke the son of Nestor from his sweet sleep: "Awake, Peisistratus, son of Nestor; bring up your horses with hoof uncloven, and yoke them to the chariot, that we may accomplish our journey."

To him in answer said Peisistratus son of Nestor:

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"Telemachus, we must not, in our haste to be on our way, drive through the dark night. Soon it will be dawn. But tarry until Menelaus, valiant with the spear, the brave son of Atreus, brings gifts to put in the chariot, and speaks kindly words of parting. For a guest holds in lasting memory a host who shows him friendship."

So he spake, and soon came Dawn on her golden throne, and the fierce warrior Menelaus rose from his bed, and, leaving fair-haired Helen, came near them. When the dear son of Odysseus saw him, the hero hastily put about him his bright tunic, and threw a wide cloak over his strong shoulders. Then he went to the doorway, and, standing by Menelaus, said to him: "Menelaus, heaven-born son of Atreus, leader of the hosts, send me now at once on my way to my own dear land, for it is now my heart's longing to reach home."

To him in answer said valiant Menelaus: "Surely Telemachus, I will not keep you long here if you are bent on your return. I should myself feel vexed with anyone who, as my host, made his welcome too warm or too cold. In all things due measure is best. A host who hinders his guest when bent on going is as bad as one who bids his guest be gone against his wish. But tarry until I bring costly gifts and put them in the chariot for you to see, and bid the women make ready a breakfast from the plenteous store in the house. It is a

gain for you, and honor and glory for us, that you should have eaten your fill before going on an endlessly long journey. Should you wish to traverse even Hellas and Mid-Argos, so long will I go with you and harness your horses and guide you from city to city. And no one shall send us away without gifts, but each shall tender some one gift to be taken — a caldron, or basin of brass, or a pair of mules, or a golden cup."

To him in answer spake wise Telemachus: "Heaven-born Menelaus, son of Atreus, leader of the hosts, I wish at once to return to mine inheritance. For when I came away I left no guardian of my substance. I fear lest, while seeking my noble father, I may myself perish, or that some treasure of worth may be lost out of my house."

Now, when valiant Menelaus heard, he straightway bade his wife and servants make ready in the hall a breakfast of the plenteous stores in the house. Then Eteoneus arose from his bed and came near him, for he lay near at hand. Valiant Menelaus bade him kindle a fire and roast meat, and he heard and gave heed. But Menelaus went down into the fragrant store-chamber, not alone, for with him went Helen and Megapenthes. When they came to where the treasure was stored, then Menelaus took a double cup and bade his son Megapenthes bring a silver bowl. But Helen stood by the chests wherein were the embroidered robes which

she herself had worked. One of these Helen, divine among women, lifted up and brought. The most lovely was it in pattern, and the largest, and it shone like a star; and it lay beneath them all. Then they went forward through the house until they came to Telemachus. To him said golden-haired Menelaus: "Telemachus, according to your heart's desire, so may Zeus the Thunderer, Hera's spouse, bring to pass your return. For gifts you shall have of all the treasure stored in my house the most priceless and most lovely. I will give you a well-fashioned bowl. Of silver is it throughout, but the rim has been wrought with gold, the work of Hephæstus. The hero Phædimus, King of the Sidonians, gave it me when his house gave me shelter on my return hither. To thee I purpose to give it."

So saying, the hero put the double cup into the hand of Odysseus' son, and stalwart Megapenthes brought the glittering bowl of silver and laid it before him. And Helen, the fair-cheeked, stood at his side with the robe in her hand, and said to him: "This, dear child, is my gift, a record of the work of Helen's hands, that you may keep unto the joyous day of your marriage, to deck your wife. Until that day let it be stored in your house under care of your dear mother. That you may reach your well-built house and fatherland is my farewell wish."

So speaking, she put it in his hand, and he took it gladly; and the hero Peisistratus, having taken the gifts, put them in the basket and gazed at them with full heart. Then golden-haired Menelaus led them to the house and seated them on couches and chairs, while a waiting-woman brought water for washing, and poured it over a silver basin from a beauteous golden pitcher, and drew up to their side a polished table. A sedate dame brought bread and set it before them, and with it food of every sort, giving freely of what she had. At their side Eteoneus began to carve the meat and serve out the portions, while the son of renowned Menelaus poured out wine. Then they laid their hands upon the good cheer set before them, but when they had taken their fill of meat and drink Telemachus and the noble son of Nestor yoked the horses, and stepped on to the carved chariot, and drove out from the porch and echoing colonnade. After them went golden-haired Menelaus, bearing in his right hand sweet wine in a golden cup, that they might make drink offerings before they went. He stood before the horses, and spake parting words: "Fare you well, my sons, and to Nestor, shepherd of his people, give my greeting, for he was gentle as a father to me as long as we sons of the Achæans were warring in the Trojan land."

To him in answer spake wise Telemachus: "Most surely will we declare to him on our coming

all these matters according to your bidding. Would that I might as surely find Odysseus in his home on my return to Ithaca, and tell him what kindly welcome I had with you, and how many costly treasures I bring away."

As he spake, there flew by him on his right hand a bird, an eagle carrying in his talons a great white

"An eagle carrying in his talons a great white goose."

goose, that was kept in the courtyard. After him they ran shouting, men and women. The eagle came near on the right and flew in front of the horses. Glad were they all at the sight and comforted in heart, and Peisistratus first spake: "Tell me, Heaven-born Menelaus, leader of the hosts, is it to us or to you that Heaven hath shown this portent?"

So he spake, and warlike Menelaus pondered how he could give him wise and truthful answer. Before him spake long-robed Helen: "Hear me; I will foretell as the gods put into my heart; and I ween it will come to pass. As this eagle came from the mountain where he was born and bred, and seized the goose that had been nurtured in this house, so Odysseus, after sore suffering and far wandering, will return home and wreak his vengeance. Or he is even now at home, and is planning the hurt of every one of the suitors."

To her wise Telemachus made answer: "May it be so ordered by Zeus the Thunderer, Hera's spouse. Then will I even in my house make my prayers to thee as to a goddess."

So he spake, and laid his whip on the horses. And at full speed they made for the plain, dashing through the city. And all day they pressed on under the yoke.

When the sun had set and all the roads were growing dark, they came to Pheræ, to the house of Diocles, son of Orsilochus. There they rested the night and had warm welcome. But when early-born rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, they yoked their horses and stepped on to the carved chariot, and drove out of the porch and echoing colonnade. He whipped them forward, and they readily sped on their way, and soon reached the steep city of Pylos. Then Telemachus spake to Nestor's son:

"At full speed they made for the plain."

"Tell me, son of Nestor, how, as you promise, you may bring to pass my behest. We have ever held each other as comrades by reason of our fathers' friendship, and are furthermore of equal age, and this journey will bring us to yet closer friendship. Drive me not past the ship, child of Zeus, but leave me here, lest the old man keep me here against my will in his house, wishing to make me his guest; but I must needs make more speed on my way."

So he spake, and the son of Nestor took counsel in his heart how he might both promise and fulfil, as was meet; and as he pondered thereon this seemed to him the better way. He turned the horses to the swift ship and seashore, and put out on the stern the beauteous gifts, the raiment and gold, which Menelaus had given him. Then he urged Telemachus, speaking winged words: "Hasten now on board and call your men, before I return home and give tidings to the old man. For full well I know this in heart and mind: so wilful is he in his spirit, he will not let you go, but will himself come hither and bid you tarry, nor will he, methinks, return alone. Vexed will he be, say what you may."

So saying, he drove the fair-maned horses back to the city of the Pylians, and soon reached the house. But Telemachus called hastily to his men: "Set the tackle in order, my men, in the black ship,

and let us go on board, that we may get upon our way."

So spake he, and they readily gave ear and took heed, and, going hastily on board, took their places on the benches. The pinewood mast they lifted and set within the hollow socket, and fastened it with stays, and they set the white sails with twisted ox-hide halyards. Grey-eyed Athene sent them a favoring wind, rushing boisterously through the air, that the ship might speed onward and make her way over the salt sea-water. The sun set and all the roads were darkened, and the ship, driven before the breeze of Zeus, drew near to Pheæ and sacred Elis, where the Epeans hold sway. From there he steered her towards the moving islands, pondering whether he would escape death or be taken.

They two meanwhile were taking their supper in the hut, Odysseus and the good swineherd, and with them the other men. But when they had taken their fill of meat and drink, Odysseus spake to them to prove the swineherd, whether he would yet further give him ready welcome and bid him stay in his dwelling, or would urge him to be gone to the city.

"Listen now, Eumæus, and all of you his fellows. I wish at dawn to go on my way to the city to beg, lest I become a burden to you and your men. But advise me truly, and send me with a trusty guide

to lead me thither, for I myself must wander through the city; perchance someone may give me a bite or a sup. When I reach great Odysseus' house, I will give tidings to wise Penelope and go among the haughty suitors; peradventure they may give me a meal out of their abundance. I shall be ready to be of good service among them as they may require. For I tell you, and do you mark my word with heed. By the favor of Hermes the Guide, who crowns all men's work with honor and grace, no mortal man can rival me in service, in piling up a fire, or splitting dry wood, or carving, or roasting, or drawing wine, after the manner in which men of low degree wait upon their betters."

To him then didst thou speak, Eumæus, in grave displeasure: "For shame, my good friend! how strange a purpose is this in your mind! Of a truth must you be bent on your destruction there, if you wish to mingle with the crowd of suitors whose insolence and violence have reached the iron dome of heaven. Not such as you are their servants, but they have to wait upon them young men clad in fine cloaks and tunics, with smooth hair and comely faces, and their polished tables are laden with bread and meat and wine. Nay, abide here, for none will take hurt by your being with us, neither myself nor any of my fellows. But as soon as Odysseus' dear son comes he will give you to

wear a cloak and tunic, and will send you wherever the desire of your heart bids you go."

Him then answered brave, god-like Odysseus: "May you, Eumæus, be as dear to Father Zeus as to me, seeing that you have given me rest from wandering and sore distress. There is nothing more wretched for men than roving to and fro. Miserable is the lot of men who through the curse of hunger wander in distress and pain. But now, since you bid me tarry here and await Telemachus, come tell me about Odysseus' mother and his father, whom he left when he set forth on the threshold of old age: are they still among the living in the sight of the sun, or are they already dead and in the dwelling of Hades?"

To him in answer spake the swineherd: "Be sure, good friend, I will tell you truly. Laertes is still alive, but he ever prays Zeus that his spirit may vanish from his body in his house. For he bitterly laments his son who is gone, and his prudent wife, whose death hath smitten him with grief and hath brought him to an early old age. But she died of sorrow for her renowned son, by a death so cruel that I pray it may be the portion of no one here dwelling who is dear to me and deals kindly with me. As long as she lived, even in her sorrow, it was my delight to question and talk with her. For she brought me up along with long-robed Ctimene, her comely daughter, her youngest born.

Along with her was I brought up with almost like regard. But when we both reached the joyous days of youth, they gave Ctimene in marriage to go to Same in return for costly gifts; but me she clad in cloak and tunic, right goodly raiment, and gave me sandals for my feet, and sent me into the fields, and the more dear was I now to her heart. These gifts I now lack, but the good gods make to prosper the work of my hand at which I abide, from the increase whereof I had food and drink for myself and to give to such as were worthy. From my mistress there never reaches me either word or deed of comfort, for a plague has fallen upon the house, even the insolent suitors. But greatly do servants like to talk before their mistress, and hear tidings, and eat and drink, and then carry back to the fields some gift such as cheers their hearts."

So they spake to each other. Then they slept, not, indeed, for long, but for a short space, for Dawn came speedily on her bright throne.

But Telemachus' men, having come to land, lowered the ship's sails, and took down the mast with all speed, and rowed her out to her anchorage. Then, having thrown out mooring stones and made fast the stern cables, they stepped out on to the seashore, and mixed the bright wine to make ready their meal. But when they had taken their fill of meat and drink, wise Telemachus began:

"I bid you now sail the black ship round to the city while I make my way to the fields and herdsmen. At even, when I have seen my farm, I will go down to the city. At dawn I will set before you in payment for the journey a plenteous meal of flesh and sweet wine."

To him then spake god-like Theoclymenus: "Whither, now, shall I go, dear child? To whose house shall I come of those who rule throughout rocky Ithaca? Shall I go straight to your mother's house and yours?"

To him said wise Telemachus in answer: "In far other manner would I bid you go even to our house, for in no wise is there want of friendly gifts, but for you yourself it would be worse, since I shall be away. Nor will my mother see you, for she does not often appear before the suitors in the house, but apart from them plies the loom in an upper chamber. But I will tell you of another man to whom you may go, Eurymachus, glorious son of warlike Polybus whom the Ithacans now look upon as a god. For he is indeed by far the best man and is very eager to wed my mother and to enjoy the rights of Odysseus. Yet Olympian Zeus, who dwells in the sky, knows this, whether or not before marriage he will bring to pass an evil day for them."

Even as he spake, there flew forth upon the right a bird, a hawk, swift messenger of Apollo. In his

talons he held and was plucking a dove and was strewing its feathers down on the ground midway between the ship and Telemachus himself. Then Theoclymenus called him apart from his companions, clasped him by the hand, spake and said to him: "Telemachus, surely not without a god's aid has a bird flown forth upon our right, for I knew, as I looked upon it, that it was a bird of omen. No other house in the land of Ithaca is more kingly than yours; but you will ever be mighty."

To him again said wise Telemachus in answer: "Friend, would that this word of yours might be fulfilled. For this then would you soon know of kindness and many gifts from me, so that any man meeting you would call you blessed."

Thereupon he spake to Peiræus, his trusty companion: "Peiræus, son of Clytius, in other matters do you hearken to me, you of all my men who accompanied me to Pylos. Now then, do you take this stranger and entertain him kindly in your house, and do you show him honor until the day when I come."

To him in answer said Peiræus, famed for the spear: "Telemachus, even though you should stay there for a long time, I will entertain him and he shall have no lack of friendly gifts."

So saying, he went aboard the ship and bade his men themselves to embark and to loosen the

stern-cables. So they went straightway on board and sat down upon the benches.

Then Telemachus bound under his feet his fair sandals, and took from the deck of the ship a stout shaft with a sharp bronze point. The men unfastened the cables and pushed off to sail to the city according to the bidding of Telemachus, the dear son of god-like Odysseus. Quickly did his feet carry him on his way till he reached the courtyard and the countless swine, amongst which slept the brave swineherd, loyal to his masters.

CHAPTER XII

Telemachus Recognizes His Father

At Dawn they two, Odysseus and the good swineherd, having kindled a fire and made ready their breakfast in the hut, sent the herdsmen out with the herded swine. But as Telemachus drew near, the noisy dogs fawned round him and did not bark. God-like Odysseus saw them wagging their tails, and the sound of his step reached him. Then he spake winged words to Eumæus: "Surely, Eumæus, there must be a fellow-servant coming or someone well known, for the dogs, instead of barking, are wagging their tails, and I hear the sound of his step."

While yet he was speaking his dear son stood before the door. Up leaped the swineherd in amazement, and from his hands fell the jars he was using to mix the bright wine. Facing his master, he stood and kissed his head and both his fair eyes and his two hands, and the tears flowed from his eyes. As a loving father welcomes his son on his return from a far land in the tenth year, an only full-grown son for whom he has long sorrowed, even so did the good swineherd fall upon god-like Telemachus and kiss him as one escaped from death. And, lamenting, he spake winged

words: "You are come, Telemachus, sweet light. I thought surely I should never see you more when you set out by ship for Pylos. But come in now, dear son, that I may delight my soul with sight of you within, but now returned from afar. For not often do you come to the farm among the herdsmen. You linger instead in the city, for such is your pleasure, to keep watch on the devouring host of suitors."

To him in answer spake wise Telemachus: "So shall it be, good father; on your account am I come, that I may look upon you and hear tidings, whether my mother is still in her palace, or whether some stranger has already wed her."

To him then said the swineherd, chief among his fellows: "Yes, indeed, she abides still in her palace with steadfast purpose. In sorrow do her nights pass away, and her days in shedding of tears."

So saying, he took from Telemachus his bronze spear. Then Telemachus walked in, stepping across the stone threshold, and as he came forward Odysseus, his father, made place for him. But Telemachus on his part stayed him, and said: "Be seated, friend; we will find room to sit elsewhere in the house. This man here will give us a seat."

So spake he, and Odysseus went back and sat down. Then the swineherd threw down fresh

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brushwood, and over it a fleece, and thereon sat Odysseus' dear son. Before them the swineherd placed trenchers of roasted meat, left from what they had eaten the day before, and hastily piled up bread by them in baskets, and mixed sweet wine in a cup. Then he took his own seat in front of god-like Odysseus, and they laid hands on the good cheer set ready for them. But when they had taken their fill of meat Telemachus spake to the good swineherd: "Good father, whence hath this stranger come? How have sailors brought him to Ithaca? And who do they count themselves to be? For he did not, I ween, come hither on foot." To him in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "Be sure, my son, I will tell you the whole truth. He accounts himself a native of wide Crete, and says he has gone to and fro to many cities on his travels, for such is the life Heaven hath allotted to him. But now he hath escaped from a Thesprotian ship and come to my dwelling. To you will I entrust him. Do with him as you will; he trusts to your mercy."

To him did wise Telemachus answer: "There is a sting in your words, Eumæus. For how can I give the stranger shelter in my house? I am but young, and not yet can I trust my strength to withstand a man who offers me violence. My mother doubts in her heart whether she shall remain here with me in charge of her home, mindful

of her marriage, and fearing the common talk, or shall now be led away by the noblest among the Achæans, who, to win her hand, offers the most costly gifts. But as for the stranger, seeing that he has come to your house, I will clothe him in goodly raiment, even a cloak and tunic, and will give him a two-edged sword and sandals for his feet, and send him whither his heart's desire bids him go. Or, if you so wish, do you shelter him and tend him in your dwelling, and I will send here raiment and food of every sort for his sustenance, that he may not be a burden upon you and your fellows. But among the suitors will I not suffer him to go, lest in their savage insolence they mock him, and that will be a sore trouble to me. Hard it is even for a stalwart man to make a stand when he is outmatched by a great number."

To him said brave, god-like Odysseus: "Good friend, since I may rightly answer you, I am cut to the heart at hearing you tell what crimes the suitors devise in your house, heedless of your will and your courage. Tell me whether you yield to them willingly, or whether the people of your country bear you ill-will, giving ear to some warning from Heaven, or whether the fault lies with your brothers, to whose valor a man trusts however fierce a quarrel may break out. Would that in my present humor I were a young man, or even noble Odysseus' son, or Odysseus himself. I

would that then one of my enemies would take my life if I did not make that host of suitors feel the weight of my hand when I came to the house of Odysseus, son of Laertes. But if, being unaided, I should be overcome by their numbers, rather would I perish, slain in my own house, than ever look upon these vile deeds, guests roughly handled, wine ceaselessly drawn, food devoured recklessly and without stint, endless misdoings."

To him said wise Telemachus in answer: "I will tell you then, good friend, the whole truth. Neither do all the people bear hatred and malice against me, nor does the blame lie with my brothers, to whose valor a man trusts however fierce quarrel may break out. For it pleased the son of Chronos that ours should be a house of only sons. Laertes was the only son of Arceisius, and Odysseus the only son of Laertes, and Odysseus my father left in his palace me alone when he set forth, bereft of his delight in me. Wherefore there is now within the house a great host of enemies. For all the chieftains who rule over the islands, Dulichium and Same and wooded Zacynthus, and all who hold sway throughout rugged Ithaca — every one of these seeks to win my mother, and is devouring our substance. But she neither refuses such hateful marriage, nor yet dares she make an end of the matter. But they waste my inheritance with their gluttony, and will soon crush the life out of

mine own self. Yet this will be as the gods will. Good father, go speedily and tell wise Penelope, that she may know I am returned in safety from Pylos. I will abide here, but do you return hither after giving tidings to her only. To none other of the Achæans let it be known, so many of them are contriving my hurt."

To him in answer didst thou say, Eumæus: "I am ware and mindful of your word and consent thereto. But come, tell me this, and speak truly. Shall I on the same errand take word to hapless Laertes? For a while he kept watch over his farm, mourning bitterly for Odysseus, and would take meat and drink in the house along with the servants at the bidding of his heart within him. But now, since you set out in your ship for Pylos, they say he has hitherto taken neither food nor drink as before, nor given eye to his farm, but he sits in sorrow moaning and weeping, and his flesh is shrinking on his bones."

To him in answer said wise Telemachus: "Pitiful is it, yet will we let him be, albeit we sorrow for him. For if by some means we mortals could in all things have our choice, we would choose first the day of his return, even my father's. But I bid you, when you have given the tidings, come back, and not turn aside into the country in search of the old man. But tell my mother to send a trusted servant with all speed and with-

out their knowledge, and let her take the old man word."

So he spake, and bade the swineherd begone. He took in hand his sandals, and, having bound them on his feet, set out for the city. Then Athene, ware that the swineherd had left the house, drew near. She took the likeness of a woman tall and fair, and skilled in matchless handiwork, and stood facing the door of the hut in the sight of Odysseus. But Telemachus neither saw nor knew, for the gods make not themselves known to all. But Odysseus saw her, and the dogs, and they did not bark, but shrank back whining to the other side of the house. She lowered her brows to beckon him, and god-like Odysseus saw, and went out of the house past the high courtyard wall, and stood before her. To him then spake Athene: "Heaven-born son of Laertes, cunning Odysseus, now may you speak the word to your son and hide no more, so that you may go to your famed city and contrive the death and doom of the suitors. Nor shall I long leave you, so ready am I for the conflict."

Athene spake and touched him with her golden wand. First she threw about his breast a clean robe and tunic, and gave him stature and strength. His skin again became tanned, and his jaws thickened, and the beard about his chin grew dark. The goddess, having brought this to pass, went on her way, but Odysseus came again into the hut.

His dear son marvelled and turned his eyes away, in fear lest he might be a god, and spake to him winged words: "You just now seemed to me, stranger, other than before. Changed is your raiment, and your flesh no longer the same. Surely are you one of the gods that rule in the wide heaven. But be kindly, that we may offer acceptable sacrifices and gifts of wrought gold. Deal mercifully with us."

Him then answered brave, god-like Odysseus: "No god am I. Why do you liken me to the immortals? I am your father, on whose account you sorrow and suffer hurt from the violence of your foes."

So he spake, and kissed his son, and a tear fell to earth from his cheeks; but hitherto he had refrained.

But Telemachus — for not yet did he trust it to be his father — said to him in answer:

"You are not my father, but an evil spirit is stealing my senses, that the burden of my grief may be the heavier. For no mortal could contrive this out of his own wit, unless a god should visit a man, and without ado make him old or young according to his pleasure. For but a little while since you were an old man in vile raiment, but now you are like the gods who rule in the wide heaven."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "Telem-

achus, you do amiss to look with such exceeding wonder and amazement on your dear father in your house, for no other Odysseus will come here; but here as you see me am I come back to my own land in the twentieth year, after long wandering in evil

Telemachus Recognizes Odysseus

plight. This is the work of Athene, the goddess of spoil, who changed me as she wished; for so is she able, making me now like a beggar, now like a young man clad in fair raiment. For it is easy for the gods who rule the wide heavens either to exalt or to abase a man."

So he spake, and sat down, and Telemachus threw himself about his brave father, weeping and shedding tears, for in them both arose the desire to weep. Loud was their lamentation, even more shrill than the cries of birds — eagles and vultures with crooked talons, whom fowlers have robbed of their young even before they are fledged. So did they let fall pitiful tears from their eyes, and until the setting of the sun would they have wept; but Telemachus said hastily to his father: "In what ship, dear father, did sailors bring you hither to Ithaca, and by what name did they call themselves? For you did not, I ween, come hither by land."

To him said god-like, brave Odysseus: "Now will I, my child, tell you the truth. I was brought hither by the renowned Phæacian sailors who aid upon their way any who visit their land. While I slept they carried me over the sea in their swift ship, and landed me on Ithaca, and costly gifts they made me of bronze and gold in plenty, and woven raiment. These, by the will of the gods, are stored in caves. Now am I come hither by the counsel of Athene, that we may contrive the death of our enemies. But come, tell me the number of the suitors, that I may know who and how many they are. Then will I ponder in my good heart and consider whether we two, alone and unaided, can withstand them, or should seek the help of others."

To him in answer spake wise Telemachus: "O

father, I have heard ever of your great renown, the might of your hands, and the wisdom of your counsel. But that of which you speak is too much for us, and I am amazed thereat. Two alone could not contend with so many stalwart men. The suitors are not just ten in number, nor twenty only, but many more. Now shall you soon know their number. From Dulichium are two-and-fifty picked youths, with six followers to wait on them; from Same are twenty-four men; from Zacynthus twenty Achæan youths; and from Ithaca itself twelve chieftains in all, and with them Medon the herald and a sacred bard and two serving-men skilled in carving. If we encounter them all in the palace, I fear lest on your home-coming you get but grim and rueful satisfaction from your vengeance on the suitors. But do you, if you can, call to mind a helpmeet to stand by us and take our part."

To him, in answer, said brave, god-like Odysseus: "I will tell you, then, and do you give ear and consent thereto. Think you that Athene along with Father Zeus will suffice for us, or shall I bethink me of some further aid?"

To him in answer said wise Telemachus: "Valiant aid, indeed, shall we have from these two of whom you speak, for, having their seat on high among the clouds, they bear rule over all, both gods and men."

To him in answer spake brave, god-like Odysseus: "Not for long will they two stand aloof from the fierce conflict, so soon as the suitors and ourselves measure our strength in the palace. But do you at break of day go to the house and join the company of the lawless suitors. Then the swineherd shall guide me to the city in the guise of a beggar, wretched and aged. And if they mock me in my house, yet must your loving heart within you endure all my rough usage, even though they drag me by the feet across the house to the door or hurl at me. Look upon them unmoved. You may, indeed, speak to them gently and bid them cease from their folly, yet will they not heed, for the day of their doom is at hand. This, furthermore, will I say, and do you bear it in mind. When wise Athene shall put it in my mind, I will nod to you with my head, and do you thereupon, when you observe it, take all the warlike arms that lie in the halls and lay them away, all together, in the inmost corner of the lofty chamber. And when the suitors miss the arms and question you, appease them with gentle words: 'I have laid them aside out of the smoke since they are no longer like those which Odysseus once left behind when he went to Troy, but are utterly spoiled so far as the breath of the fire has reached them. And also this yet greater fear has the son of Chronos put in my heart, lest, in any wise, being in-

toxicated with wine, you may stir up strife among you and wound one another, and so bring shame on your feast and wooing. For the very sight of iron draws a man on.' "

" But for us two alone do you leave behind two swords, two spears and two shields of wild bull's hide for us to take in hand, that we may rush upon them and seize them. And thereupon will Pallas Athene and all-wise Zeus charm the suitors. Yet another thing will I tell you, and do you lay it to heart. If you are of a truth my son and of my race, let none hear that Odysseus is at hand. Let neither Laertes know it, nor the swineherd, nor any of the servants — nor even Penelope herself; but you and I alone must know the purpose of the women, and we will furthermore make proof of some among the men-servants to know who holds us in honor with dread, and who disdains us and makes light of your courage."

To him in answer spake his illustrious son: " O father, my temper you will know, I ween, in good time, for no light thoughts have the mastery with me. But this will not, methinks, profit us. Consider, I bid you. A long time will you be on the road, making proof of each man to no purpose, and visiting the farms, while the suitors at their ease in your palace are lawlessly and wastefully devouring your substance without stint. The women, indeed, I bid you search into, both those who slight

you and those who are without reproach. But of the men I could wish that we should not make proof in the farms, but take this in hand later, if some sign from Zeus, the bearer of the Ægis, has indeed come to your knowledge."

So they spake to each other, while the well-built ship, which had brought Telemachus and all his men from Pylos, was putting in to Ithaca. And when they were come within the sheltered harbor, then the crew drew up the black ship on land, and the stalwart company took out their tackle and straightway carried the splendid gifts to the house of Clytius. But they sent forward a herald to Odysseus' house to give tidings to wise Penelope that Telemachus was in the country, but had bidden that the ship should sail for the city, that so the noble queen should not shed soft tears in the fear of her heart. Now they two, the herald and the good swineherd, met each other going on the same errand to tell the queen. And when they came to the house of the noble chieftain, then the herald, standing among the women-servants, said: "Know, O Queen, that thy dear son hath come." But the swineherd went up to Penelope and told her all of which her dear son had bidden him to speak. And when he had declared his errand, he left the palace and courtyard, and set out for the swine.

But the suitors were vexed and downcast in

spirit, and forth they went from the hall out by the side of the great wall of the courtyard, and there before the gates they sat down. Then among them, Eurymachus, son of Polybus, was the first to speak: "Friends, truly a great deed has been arrogantly brought to pass by Telemachus, this journey of his, though we deemed that it would not be accomplished by him. But come, let us launch a black ship, whichever is best, and let us gather seafaring rowers to bear tidings to the others forthwith to return home quickly."

Not yet was all spoken, when Amphinomus, turning about in his place, sighted a ship in the very deep harbor, some men furling sails and others with oars in their hands. Then laughing pleasantly, he spake among his companions: "Let us not send tidings now, for here they are at home. Either one of the gods has told them of this or they themselves caught sight of the ship sailing by, but could not overtake her."

So he spake, and they rising up, went to the shore of the sea, and straightway drew the black ship ashore, and haughty attendants carried forth their armor. But they themselves went in throngs to the place of assembly, nor would they suffer any other of the young men or old to sit with them.

Then among them spake Antinous, son of Eupeithes: "Strange! How the gods have delivered this man from misery. By day our lookout-

men sat upon the windy heights, always one after another, and at the setting of the sun we never slept a night ashore, but sailing over the sea in our swift ship, waited for divine Dawn, lying in wait for Telemachus, to capture and destroy him. Yet meanwhile some god has brought him home. But let us here contrive for him a mournful destruction, for Telemachus, that he may not escape secretly from us, for I ween that while he lives these deeds of ours will not be brought to pass. For he is himself prudent in counsel and in wisdom, and the people no longer bring us acceptable gifts at all. But come, before he calls the Achæans together to the place of assembly, — for in no wise, I ween, will he dally, but will be very wroth, and rising up will proclaim among them all how we plotted against sheer murder, but did not overtake him; and they on hearing of our evil deeds, will not praise us. Nay, they may do us some harm and drive us out from our country and we may come to the land of strangers. But let us be the first to seize him in the country far from the city, or on the road; and let us ourselves take possession of his substance and his wealth, sharing them among us as is meet, though we might give the house to his mother to keep, and to him who weds her. Yet, if this plan displeases you, but you had rather he live and keep all his father's substance, let us not hereafter waste his wealth of pleasant

things by gathering here, but from his own hall let each one woo and seek to win her by gifts; so may she then wed him who offers most and comes appointed by fate."

So he spake, and they were all hushed in silence. But Amphinomus spake and addressed them, he, the glorious son of Nisus, son of noble Aretias, who led the way for the suitors from Dulichium, rich in wheat and grass, and most of all pleased Penelope with his words, for he had an upright heart. He with good purpose spake and said to them: "Friends, I should not wish to slay Telemachus. A dreadful thing it is to kill royal offspring. But first let us ask the will of the gods. If the oracles of mighty Zeus allow, I myself will slay him and urge on all the others; but if the gods turn from us, I bid you forbear."

So spake Amphinomus, and his speech pleased them. Straightway then they rose and went to the house of Odysseus, and going in, sat down upon the polished chairs.

But meanwhile wise Penelope took other counsel, to show herself among the suitors full of haughty insolence. For in her halls she had learned of the doom of her son, since the herald Medon who learned of the plot, had told her. So she went her way to the hall with her handmaids. But now, when she, noblest of women, reached the suitors, she stood beside the pillar of the well-built hall,

holding before her face her shining veil. Then she reproved Antinous, and spake and said to him: "Antinous, full of insolence, mischief-plotter! And yet they say that you are best among your comrades in the land of Ithaca in counsel and in speech. But not such do you seem. Madman! why do you plot death and doom for Telemachus and do not take heed of suppliants, though Zeus be witness for them? 'Tis not lawful to plot evil against others. Do you not know when your father came hither as a fugitive, cowering before the people? For truly they were greatly wroth because he had joined with Taphian pirates and vexed the Thesprotians, who were in league with us. Him they wished to destroy and bereave of dear life and utterly devour his large and plentiful substance; but Odysseus held them back and stayed them for all their eagerness. His house, now, do you dishonorably devour, you woo his wife, you would slay his son, and grieve me greatly. But I exhort you to cease and to bid the others."

To her in turn said Eurymachus, son of Polybus, in answer: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, take courage! Let not these things be a care to your heart. There is not the man nor will be, nor shall be born, who will lay hands upon your son, Telemachus, while I live and have sight upon earth. For thus will I speak out, and truly it shall be done: straightway will that man's black blood

rush forth around my spear, since indeed Odysseus, sacker of cities, did many times set me also upon his knees, put roasted meat in my hands and offer red wine. Therefore to me Telemachus is of all men by far the dearest, and I bid him in no wise tremble before death, at least from the suitors; but from the gods it is not possible to flee."

So he spake, cheering her, yet for Telemachus was he himself preparing destruction. But she going up to her shining chamber, thereupon bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, until upon her eyelids grey-eyed Athene cast sweet sleep.

So at eventide the good swineherd returned to Odysseus and his son. Then they stood up, and, having slain a year-old hog, made ready their supper. But Athene stood by, and, having struck Odysseus, son of Laertes, with her staff, made him once more an old man, and clothed him in vile raiment, lest the swineherd, seeing him face to face, should know him, and should not hide it in his heart, but should take word to wise Penelope.

To him first spake Telemachus: "You have come, good Eumæus. What news is abroad in the city? Are the valiant suitors already back from the ambush, or are they still watching for me on my way home?"

To him in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "I made it not my concern to go about the city making question and inquiry. My heart

bade me give my tidings and return hither with all speed. There fell in with me a messenger hastening from your men, a herald who was the first to tell your mother. This, moreover, I know, for I saw it with my own eyes. I had gone past the city by the hill of Hermes, when I saw a swift ship putting into our harbor; a great number of men were in her, and she was full of shields and double-pointed spears. I thought they were the suitors, but I know not."

So he spake, and princely Telemachus looked upon his father and smiled, but from the swineherd he turned away. And when their task was done and the meat made ready they took their meal, and nothing was lacking to their hearts' desire of the feast they shared. And when they had satisfied their need for meat and drink, they turned their thoughts to rest, and took the gift of sleep.

CHAPTER XIII

Odysseus Comes to His Palace in the Guise of a Beggar

When early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, Telemachus, dear son of god-like Odysseus, bound under his feet his beauteous sandals, and taking his stout spear fitted to his hand ready to set out for the city, said to the swineherd: "Good father, know that I am going to the city that my mother may see me, for I ween she will not make an end of doleful lamentation and tearful weeping until she set eyes on me myself. But this is my behest. Guide the hapless stranger to the city that he may beg a meal, and any who are so minded will give him a bite and a sup. I cannot bear with each and all. I have my own troubles. If the stranger is wroth, the worse for him, for I like to tell the truth."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "My friend, I myself have no wish to be kept here. A beggar can beg a meal better in the city than in the country. Those will give who are so pleased. For I am no longer of an age to stay on a farm and obey the bidding of a master at every turn. But go your way, and this man will guide me according to your bidding, as soon as I am warmed at the

fire and the sun gives heat. For these are woeful rags I am wearing. I fear the morning frost may strike me, and you say the city is far hence."

So he spake, and Telemachus stepped quickly through the homestead with purpose of hurt to the suitors. But when he came to the well-built palace, he leaned the spear he was carrying against a tall pillar and went in across the stone threshold. Long before all, the nurse Eurycleia saw him, as she was spreading fleeces over the carved chairs. She ran up to him in tears, and the other servants of steadfast Odysseus gathered round him and lovingly kissed his head and shoulders. Then came forth from her chamber wise Penelope, fair as Artemis or golden-haired Aphrodite. Round her dear son she threw her arms, shedding tears, and kissed his head and both his bright eyes, and, lamenting, spake winged words: "You are come, Telemachus, sweet light. Methought I should never see you again after you stole away in your ship to Pylos against my will, to hear tidings of your father. But come, tell me how you saw him face to face."

To her said wise Telemachus in answer: "Mother do not rouse weeping in me and do not stir the heart in my breast, since I have escaped sheer destruction; but go up to your chamber with your women-servants and vow to all the gods sacrifices of full-grown beasts, so that Zeus may at length

fulfill the works of revenge. But I shall go to the place of assembly to invite a stranger who escorted me thence on my way hither. Him I attended with my god-like men and I bade Peiræus take him home and welcome him kindly and to honor him until I should come."

So he spake, but for her his word remained unwinged. Then she vowed to all the gods sacrifices of full-grown beasts so that Zeus might at length fulfill the works of revenge.

Then Telemachus went out through the hall bearing his spear. Two swift-footed hounds followed him. Marvelous was the grace that Athene shed upon him and all the people gazed at him as he drew near. Around him thronged the insolent suitors speaking noble sentiments but in their hearts brooding evils. But he avoided the great throng of these and went and sat down where sat Mentor and Antiphus and Halitherses, who from of old were friends of his father. They inquired about every event. And Peiræus, famed for the spear, came near by them, bringing the stranger through the city to the place of assembly. Then Telemachus did not long turn away from his guest but drew near and stood beside him. And Peiræus was the first to speak to him: "Telemachus, send women-servants forthwith to my home that I may send back to you the gifts which Menelaus gave me."

To him said wise Telemachus in answer: "Peiræus, we know not how these things will be. If the insolent suitors should treacherously slay me

Telemachus Is Host to Mentor

in the palace and divide all my substance, I wish you yourself would keep and enjoy it rather than any one of them; but if I bring death and doom

upon them, then do you gladly bring all to my home when I am rejoicing."

So saying, he led the weary stranger to the house. And when they had come to the stately palace, they laid down their cloaks upon the couches and seats and went to the well-polished baths to bathe. Thereupon, when they had wrapped about them fleecy cloaks and tunics, they came forth from the baths and sat down upon the couches. Then a handmaid brought water in a beautiful golden ewer and poured it over a silver basin for them to wash their hands. Beside them she spread a polished table while the venerable housewife brought food and set it before them. Many kinds of food did she bring on, giving freely of what was at hand. And his mother sat over against them near the doorpost of the hall, reclining on a couch and spinning fine wool. Then they laid hands on the good fare set ready for them. But when they had satisfied their desire for meat and drink, wise Penelope was the first to speak to them: "Telemachus, I will go up to my chamber and lay me down upon my bed which has become for me so mournful and tear-stained from the day when Odysseus set out for Ilios with the sons of Atreus. But you did not deign, since the insolent suitors came to this house, to tell me plainly of the return of your father, if perchance you know aught from hearsay."

To her then said wise Telemachus in answer: "Well then, mother, I will tell the truth. We went to Pylos, to Nestor, the shepherd of the people, who received me in his lofty house and welcomed me kindly, as a father his own son, newly come from afar after a long time. He then with his glorious sons entertained me kindly. But of stout-hearted Odysseus, whether living or dead, he said he had not heard from any men on earth. But he sent me on with horses and well-framed chariots to the son of Atreus, Menelaus, famed for the spear. There I saw Argive Helen, for whose sake Argives and Trojans suffered much by the will of the gods. Forthwith Menelaus, good at the battle-cry, inquired why I desired to come to noble Lacedæmon. So I told him the truth and he in answer to my words said: 'For shame! Truly they did indeed seek to lie in the bed of a stout-hearted man, they who are themselves without strength. Even as when in the thicket of a mighty lion, a hind laying her new-born, sucking fawns, grazes through the slopes of the mountains and grassy glens, and thereupon the lion returns to his lair and launches upon both these a shameful doom, so will Odysseus launch a shameful doom upon them. Would, O Father Zeus and Athene and Apollo, that, such as once he was in well-built Lesbos when he stood forth and wrestled in a contest with Philomeleides and threw him down heavily while all the Achæans

rejoiced, would that so Odysseus might join battle with the suitors. Then would all perish swiftly and be wretchedly married. But as for these things which you ask and entreat of me, truly I would not tell you another tale beside the mark and I will not deceive you, but what the unerring old man of the sea told me, of these not a word will I hide from you nor conceal. Odysseus, he said he had seen on an island, suffering cruel distress, in the dwelling of the nymph, Calypso, who keeps him there perforce. And he cannot return to his native land for there are not at hand ships equipped with oars and with men to bear him over the broad back of the sea.'

"So spake the son of Atreus, Menelaus, famed for the spear. After accomplishing this, I returned and the immortal gods gave me a fair wind and sent me swiftly to my dear native land."

So spake he and stirred the heart in her breast. Then among them spake also the god-like Theoclymenus: "O honored wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, he surely does not understand clearly. But give heed to my word for I will prophesy to you truly and hide naught. Let Zeus before all gods be my witness and the table at which I have found welcome and the hearth of righteous Odysseus, to which I am come, that Odysseus is indeed already in his native land, seated or walking, and is aware of these foul deeds and is brooding evil

for all the suitors. Such a bird of omen did I observe as I sat on the well-benched ship, and I announced it to Telemachus."

To him in turn said wise Penelope: "Friend, would that this word of yours might be fulfilled; for this then would you soon know of kindness and many gifts from me. so that any man meeting you would call you blessed."

So spake they together, while the suitors made merry in front of Odysseus' palace, throwing discs and hurling javelins on a piece of levelled ground, as they were wont in their insolence. But when it was the hour for supper, and the flocks came in from every side, driven by the same herdsmen as aforetime, then Medon spake to them, for he was their favorite herald, and stood by them at the feast: "Come, young sirs, to the house, now you have all made merry in the sports, that we may make ready the feast, for supper comes not amiss when the hour draws nigh."

So spake he, and they arose and came according to his bidding. When they were come to the well-built house, they laid their cloaks on the couches and chairs, and slew great sheep and fat goats. Hogs, too, they slew, and an ox from the herd, and made ready the feast.

But they two, Odysseus and the good swineherd, hastened to go to the city from the country. And the master swineherd first spake: "Good friend,

you are minded, it seems, to go to the city to-day as my master charged you. I would you had been left here to guard the homestead. But I give heed to my master in fear that he may upbraid me afterwards — and a master's rating falls heavy. But let us be gone. The day is far spent, and soon it will be colder towards evening."

To him said wise Odysseus in answer: "I mark and am mindful of your word, and give heed thereto. But let us go, and do you guide me all the way. And give me, if you have one, a trimmed stick to lean upon, since you say the ground is slippery."

So spake he, and over his shoulders threw a foul wallet ragged beyond measure, and on it was a strap to hang it. Then Eumæus gave him a stick after his wish. Forth they went, while the dogs and herdsmen stayed to guard the homestead. Then Eumæus led his master into the city in the likeness of a doleful aged beggar leaning on a stick, his body clothed in pitiful raiment. But when they drew near the city by the rugged path, they came to the fountain whence the people of the city drew their water. Its bright streams were walled in, for Ithacus had built it up, and Neritus and Polyctor. Around it was a grove of poplars, growing by the water in full circle, and the water flowed cool from the rock above. Above it had been built an altar to the nymphs, where all wayfarers made their offerings. There met them Melan-

thius, son of Dolius, driving some goats, the choicest among all the flocks, for the suitors' supper, and with him two herdsmen. When he saw them he called to them, and taunted them so savagely and vilely that Odysseus' anger was roused. "So now a downright scoundrel is in the leading of a scoundrel; how surely does God bring like to like! Whither are you taking this gluttonous vile beggar, this clearer of tables, you miserable swineherd? Against many a doorway he will stand rubbing his shoulders, asking not swords, nor bowls, but scraps. Should you give him to me to guard the homestead, and clean the byres, and carry fodder to the kids, he would put flesh on his thighs with whey-drinking. But now that he has learned mean tricks, little will he care to live on a farm. He likes better to go about the country begging and asking sustenance for his hungry belly. But this I tell you, and it will surely come to pass. If ever he visits great Odysseus' palace, many a footstool will fall about his head from the hands of the suitors, and be broken against his ribs, as he is pelted from the house."

So spake he in his folly, and gave Odysseus a kick on the hip as he passed. Yet Odysseus would not be driven from the path, but stood his ground, and considered whether to fall on him with his staff and take his life, or to lift him up and dash his head on the ground. But he curbed his wrath and for-

bore. Then the swineherd turned to Melanthius and upbraided him, and with hands uplifted uttered a prayer. "Nymphs of the fountain, daughters of Zeus, if ever Odysseus burned in your honor the thigh-bones of lambs and kids with covering of fat, then grant my wish. May Odysseus return under the guidance of Heaven. May he strip you of the gaudy trappings which you wear thus insolently through the city while your flocks are devoured by rascally herdsmen."

To him then said Melanthius the goatherd: "Well indeed! how loud the vile cur speaks! Some day I will carry him on my well-decked black ship far from Ithaca, and get a great price for him. May Apollo with his silver bow strike Telemachus dead this day in his palace, or may he perish by the hand of the suitors so surely as Odysseus hath in a far land lost all hope of return."

So saying, he left them to go slowly on their way, and came forthwith to his master's house. Straightway he went in and took his place among the suitors facing Eurymachus, the dearest to him among them all. By his side the serving-men set his portion of meat, and a courtly dame brought bread to put before him. Odysseus and the good swineherd came and stood close at hand, and in their midst resounded the hollow lyre, for Phemius sounded the note for his song. Then Odysseus took the swineherd by the hand, and said:

"Eumæus, this indeed is the stately palace of Odysseus. Readily can it be known to sight even among a number. Without break it stretches, a wall with coping has been built round the court-yard, there are double doors very secure: no one could easily capture it. I am ware that a great

"Phemius sounded the note for his song."

company of men are making ready within for a feast, for the steam is rising, and there is a sound of the lyre, which is appointed by the gods to be the helpmeet of the feast."

To him in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "With your shrewd wit you have readily discerned the truth. But come, let us consider how to set about this business. Either

you shall first go into the well-built house and mingle with the suitors while I tarry here, or, if you wish, do you wait while I go forward. Tarry not long, lest someone take note of you outside and strike you or make you his mark. This do I bid you consider."

To him then brave Odysseus made reply: "I mark and am mindful of your word, and take heed thereof. Do you go forward, and I will abide here. I am seasoned to blows and bruises, and so many perils have I faced in storm and battle that my spirit is unflinching, and I am ready for this further venture. But ravenous hunger cannot be stilled. That pest works endless mischief. At its call well-benched ships are made ready to fare over the barren sea with hostile purpose."

So they spake to each other. But Odysseus' dog, as he lay on the ground, lifted his head and his ear — Argos, whom steadfast Odysseus had himself reared, but before he could take pleasure in him he had sailed for sacred Troy. In past days the young men used to take him to hunt wild goats and deer and hares. Now, while his master was away, he lay forgotten on a heap of filth which had been piled up in great quantity before the door. There lay the dog Argos, covered with fleas. Then, when he saw Odysseus coming near, he wagged his tail and lowered both his ears, but was too weak to come nearer to his master. But Odysseus looked

on him from afar and wiped away a tear, turning quickly away from Eumæus. Then he asked Eumæus: "'Tis strange, Eumæus, that this dog should lie in filth. He is shapely enough, but I know not whether he is swift of foot as well as comely of form, or whether he is no better than the pet dogs which their masters keep for display."

To him in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "Ay, indeed, this dog belonged to a man who died in a far-off land. Were he as staunch and ready as when Odysseus left him to go to Troy, you would soon marvel at sight of his strength and speed. Never did beast that he pursued in the glades of the thick wood escape him. Most cunning was he on the scent. Now he is in pitiful plight, for his master hath perished in a far country, and the women heedlessly neglect him. For slaves, when no longer under their master's rule, care no more for dutiful service, for a man is by far-seeing Zeus bereft of half his worth so soon as the day of bondage overtakes him."

So he spake, and, going into the well-built house, went straight through the hall up to the proud suitors. But the doom of black death overtook Argos as soon as he saw Odysseus in the twentieth year.

Long before all others, god-like Telemachus saw the swineherd coming forward through the house, and straightway signed to him and called him.

Then he looked around, and took a stool set where the carver was used to sit, when he served out great portions of meat to the suitors, at their feasts in the house. This he took, and placed in front of

"The doom of black death overtook Argos."

Telemachus by his table, and seated himself there- 5
on. Then a herald chose a portion of meat and took bread from the basket and set it before him.

Close behind came Odysseus into the house in the likeness of a doleful beggar, an aged man lean-

ing on a stick, clad in vile raiment. On the ash-wood threshold he sat within the doors, leaning against the cypress post which a carpenter had aforetime deftly planed and straightened to his line. But Telemachus called to the swineherd, and having taken from a fair basket soft bread and meat, as much as his hands could hold in their grasp, said to him: "Take this and give it to the stranger, and bid him go among the suitors and beg of each of them. Shame is a poor helpmeet for a man in want."

So he spake, and the swineherd, hearing his words, went and stood near him, and spake winged words: "Telemachus gives you this, my friend, and bids you go among the suitors and beg of each one, and he says shame ill befits a beggar."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "King Zeus, may Telemachus be happy among men, and may the desire of his heart be fulfilled."

So he spake, and with both hands took the meat and laid it before his feet on his foul wallet, and ate it while the bard sang in the hall. When he had finished his supper, and the sacred bard paused, the hall was filled with the din of the suitors. But Athene stood by Odysseus, son of Laertes, and urged him to collect bread among the suitors, and so learn who were just-minded and who lawless. Yet was it not her purpose to save any from his evil fate. But he set out to beg, passing along to

each in turn from left to right, holding out his hand as if he were a practiced beggar. And they, in pity, made him gifts, wondering at him, and asking each other who he could be and whence he had come. And Melanthius the goatherd said to them:

"Hear me, suitors of the far-famed Queen, concerning this stranger. True it is that I have seen him before. The swineherd, to be sure, has brought him thither, but of the man himself I have no sure knowledge to what race he claims to belong." So spake he, but Antinous taunted the swineherd:

"Illustrious swineherd, why have you brought this fellow to the city? Have we not already enough wayfarers, vexatious beggars who clear our tables? Do you think it so little a matter that they flock here devouring your master's substance, that you have bid this fellow also come?"

To him in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus:

"Antinous, your words ill become your noble birth: for who runs after a chance stranger and of his own will offers him welcome, unless he be a craftsman, or seer, or physician, or ship's carpenter, or a divine bard whose song is a delight? For such are welcome guests throughout the boundless earth. But no one would welcome a beggar to consume his own substance. But beyond all the suitors you ever deal harshly with Odysseus' servants, and with

me likewise. Howbeit, I care not, so long as wise Penelope lives in her palace and god-like Telemachus."

To him in answer said wise Telemachus: "Be silent. Waste no words, I bid thee, in answer to him. Antinous has been ever ready to make mischief by his bitter words. You are not the only one he provokes."

So said he, and to Antinous spake winged words: "Truly, Antinous, you show me such kindly care as a father for his son! You bid me scare the stranger from the house with abuse. God forbid that this should be! Take and give to him — I grudge it not. Indeed, I bid you do so. Fear on this account neither my mother nor any of the servants in the house of great Odysseus. But no such thought was in your heart, for you would far rather eat yourself than give to another."

To him in answer then said Antinous: "Telemachus, you boaster with temper unbridled, what is this you say! If all the suitors should offer him as warm a welcome, this house would keep him at a safe distance, even for three months."

So he spake, and, catching hold of the stool on which he rested his smooth feet at the feast, drew it from its place under the table. Every one of the others made gifts, and filled his wallet with bread and meat. And Odysseus was ready to go back forthwith to the threshold and taste of the Achæans'

bounty. But he stood by Antinous, and spake to him: "Give to me, kind sir. To me you seem not the meanest, but the noblest, of the Achæans, so kingly is your bearing. Wherefore you should give bread even more freely than the others, and I will sound your praise throughout the boundless earth. For I in past days was held to be a man of substance, and dwelt in a great house, and many a gift I made to such vagrants as I am, whatever their needs and their nature. Countless slaves I had, and many marks of good living by which men are accounted rich. But Zeus, the son of Chronos, despoiled me, for such, it seems, was his will. He put it into my heart to go to Egypt along with some roving pirates — a distant venture that was to be my ruin. I anchored my rounded ships in the Nile, and there bade my faithful men abide by them and keep guard over them, while I sent scouts to places of outlook. But, overborne by greed, they followed their own bent, and straightway fell to ravaging the fertile lands of the Egyptians. The women and tender children they carried off, and slew the men. Soon did tidings reach the city. At dawn of day they came forth in answer to the call, and the whole plain was covered with footmen and horse and the gleam of bronze. Then Zeus, who delights in thunder, smote my men with deadly fear, and none dared stand his ground, for on every side peril awaited them. Many a one of

us they slew with the sharp sword, and others they took alive to toil for them in bondage. But me they gave to a stranger who fell in their way to take to Cyprus, to Demeter, son of Iasus, who held sway in Cyprus. From there have I now escaped hither in dire distress."

To him then said Antinous in answer: "What mischance brought hither this plague to spoil our feast? Stand out there away from my table lest you find yourself in a sorry Egypt and Cyprus, so bold and shameless a beggar are you. By each in turn you stand, and out of the abundance before them they give recklessly, making free with what is not their own, without shame or heed."

To him said wise Odysseus, standing aside: "Alas! your comely form is not crowned by wisdom to match it. From your own house you would not spare a beggar as much as a pinch of salt, for now, though seated at another's table, you cannot bring yourself to give me a morsel of bread, for all the abundance before you."

So he spake, but Antinous grew the more wroth in his heart, and, eyeing him grimly, spake winged words. "Now I ween you will not make your way out of this house without hurt, such insults do you heap upon me."

So he spake, and, having seized the stool, struck Odysseus on the right shoulder at the top of his back. But Odysseus stood firm as a rock, and

quailed not under the blow from Antinous, but quietly shook his head, brooding darkly. Back he went to the threshold and sat down, and, having set down his well-filled wallet, spake to the suitors: "Hear me, suitors of the far-famed Queen, that I may speak as my heart inclines me. A man fighting for his own, be it oxen or white sheep, bears a wound without pain and with light heart; but I have been wounded by Antinous on behalf of hunger, the vile pest which works endless mischief among men. But if the gods aid and avenge beggars, may the doom of death overtake Antinous before his marriage day."

To him in answer said Antinous, son of Eupeithes: "Sit you down, stranger, and eat in peace, or go out by another way, lest these young fellows drag you through the house by the foot or hand, and scrape the skin from you for your bold words."

So he spake, but they were every one exceeding wroth, and thus would one of the haughty young chieftains say: "Antinous, you wretch, you did wrong to strike the poor wayfarer, sure as there is a God in heaven. For, indeed, the gods take divers shapes, and, in the likeness of strangers from other lands, go to and fro in our cities, watching both the crimes and the righteousness of men."

So spake the suitors, but he heeded not their words. But Telemachus cherished deep sorrow in his heart for the blow, yet let no tear fall from

his eyes, but shook his head in silence, brooding darkly.

But when wise Penelope heard he had been struck in the hall, she said before her servants: "May Apollo with his mighty bow smite you in return."

Then spake to her the dame Eurynome: "May the vengeance for which we pray be fulfilled. Then will none of these live to see bright-throned Dawn."

To her in answer said wise Penelope: "Good mother, I hate them all for their plots. But Antinous above all is like dark death. A stranger in distress visits our house on his way, asking alms of the company under the stress of want. Then every one of the others gave him his fill and made him gifts, but this man struck him with a stool on the point of the right shoulder." So she spake among her women-servants, sitting in her chamber. But great Odysseus was taking his supper.

Then she called to her side the good swineherd, and spake to him: "Go, good Eumæus, and bid the stranger come hither that I may make him welcome, and ask him whether he has had news anywhere of hapless Odysseus, or has cast eyes upon him; for he bears the marks of long travel."

To her in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "Would that these Achæans would be silent, Queen. Such stories does he tell, your dear heart would be spellbound. For three nights I

kept him and for three days constrained him to stay in my hut; for I was the first man he met after he had escaped from the ship. But not yet has he ended the story of his woes. But as when a man gazes at a bard who has learned from heaven to delight men by the words of his songs, and never is their longing to hear him satisfied when he sings, so did he steal my senses as he sat in the house. He says that he and Odysseus are bound by their fathers' friendship, and that he belongs to Crete, where the house of Minos reigns. From there he has now come roaming in sorry plight. He protests that he has heard of Odysseus near at hand, living in the fertile land of the Thesprotians, and he is bringing home great store of treasure."

To him in answer said wise Penelope: "Go, call him hither that I may speak to him face to face. The suitors may sit and play games at the doorway or here within the house, so light-hearted are they. For all their own substance, bread and sweet wine, is left untouched in their houses. Their servants, indeed, eat thereof, but they, coming every day to our house, slay oxen and sheep and fat goats, and drink the bright wine at the banquet without stint. Much do they consume, for there is no man left, such as Odysseus was, to guard our house from violence. But if he comes and sets foot on his native land, full soon will he, with his son's aid, requite these men for their violence."

So spake she, but Telemachus gave so loud a sneeze that the house resounded fearfully. Penelope laughed, and spake to Eumæus winged words: "Go, I pray, and call the stranger here into our presence. Do you not see that my son has sneezed in answer to all my words? Wherefore now the death of every one of the suitors is assured; no one will escape his doom. This, moreover, will I tell you, and do you mark my word. If I learn that his whole story is true, I will give him to wear a tunic and cloak, goodly raiment."

So spake she, but the swineherd went his way at her bidding, and, standing by him, spake winged words: "Good father, wise Penelope, mother of Telemachus, calls for you. Her heart bids her make some question about her husband, for whom she hath sorrowed greatly. And if she learns that there is truth in all you say, she will clothe you in a cloak and tunic, of which you are in sore need, and of bread you can beg your fill among the people; any that choose will give."

To him said steadfast, god-like Odysseus: "Eumæus, now will I speak the whole truth to wise Penelope, daughter of Icarius. He is well known to me, for we were comrades in distress. But I dread the host of savage suitors whose insolence and violence have reached the iron dome of heaven. For when this man smote me as I was going through the house, and made me smart for no

offence, neither Telemachus nor any of the others shielded me. Wherefore, now, bid Penelope curb her haste, and await in her hall the setting sun. Then let her question me of her husband and his home-coming, giving me a seat near her fire; for the raiment I have is woeful, as you yourself know, seeing that you were the first from whom I sought pity."

So he spake, and the swineherd gave heed to his word and went his way. But as he crossed the threshold Penelope spake to him: "Are not you, then, bringing him, Eumæus? What is the wayfarer's purpose? Is he in terror of some scoundrel, or does he feel some needless shame at being in the house? Shame ill befits a wandering beggar."

To her in answer didst thou say, swineherd Eumæus: "He speaks wisely, with such foreboding as any other would feel, shunning the insolence of the proud suitors. But he bids you wait till the setting of the sun, and indeed, Queen, it is much better on your own account that you should speak to the stranger and hear his story alone."

To him in answer said wise Penelope: "The stranger shows good sense, whoever he may be; for among mortal men none show such insolence in the wickedness that they purpose."

So she spake, but the good swineherd went his way to the throng of suitors when he had declared his message. Thereupon he spake winged words

to Telemachus, standing by his head lest the suitors should hear: "Friend, I am going my way to guard the swine and my charge there, your substance and mine own, while you take matters here in hand. Look first to your own safety, and make sure that no ill befall you. So many of the Achæans purpose your hurt. May Zeus make an end of them before they do us mischief."

To him said wise Telemachus in reply: "It shall be as you say, good father; take an early supper and go your way. At dawn come hither with choice victims for the feast. What befalls here must rest with me and the gods."

So spake he, but Eumæus took his seat again on the polished bench, and having taken his fill of meat and drink, set off for the swine, leaving the courtyard and hall thronged with revelers. So they made merry with dancing and singing, for already eventide was come.

CHAPTER XIV

Odysseus Fights the Vagabond Irus

There came along a beggar of the town who used to beg in the streets of Ithaca, and had a name for his gluttony, for eating and drinking without end. He had neither strength nor vigor, but in form was bulky to look upon. Arnæus was his name, given him by his good mother at his birth. But all the young chieftains called him Irus, because he used to carry messages whenever bidden. This fellow came along, and began to drive Odysseus out of the house and to provoke him with winged words: "Away, old man, from the doorstep, or you may soon find yourself dragged off by your foot. Do you not see that they are all winking at me and bidding you should be dragged out? Yet I would not stoop to that. But up, or we shall soon be settling our differences with fists."

To him spake wise Odysseus, looking askance at him: "For shame! I wrong you neither in word nor deed, nor do I grudge anyone giving you as freely as he chooses from the table. But this threshold will hold us both, nor need you grudge me what is not yours. Methinks you, like me, are a vagabond. It is by the grace of the gods that men prosper. Be not too ready to dare me to a

bout, lest you rouse me to anger and I stain your breast and lips with blood even with my old hands. So much the more peace shall I have on the morrow, for I ween you will not return a second time to the house of Odysseus, son of Laertes."

To him in wrath said Irus the vagabond: "Well, indeed! What a glib tongue the glutton has, like an old woman at her oven! When I intend mischief against anyone, I will deal a two-handed blow and scatter over the ground every tooth in his jaws, as if he were a marauding swine. Gird yourself, that the suitors and all others may know we are fighting. But how will you match yourself against a younger?"

With such violence did they rage in front of the lofty door on the smooth threshold. But the hallowed ruler Antinous was ware of them, and spake to the suitors with a merry laugh: "Good friends, never before hath the like of this come to pass, such sport have the gods brought within our doors. This stranger and Irus are daring each other to a bout with their fists; we will soon set them to fight."

So spake he, and all the suitors leaped up laughing, and gathered round the ragged beggars. Then said to them Antinous, son of Eupeithes: "Give ear, proud suitors, that I may speak. Here are some goats' paunches laid by the fire. We filled them with blood and fat, and set them aside

when at supper. Whichever wins and proves the better man shall stand up and take his choice of them. And hereafter he shall share in our feasts, but no other vagabond will we suffer to beg among us."

So spake Antinous, and the others approved his words. To them then spake wise Odysseus with crafty purpose: "Good friends, it is not right for an old man stricken with grief to contend with a younger. But the rascal hunger is urging me on to take a thrashing. But come, I bid you, let all the company sware to me a mighty oath, that no one out of mischief may show favor to Irus by dealing me a heavy blow and on his behalf lay me forcibly low."

So he spake, and they each sware as he bade them. And when they had sworn and confirmed their oaths, the mighty prince Telemachus said to him: "If, stranger, it be the wish of your heart and brave spirit to withstand this fellow, have no fear of the other Achæans, for anyone who strikes you will be overmatched. I am your host, and Antinous and Eurymachus, both chieftains of discretion, assent thereunto."

So he spake, and so did it seem good to them all. But Odysseus girded his rags about his loins, and showed his shapely, stalwart thighs, and his broad shoulders and breast and mighty arms were laid bare. And Athene stood at his side and filled out

the great chieftain's limbs. Then were all the suitors amazed beyond measure, and thus would one say, looking at his neighbor: "Soon will Irus be no Irus and suffer hurt of his own seeking, such a thigh does the old man display from under his rags."

So they spake, but Irus' heart was sore dismayed. Yet, even so, the servants girded him and forced him forward in terror, and his flesh trembled on his limbs. But Antinous reproached him, and, calling to him, said: "Better you were not living, braggart, and had never been born, if you are in such terror and such dread of this stranger, an aged man broken with the sorrow that hath befallen him. But this I tell you, and so shall it come to pass: If the stranger overcome you and prove the better man, I will put you on a black ship and send you to the mainland, to King Echetus, who spares none."

So he spake, and yet the more did trembling take hold of Irus' limbs beneath him. Yet they dragged him forward. Then they both held up their hands, while brave, god-like Odysseus pondered whether to deal a blow that should fell him lifeless, or to lay him at full length by a light thrust. The better way, as he thought thereon, seemed to be to strike lightly, lest the Achæans should know him. Then they drew themselves up, and Irus struck Odysseus' right shoulder; but

Odysseus smote Irus' neck under the ear and crushed in the bones. From his mouth at once flowed red blood, and he fell bellowing in the dust, gnashing his teeth and kicking the earth. The proud suitors held up their hands, ready to die of laughter. But Odysseus grasped his foot and dragged him through the porch, until he reached the courtyard and door of the colonnade. There he set him, propping him against the courtyard wall, and thrusting a sceptre in his hand. Then, speaking winged words, he said to him: "Sit there now, and scare away the swine and dogs. See that you do not lord it over strangers and beggars in your sorry plight, lest some worse ill befall you."

So spake Odysseus, and, having cast about his shoulders his foul wallet full of holes, and on it a strap by which to hang it, went back to the threshold and sat down. And the suitors went in laughing merrily, and, greeting him, said:

"May Zeus, stranger, and the other gods, grant you the dearest wish of your heart for making an end of this glutton's ranging about the country. Soon will we carry him off to the mainland to King Echetus, who spares none."

So spake they, and god-like Odysseus took heart from the omen. Then Antinous placed by him a great paunch filled with fat and blood, and Amphinomus took two loaves from the basket and

put them by him, and held out in welcome a golden cup, and said: "Hail, aged stranger! May happiness be yours in days to come, though now a host of troubles beset you."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "Amphinomus, to me you seem to be truly a man of wise understanding. For such was your father, so good a report did I hear aforetime of the wealth and high estate of Nisus of Dulichium. His son they say you are, and your look is gentle. Wherefore, I say, and take heed and give ear, the earth nourishes no feebler creature than man among all that breathe and crawl thereon. For so long as the gods give him courage and his limbs move nimbly, he thinks no further trouble will befall him in days to come; but so soon as the blessed gods deal him woe, that, too, he bears perforce without flinching, for the spirit of man upon earth is in accord with what the Father of gods and men brings to pass each day. For mine, too, in past days was like to have been a happy lot, but I was led away by my strength and might, and, trusting to my father and brothers, I did many a dark deed. Wherefore let no man be utterly lawless, but let him enjoy quietly the gifts of the gods, such as they be. Even as I see the suitors contriving evil deeds, wasting the substance and dishonoring the wife of a man who will not now, I tell you, be long away from his dear ones and fatherland. Nay,

he is very near at hand. But may you, with the help of Heaven, escape home before you face him on his return to his dear fatherland. For when once he enters this house, I ween that he and the suitors will surely not part without bloodshed." So spake he, and, having poured out a libation, drank the sweet wine and gave back the cup into the chieftain's hand.

But Amphinomus stepped through the house with downcast spirit and bowed head, for his heart boded ill. Yet he escaped not his doom, for Athene held him fast, that he should perish miserably by the spear from the hand of Telemachus. Then he sat down again on the seat from which he had risen.

Forthwith the grey-eyed goddess Athene put it into the heart of the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, to show herself to the suitors, by every means to win their hearts and be held in greater honor than heretofore by her husband and son. Then she laughed lightly, and, speaking to Eurynome, said: "Eurynome, 'tis the wish of my heart, as never before, that I should appear before the suitors, hateful though they be. But to my son I would speak a word that might be for his welfare, that he should not go continually among the insolent suitors whose words are fair, but their purpose hereafter dark."

To her in turn spake the dame Eurynome:

"Truly, my child, there is wisdom in all you say. But come, tell your son and hide not your purpose. Bathe yourself and anoint your cheeks. Go not in with tear-stained cheeks, for it is not well to weep continually without end. For already your son is as old as you prayed the gods you might see him, with a beard upon him."

To her in answer said wise Penelope: "Eurynome, do not, in your tender care for me, urge me to wash and anoint myself. For the gods who rule in Olympus made my beauty to perish from the day Odysseus went on the hollow ship. But bid Autonoe and Hippodameia come with me to stand at my side in the hall, for I will not go in among the men alone, for I am ashamed." So she spake, and the aged woman went out through the hall to take word to the women and bid them come.

But the grey-eyed goddess Athene had then in mind a new purpose. On the daughter of Icarius she shed sweet sleep. She lay there on her couch and slept, and all her joints were loosened. Meanwhile the goddess was bestowing upon her magic gifts, that the Achæans might look with wonder upon her. First she bathed her fair face with such divine beauty as is shed upon fair-girdled Aphrodite whenever she enters the joyous dance of the Graces. And the goddess made her taller and broader in their sight, and whiter than sawn ivory. When she had brought this to pass, the goddess went her

way, and from the hall the white-armed maidens came and spake to her. Then sweet sleep left her, and, having wiped her cheeks with her hands, she said: "In the depth of my misery a sweet sleep hath enfolded me. I would that holy Artemis would even now grant me so gentle a death that I might no longer waste away my life in sorrow of heart, longing for all that is noble in my husband, for there was none like him amongst the Achæans."

So she spake, and went down from her polished chamber, not alone, but followed by two servants. And when the noble lady came before the suitors, she stood before the pillar of the strong-built roof, holding her bright veil before her cheeks. On each side of her stood a trusty servant, and the suitors' knees trembled, and the spell of love stole over their hearts.

Then she spake to Telemachus, her dear son: "Telemachus, you have forgotten the unflinching purpose of your heart. While you were yet a boy many a shrewd notion had a place in your mind. But now, when you are grown and have reached the age of manhood, and a stranger seeing your stature and comeliness would take you to be a rich man's son, your heart and mind have lost all sense of right. Such villainy is this that hath been wrought in our palace by the shameless usage of the wayfarer which you have suffered. How would it be if our guest should be the worse for such rough

handling during his stay in our house? Shame would befall you, and reproach among men."

To her in turn said wise Telemachus: "Dear mother, I bear your anger in patience. I hold in mind and am ware of all these doings, good and evil; but hitherto I have been but a child, and I needs must fail at times in wise counsel. I am dazed by these men who compass me on all sides with their dark plots. I am left with none to aid me. Not as the suitors would have wished was the quarrel between Irus and the stranger decided, but the stranger, to be sure, showed himself the stronger. Would it might please Father Zeus and Athene and Apollo that the suitors should bow their heads, overmastered in our house, some in the courtyard, others within doors, and that their limbs might fail them, so surely as that the rascal Irus is sitting by the courtyard door, bowing his head as if he were drunk, unable to stand upright or return home, wherever that may be, on his tottering limbs."

So spake they together, but Eurymachus said to Penelope: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, if all the Achæans throughout Argos should see you, there would, by to-morrow's dawn, be more suitors feasting in your house, for you are first among women in beauty and stature and understanding."

To him then said wise Penelope in answer: "Eurymachus, the gods despoiled the excellence of

my beauty and stature when the Argives went on board for Ilium, and with them my husband Odysseus. If he would come and have the care of my substance, the greater would my honor then be, and the more stainless. But now I am in the depths of sorrow, with such a host of evils have the gods assailed me. Now, when he set forth and left his native land, he held my right hand by the wrist and said to me: 'Methinks, dear wife, that the well-armed Achæans will not all return safely and without hurt from Troy, for they say the Trojans are warlike men who can hurl the javelin, and draw the bow, and mount swift-horsed chariots which speed the victory when men mingle in the fierce battle strife. Wherefore I know not whether Heaven will grant me my return, or whether I shall perish afar in the land of Troy. But all our substance here must be in your keeping. To my father and mother in our house give thought even as now, or yet more, when I am far from hence. So soon as you see our son reaching manhood, then leave our house and wed whomsoever you please.' So spake he, and every word he uttered is now coming to pass. The night will come when a hateful marriage will be my accursed fate, for Zeus hath bereft me of all happiness. And sorely are my heart and spirit troubled on this account. Never before hath the way of suitors been such as this. If any are minded to seek in marriage the

hand of a noble lady, a rich man's daughter, and to contend in rivalry for her, they bring their own oxen and fat sheep to make a feast to the lady's friends, and make costly gifts; but they do not devour another's substance without payment."

So spake she, and glad was brave, god-like Odysseus that she was drawing gifts from them, and winning their favor by honeyed words, while the purpose of her mind was far otherwise.

To her then spake Antinous, son of Eupeithes: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, whoever among the Achæans thinks well to bring gifts here, do you take them — for to return a gift is ungracious. But we shall not return, neither to our homesteads nor elsewhere, until you wed the noblest among the Achæans."

So spake Antinous, and his words seemed good to them. Each then sent his herald to bring gifts. Antinous' herald brought a long robe of many colors and rare beauty; on it were twelve pins, each one of gold, fitted into curved buckles. Then Eurymachus' herald brought a carved chain of gold strung with amber beads, bright as the sun. For Eurydamas the servants brought two ear-rings, carefully wrought with three drops, and glittering in full splendor. From the house of the ruler Peisander, the son of Polyctor, the servant brought a necklace, an ornament of rare beauty. And each of the Achæans brought some gracious gift or

other. Then the noble lady went up to the upper rooms, and thither her women brought the lovely gifts.

But the suitors turned with light hearts to the dance and joyous song, and awaited the close of day. And while they made merry the shadow of evening fell upon them. Then they placed in the hall three braziers to give light; round them they piled firewood long dried and well seasoned, and newly split with the axe, and among it put kindling wood; and the servants of brave Odysseus in turn kept the fires blazing. Then spake to them wise, heaven-born Odysseus himself: "Servants of Odysseus, a master long gone, go to the chamber wherein is the noble Queen. There spin at her side and sit in the chamber to gladden her, or card the wool in your hands, and I will make a light for the company; for should they choose to await bright-throned Dawn, yet will not they tire me out, so great is my patience."

So spake he, but they laughed and looked one at the other. And fair-cheeked Melantho taunted him shamefully. She was the daughter of Dolius, and Penelope had nurtured and cherished her as her own daughter, and pleased her fancy with playthings, yet had she no pity in her heart for Penelope. Then she upbraided Odysseus with words of reproach: "Luckless stranger, you surely are daft, seeing that you care not to go and sleep

in the smithy or elsewhere among the gossips, but keep on chattering here. Or has your victory over the vagabond Irus turned your head? Have a care lest some more stalwart champion than Irus arise, who will lay heavy hands about your head and drive you from the house with ugly blood-stains."

Then wise Odysseus looked grimly upon her and said: "Now at once will I go yonder to Telemachus, you hussy, and tell him how you talk, that he may tear you without ado limb from limb."

So he spake, and scared the women with his words. And as they went through the house the limbs of the women trembled with fear, for they thought his words would be fulfilled. But he stood by the flaring braziers tending the fire, with his eyes upon them, while his heart pondered a further purpose that was to be fulfilled.

But Athene did not suffer the proud suitors to curb altogether their savage violence, that yet more sorrow might visit the heart of Odysseus, son of Laertes. To them first spake Eurymachus, son of Polybus, mocking Odysseus and making sport for the company: "Hear me, suitors of the far-famed Queen, that I may speak to you as my heart within me bids. Not without the will of Heaven has this man come to the house of Odysseus. I ween surely that the gleam of the firelight falls from his head, for there is no hair on it, not a wisp."

So he spake, and therewith said to Odysseus, sacker of cities: "Stranger, would you be ready, if I should set you thereto, to work for me on a distant farm — and you will be sure of your wages — at picking out stones for fences and at planting tall trees? Bread would I give you in plenty, and clothe you, and give you sandals for your feet. But as you are versed in mean arts, it will not be to your taste to get your work done, but you will want to go about the place begging to find means to feed your ravening hunger."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "Eurymachus, would that we two might be matched in work in grass-land in spring time, when the days are long, and that I might have a well-bent sickle, and you the like, that we might measure our strength in work, fasting till late evening, and yet have grass left. Or if I had some oxen to drive, the pick of the herd, big red-skinned fellows and both well fed, matched in age and power and of no feeble strength, and a four-acre plot and the soil falling before the plough — then would you see me whether I could drive my furrow the length of the field. Yet, again, if the son of Chronos should this day stir up a war somewhere, and I had a shield and two spears and a bronze helmet fitted to my temples, then would you see me among the first in the fray, and you would no longer revile me for my greed. But you are full of insolence; your

mind is brutal. Maybe you seem great and powerful because you are in the company of a few craven fellows. But should Odysseus come and return to his native land, full soon would the doors, however wide, be too narrow for you to make your escape out through the porch."

So he spake, and Eurymachus was the more furious, and, eyeing him fiercely, spake winged words: "You wretch, full soon will I make you smart, so boldly do you speak and without thought of fear before this full company. Surely wine hath taken hold of your senses, or such, maybe, is always your spirit, wherefore you speak idly."

So he spake, and seized a stool. And Odysseus sat before the knees of Amphinomus of Dulichium in fear of Eurymachus. But Eurymachus struck the wine-bearer on his right hand, and the pitcher fell with a crash to the ground, while he was stretched groaning in the dust.

Then the suitors filled the shadowy hall with their clamor, and thus would one say, looking on his neighbor: "Would that this vagrant had perished before coming hither. Then would he not have made such an uproar among us. Now are we wrangling about these beggars, and we shall have no pleasure in our good feast, since folly prevails."

Then Prince Telemachus said to them: "Good sirs, you are beside yourselves and can no longer

take your meat and drink in peace. Some god is provoking you. But when you have had your fill, go home and seek your rest according as your heart bids you, for I will hasten no one."

So he spake, and they all looked on Telemachus, wondering at the boldness of his speech. But Amphinomus spake to them, and said: "No one, surely, would resent a just rebuke, and meet it with violent abuse. Do no hurt to the stranger, nor to any of the servants in Odysseus' house. But come, let the wine-bearer pour the first drops into the cups, that we may make libations and go home and rest. The stranger let us leave in Odysseus' palace in care of Telemachus, for to his dear home hath he come."

So spake he, and they all approved his words; and the bowl was mixed for them by the hero Mulius, the herald from Dulichium, who waited upon Amphinomus. Then he poured out diligently for each one, and they made libations to the blessed gods and drank the sweet wine. But when they had made their libations and drunk to their heart's desire, they went to seek their rest, each to his own house.

CHAPTER XV

Odysseus Talks with Penelope, and Is Recognized by Eurycleia

But great Odysseus was left in the hall contriving with Athene the death of the suitors. Then he spake winged words to Telemachus: "Telemachus, all the weapons of war we must surely hide away, and beguile the suitors with soft words when they miss them and question you. I have put them away from the smoke, since they are no longer as they were when Odysseus set out for Troy and left them, but they have become tarnished wherever the breath of the fire has reached them. Furthermore, Heaven hath put this weightier thought within my heart, the fear lest, being heated by wine, you come to blows and deal each other such hurt that you will defile the suitors' feast, for the sword itself draws a man into strife."

So spake he, and Telemachus, giving heed to his dear father, called out the nurse Eurycleia, and said to her: "Come, good mother, shut the women within the rooms that I may hide away in the chamber my father's glorious arms which have lain neglected about the house, spoiled by the smoke, since my father set out while I was still a

child; but now I wish to store them away where the heat of the fire will not reach them."

To him in answer said his dear nurse Eurycleia: "Would, my child, that you might at length learn the good sense to take care of your house and guard all your goods. But come, who will now go with you to carry a light? You will not suffer to come the servants who would have lighted you."

To her in answer spake wise Telemachus: "Here is the stranger, for I will suffer none to be idle who has his share of my bread, from far though he be come."

So he spake, nor did his words pass unheeded, but she closed the doors of the well-built chambers. Then they arose, Odysseus and his illustrious son, and carried in the helmets and bossed shields and sharp-edged weapons, while before them Pallas Athene, bearing a golden lamp, made a bright light.

Then straightway said Telemachus to his father: "Father, here is a great marvel that mine eyes behold. Of a truth the palace walls and the decorated niches and pinewood beams and lofty pillars are as clear to my sight as if a fire were blazing. There is surely within the house one of the gods who rule the wide heavens."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "Silence! be guarded, and make no question. This is the way of the gods who rule in Olympus. Do you go

to rest, and I will remain here to bewilder yet further the servants and your mother, and she in her sorrow will inquire of me diligently."

So spake he, and Telemachus by the light of the blazing brands went through the hall to his bed, where he was wont to lie whenever sweet sleep came upon him. There then he lay awaiting sacred dawn. But great Odysseus was left in the hall contriving death for the suitors with Athene's aid. Then wise Penelope came forth from her chamber, fair as Artemis or golden-haired Aphrodite. They set for her a couch cased in ivory and silver, whereon she sat; the craftsman Ikmalius had in times past made it, and set under it a footstool joined thereto, and on it was spread a great fleece. Thereon then sat wise Penelope, while from the hall came the white-armed servants and bore away bread in plenty, and the tables and cups from which the stalwart men were drinking. Then they threw the embers from the braziers upon the ground, and upon them piled abundance of logs for light and warmth. But Melantho began once more to taunt Odysseus: "Stranger, are you still going to plague us here, roaming about the house all night, spying upon the women? Begone out, you wretch, and be thankful for your share in the feast, or you will soon go out with a blow from a torch."

Then wise Odysseus looked grimly upon her,

APHRODITE

and said: "For shame! why do you rail at me with such fury? Is it because I go about begging, filthy in body and clad in vile raiment, as necessity drives me? So it is with beggars and vagrants. For I in days past was held to be a man of substance, living in a prosperous house, and many a time would I give to such a vagrant as I am, whatever his needs and his nature. Countless slaves I had, and many marks of good living, by which men are accounted rich. But Zeus, son of Chronos, despoiled me, for such it seems was his will. Wherefore then beware lest you lose your crown of grace, which gives you now the lead among the women of the house; beware lest your mistress take offence and deal harshly with you, or lest Odysseus come, for there is still some measure of hope. But if he has indeed perished, and all hope of his return is lost, yet is his son Telemachus now by the grace of Apollo of some account; he will not overlook the folly of the women of the house, for he is no longer so young."

So he spake, and wise Penelope heard him and spake reprovingly to the woman: "Beyond all measure is your shameless insolence; your bold deed is not hidden from me, but with your life you shall make amends. Full well you know, for of mine own self you have heard it, that I purposed to question the stranger in my house concerning my husband, so sore is my grief."

So she spake, and said to the dame Eurynome: "Eurynome, bring a couch and a fleece thereon, that the stranger may be seated, and may speak to me and listen to my word. I wish to question him."

So she spake, and Eurynome full speedily brought a polished couch, and, having set it down, spread thereon a fleece. Thereon sat great Odysseus, and wise Penelope began their discourse:

"Stranger, this will I myself first ask you: Who are you? Whence are you come? Where is your city? Where are your parents?"

To her in answer said wise Odysseus: "Lady, no mortal man over the boundless earth would reproach you, for your fame has reached the wide heaven, as of some righteous king who rules in fear of God over a brave and mighty people. Through his good rule the dark earth brings forth for him wheat and barley, his trees are laden with fruit, the increase of his flocks never fails, the sea yields fish, and his people prosper under him. Wherefore now question me here on every other matter, but ask me not of my birth and country, lest you fill my heart the more with sorrow at the remembrance. Weighed down am I with grief, and I may not sit in a stranger's house groaning and weeping, for it is unseemly to lament without ceasing. I fear one of the servants may be wroth with me, or maybe you yourself, and may say my

eyes are streaming because my senses are heavy with wine."

To him in answer said wise Penelope: "Good friend, the gods made the flower of my bodily beauty to fade when the Argives went on board ship for Ilium, and with them my husband Odysseus. Should he return and take in charge my substance, the greater would mine honor be and the more stainless. But now I am smitten with grief, with such a host of evils have the gods assailed me, for all the nobles who rule over the islands, Dulichium, Same, and wooded Zacynthus, and those who dwell around far-seen Ithaca, woo me against my will and waste my home. Wherefore I care not for strangers nor suppliants nor public bearers of tidings. But my dear spirit is wasted with longing for Odysseus. The suitors urge forward my marriage, but I contrive shifts. First Heaven put it into my heart to set up a great warp, and weave in the palace a sheet long and light. Then I said to them: 'Good suitors, now that great Odysseus is dead, I bid you, however eager for my marriage, wait until I finish the sheet, lest my threads be left to perish, a burial robe for the hero Laertes, against the day when he is overtaken by the dread doom of death which lays men at length. I fear lest some women of the Achæan people may be wroth with me if a man of such wealth should lie without a winding-sheet.' So I

spake, and their proud hearts assented. Then by day I would weave a great web, and by night would unravel it when I had had the torches set by me. So for three years I hid my purpose and prevailed upon the Achæans; but when the fourth year came

"The heartless wretches came upon me and caught me and railed at me."

with the return of the seasons, then, by aid of the servants, the heartless wretches, they came upon me and caught me and railed at me. Accordingly I finished it, not willingly, but of necessity. Now I have no escape from marriage, and can find no

further device; but my parents urge me instantly to marry, and my son is wroth that they devour his substance, for he knows what they do, being now a man able to have the care of his house, one on whom Zeus hath conferred renown. Howbeit, tell me of your parentage, whence you are, for you are not sprung from an oak of ancient fame, nor yet from a rock."

To her in answer said wise Odysseus: "Gracious wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, will you not make an end of questioning me of my birth? But I will tell you, even though you will afflict me with yet more sorrow than hath now hold upon me. For such is the way when a man is so long away from his country, as I am now, roaming among many cities of men in evil plight. Howbeit I will tell you what you ask of me and seek to know. There is a land, Crete, set in the wine-dark sea, a fair land, fertile and sea-girt; therein are men in great numbers, countless hosts, and ninety cities, and mingled tongues. There are Achæans, and proud Eteocretans, and Cydonians, and Dorians with tossing plumes, and god-like Pelasgians. Among the cities is Gnossus, a great city where ruled Minos, who was for nine years in the counsels of Zeus. He was the father of my father, great-hearted Deucalion. Deucalion had as sons the chieftain Idomeneus and myself. Idomeneus went away to Ilium with the Atreidæ in their curved ships. I,

who am the younger, am called by the name of Æthon; he is the elder and braver. There I saw Odysseus and gave him welcome. For, as he was making for Troy, a fierce wind drove him past Malea and brought him to land at Crete. He moored his ship at Amnisus, where is the cave of Eilithyia, in perilous havens, and had much ado to escape the storm. Straightway he went up to the city and asked for Idomeneus, for he claimed to be his dear and honored friend. But ten or eleven days had already dawned since Idomeneus had gone with his curved ships to Ilium. So I brought Odysseus to my house and gave him good welcome, and made due provision for him out of the abundance that was in the house. I gathered from the people barley cakes and bright wine, and gave them to him and his fellows who had come with him, and oxen for them to slay to their hearts' content. There for twelve days the god-like Achæans tarried, for a strong North wind raised by some angry god held their ships bound, nor yet suffered them to be beached. On the thirteenth day the wind fell, and they put to sea."

To many a lying word as he spake he gave the semblance of truth. As she heard, her tears began to flow and her flesh to moisten. And as the snow melts on the mountain peaks, for when the west wind has brought it down the east wind melts it, and the rivers flow full of the melted snow, so were

her comely cheeks moistened by her flowing tears as she wept for her husband seated by her. But Odysseus in his heart felt pity for his tearful wife. His eyes were fixed in their lids motionless as horn or iron, and he artfully hid his tears. But Penelope, when she had had her fill of tearful weeping, straightway said to him in answer: "Now, good sir, I ween I will prove you, whether you did truly, as you say, give welcome to my husband there in your house with his god-like fellows. Tell me the fashion of the raiment in which he was clad, and what manner of man he was himself, and of his fellows who were with him."

To her in answer said wise Odysseus: "Good lady, I cannot readily tell you after being so long away from him, for already this is the twentieth year since he went his way and left my country. Howbeit, I will tell you according to the image in my mind. Odysseus had a purple woollen cloak of double thickness. His brooch was of gold fitted with two sockets. In front it was cunningly worked. A dog held in his fore-feet a chased fawn, and gazed upon it as it struggled. The marvel to tell was that, though wrought in gold, the dog kept gazing at the fawn as he throttled it, and the fawn struggled with its feet as it tried to escape. I saw his close-fitting shining tunic after the manner of the skin of a dry onion, so soft was it, and bright as the sun, the mark of many a

woman's eye. This moreover I tell you, and do you bear it in mind. I know not whether Odysseus wore this clothing at home, or whether one of his fellows gave it him as he went on board the swift ship, or maybe some friend, by so many was Odysseus held dear; for but few of the Achæans were his equal. I indeed gave him a bronze sword and double-folded tunic of rich dark color and full length, and sent him away on a well-benched ship with every mark of honor. With him went a herald a little his elder, and of him I will tell you what manner of man he was. He was round-shouldered and dark-skinned and curly-haired, and his name was Eurybates. Beyond all his other followers Odysseus held him in esteem, for they were of one heart and mind."

So he spake, and yet the more stirred within the depths of her heart the desire to weep, when she knew the proofs whereby Odysseus had assured her. But when she had had her fill of tearful lamentation, then she said to him in answer: "I felt pity for you before, good friend, and now you will be held in honor and friendship in my house. For I myself folded this raiment of which you speak, and gave it him from the chamber, and I fastened thereon the shining brooch to adorn it. But Odysseus I shall never again welcome on his return to his dear country, by so evil a fate did he go to his hollow ship to visit Troy, too horrible to name."

To her said wise Odysseus in answer: "Noble wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, let the beauty of your flesh no more be wasted and your heart no more be melted in mourning for your husband. Nor yet do I reproach you, for any woman mourns the loss of her lawful husband by whom she hath borne children, though not the equal of Odysseus, whom men liken to the gods. Weep no more, but give heed to my words, for I will tell you truly and openly that, concerning the return of Odysseus, I have already heard of him alive, and near at hand, in the fertile land of the Thesprotians. He is bringing great store of precious treasures which he is asking of the people. But his trusty men and his hollow ship he lost on the wine-dark sea on his way from the Thrinacian Isle. For Zeus and Helios were wroth with him because his men had slain Helios' cows. They all perished on the boisterous sea, but he, as he rode the keel of his ship, was cast ashore by a wave on to the land of the Phæacians, a god-like race who held him in high honor in their hearts and gave him plentiful gifts, and readily sent him themselves on his way without hurt. And Odysseus would long since have been here, but he thought it would profit him more to range the country begging treasure, so well versed was Odysseus beyond all mortal men in every manner of wile, nor could any other mortal vie with him. So much did Pheidon, King of the

Thesprotians, tell me. Moreover, he swore to me myself, pouring out libations in his house, that a ship was being launched and a crew ready to send him to his dear country. But, before that could be, he sent me on my way, for a Thesprotian ship chanced to be sailing for the rich corn-lands of Dulichium. Moreover, he showed me the treasure, all that Odysseus had gathered, enough verily to maintain one after another to the tenth generation, such wealth of treasure had he stored in the king's palace. Odysseus, he said, had gone to Dodona to learn the counsel of the lofty sacred oak of Zeus, concerning the manner of his return to his dear fatherland, from which he had now been so long gone, whether it should be openly or secretly. So safe is he therefore, and he will now be coming close at hand, nor will he yet be for long far from his friends and native land. Even so I will swear to you. Let Zeus first be my witness, highest and mightiest of the gods, and the hearth of righteous Odysseus to which I am come. Verily this is all coming to pass this very year. Odysseus will come hither at the close of this month and the incoming of the next."

To him again said wise Penelope: "May it come to pass, good friend, according to your word. Then would you soon enjoy at my hands so bountiful a welcome that all who fell in with you would count you happy. But this doth my mind fore-

bode which shall surely come to pass: Odysseus will not come home, and you will not find aid for your journey, since there are no guides in the house who have such a name as Odysseus, if ever he really lived, for giving speed and welcome to honored guests. But, bathe him, maidens, and set a couch with bedding and cloaks and bright rugs, that he may sleep in warmth until the coming of golden-throned Dawn. At break of day, he may sit within the hall at the side of Telemachus, and give thought to his meat. The worse for any man of their company who does him savage hurt. No further mischief shall he do, however vehement his wrath. Short is the measure of man's days. Whoever is hard in deed and thought, on his head all men invoke evil all the days of his life, and mock at him after his death. But whoever is righteous in deed and thought, his good name is spread abroad among all men by his friends, and his praise is sounded by many."

To her said in answer wise Odysseus: "Noble wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, verily cloaks and gay coverlets have grown hateful to me since first I went aboard the long-oared ship and left the snowy mountains of Crete. But I will lie as I have been wont to pass sleepless nights. For I have lain through many a night in mean beds awaiting sacred Dawn. Nor is it to my liking that my feet should be washed; no woman shall touch my feet

among the servants of your house, unless it be some aged woman of discreet understanding, whose heart hath borne affliction deep as mine. I would not take it amiss that she should touch my feet."

To him in answer said wise Penelope: "Dear friend, never before among guests from afar has any so wise and welcome come to my house, revealing in all he says such shrewd wisdom as you. I have an old woman of sound understanding, who tenderly nursed and reared that hapless one and held him in her arms at his birth. She shall wash your feet, feeble though she be. But now come, staid Eurycleia, arise and wash one of your master's age. Odysseus, I ween, has by now such hands and feet, for men soon age with hard usage."

So she spake, and the aged woman covered her face with her hands, and, shedding hot tears, spake sorrowfully: "Alas, Odysseus, my child, how can I aid you? For verily Zeus hated you beyond all men, god-fearing though you were. For never did any man heretofore burn so many fat thighs and choice victims to Zeus the Thunderer as you offered to him, praying that you might reach a happy old age and rear a son of high renown. But now you alone have lost all hope of return. Even so the women of distant strangers would mock him when he came to their noble houses, even as these bold women one and all mock you, so that to escape their shameful insults you will not suffer

them to wash you. But the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, hath bidden me, and I readily assent thereto. Wherefore I shall wash your feet for the sake of Penelope and for your sake likewise, since my heart hath been stirred within me. But come now, give ear to my word. Many hapless strangers have come hither, but never, be sure, hath any hitherto been seen so like Odysseus as you are, in body and voice and feet."

To her in answer said wise Odysseus: "Good mother, so say all who have looked upon us both, that we are very like each other, as you yourself wisely say."

So he said, and the aged woman took a bright basin in which she was wont to wash feet, and into it poured cold water without stint, and added hot thereto. But Odysseus sat upon the hearth and turned away quickly to the shadow. For he was troubled in his mind lest when she touched him she should be ware of the scar and the truth should come to light. Then she came near and began to wash her master, and at once she knew the scar which a boar had once given him with its white tusk, as he was on his way to Parnassus, to visit Autolycus and his sons. Autolycus was his mother's noble father, who excelled men both in thievery and in oaths. To him had the god Hermes himself granted this power, for Autolycus was wont to burn to him acceptable thigh-bones

of lambs and of kids. Hermes thereupon attended him zealously. Now Autolycus on coming to the rich land of Ithaca found his daughter's son, newborn. And when he had made an end of his evening meal, Eurycleia placed the child upon his knees and, speaking to him, said: "Autolycus, do you yourself now select a name to give to your dear child's own child. Truly he is much-desired."

To her in answer said Autolycus: "My son-in-law and my daughter, give him whatsoever name I say. Now, since I am come thither, being wroth against many both men and women, throughout all the fruitful earth, let Odysseus be the name given him. And when he is in the prime of youth and comes to Parnassus to the great house of his mother, where my possessions are, then will I give him thereof and send him away rejoicing."

So Odysseus had come that Autolycus might give him the splendid gifts. Then Autolycus and the sons of Autolycus clasped him by the hands and welcomed him with kind words. And Amphithea, his mother's mother, clung to him and kissed him on the head and both his beautiful eyes. Thereupon Autolycus bade his glorious sons to make ready the feast and they hearkened to his bidding. Straightway they brought in a bullock, five years old. This they skinned and dressed and cut it into pieces. Then they sliced these skilfully, fixed them on spits, roasted them very carefully and

served out the portions. So then throughout the whole day until the setting of the sun they feasted nor did their hearts lack desire for the feast of which each partook alike. But when the sun was set and darkness came on, then at length they lay down and took the gift of sleep.

Now when early-born, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, they set out to go a-hunting, the hounds as well as the sons of Autolycus themselves, and with them went god-like Odysseus. Towards the steep, forest-clad mountain Parnassus they went and presently reached its windy slopes. Just then the sun was striking the fields, out of softly-gliding, deep-flowing Oceanus. And now the hunters came to a wooded glen. Before them ran the hounds scenting out the tracks, and behind them, the sons of Autolycus. But among these went god-like Odysseus close after the hounds, brandishing his long-shafted spear.

Now, lurking there was a huge boar in a dense thicket through which the force of the rain-beating winds could not blow, neither could the radiant sun strike it with its beams nor a thunderstorm penetrate clear through. So dense was it. And in it was a great heap of leaves. And now around the boar came the trampling of the feet of men and of hounds as they pressed forward and came upon him. Forth from the thicket came the boar, straight at them, his back all a-bristle and fire

flashing from his eyes. Hard by them he halted. Then was Odysseus the first to spring forward, raising aloft his long spear in his stout hand, eager to wound him. But the boar, quicker than he, darted sideways, struck him above the knee and with his tusk tore away much of the flesh, though not reaching the bone of the man. But Odysseus struck and wounded him on the right shoulder. Clear through shot the point of the shining spear. Moaning, the boar fell down in a cloud of dust and his life flew from him. Then the dear sons of Autolycus crowded around and deftly bound up the wound of the noble, god-like Odysseus and staunched the dark blood with a charm. Forthwith they returned to the house of their dear father. Thereupon Autolycus and the sons of Autolycus healed him fully and gave him splendid gifts and presently sent him rejoicing back to his dear fatherland, to Ithaca. Then his father and his honored mother rejoiced at his returning and inquired into every detail of how he came by the wound. So he told them clearly how, while he was hunting, a boar had struck him with his white tusk as he was on his way to Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus.

The aged woman, as she laid her hands upon the scar and stroked it, knew it, and let fall the foot. In the basin fell his leg. The bronze rang, and over fell the basin, letting the water stream upon

the ground. Joy and grief at once took hold upon her mind, her eyes were filled with tears, and the flow of her words was stayed. Then she laid her hands upon Odysseus' chin, and said: "'Tis true thou art Odysseus, dear child, nor yet did I know thee until I had touched my master."

She spake and turned her eyes on Penelope, wishing to make her ware of her dear husband being in the house; but she could neither look upon her nor take note, for Athene turned her thoughts aside. But Odysseus felt about him, and, laying on her chin his right hand, with the other drew her close, and said: "Good mother, why do you seek my undoing? It was you who nurtured me upon your breast. Now, after much hard usage, I am returned to mine own land in the twentieth year. But as you have discovered me and Heaven hath made you aware, be silent lest some other in the house learn of it. For this do I tell you, and so shall it come to pass: If Heaven subdue the proud suitors under my hand, my nurse though you were, I will not spare you when the hour comes that I slay the other women in mine house."

To him in answer said discreet Eurycleia: "My child, what a word hath escaped the ring of your teeth! You know how steadfast is my spirit and unflinching. I will be as unyielding as hard stone or iron. This, too, I tell you, and bid you give heed thereto: If Heaven subdue the proud suitors

under your hand, then will I tell you of the women in the house, of those who hold you in disdain, and of those who are without remorse."

To her said wise Odysseus: "Mother, why tell me of them? There is no need. I myself shall now take good note of them and find them out. Keep your counsel, and put your trust in Heaven."

So he spake, and the aged woman went out through the hall to fetch the water for washing, for what she first brought had all been spilt. But when she had washed him and anointed him with olive-oil, Odysseus again drew the couch nearer the fire to warm himself, and covered the scar with his rags.

Then wise Penelope began to speak before them: "Good friend, this one more question will I ask you, a little matter, for soon will come the hour of rest for all of whom gentle sleep takes hold even in trouble. But me hath Heaven afflicted with sorrow without end. For by day, though mourning and lamenting, I take pleasure in overlooking the work with which I myself and my women are busied in the house. But as soon as night comes, and all are wrapped in sleep, I lie upon my bed, and tormenting cares, crowding about my burdened heart, embitter my grief. As when the daughter of Pandareus, the brown nightingale, renews her sweet song at the coming of spring, perched among the thick leaves of the trees, and

with ever-changing note pours forth her babbling voice, lamenting her dear child Itylus, son of King Zethus, whom she blindly slew with the sword, so is the purpose of my heart divided, whether to stay with my son and guard in safety all my substance and my servants and my great and lofty palace, having due regard to my marriage and the people's talk, or whether to follow now the noblest of the Achæans who seeks my hand and offers countless gifts. My son, while yet a thoughtless child, would not suffer me to leave my husband's house and marry. But now that he is upgrown and hath reached manhood, he even prays that I should leave the house, so greatly concerned is he about his substance which the Achæans are devouring. But come, hear my dream and interpret it. Twenty of my geese feed in my palace from their water-trough, and it is my delight to watch them. But a great eagle with hooked beak flew down from the mountain and pounced upon their necks and killed them. They lay heaped about the hall, and the eagle rose into the sacred air. I indeed began in my dream to weep and bewail, and the fair-haired Achæan women gathered round me as I piteously lamented that the eagle had killed my geese. Then he flew back, and, perching upon a jutting beam, stayed my tears with human speech, and said: 'Be of good courage, daughter of far-famed Icarius. No dream is this, but the

blessed truth, which shall indeed come to pass. The geese are the suitors. I was before the eagle, but am now come back as your husband to deal out to each of the suitors his dismal fate.' So he spake, but sweet sleep left me, and, looking about me, I saw the geese in the hall feeding upon wheat in the trough as they were wont."

To her said wise Odysseus in answer: "Good lady, I may not give any other turn to the interpretation of the dream since Odysseus himself hath made known how he will bring it to pass. The suitors are faced every one with destruction, and none shall escape the doom of death."

To him in answer said wise Penelope: "Truly, good friend, dreams are a tangle that none can unravel, nor are men sure of their fulfilment. Of two sorts are the gates by which fleeting dreams go forth — the one sort fashioned of horn, the other of ivory. Those which go forth through the smooth cut ivory with smooth deceit tell idle tales; those that pass through the planed horn bring truly to pass whatever they make plain. But my doleful dream did not, I ween, pass through that gate. Welcome would it have been to me and my son if it had. This, too, will I tell you, and do you bear it in mind: Now is dawning that fatal day which will part me from Odysseus' house. For now will I set a test, the axes which he used to set up in order in the hall like ship's blocks, twelve in all.

He was wont to stand at a distance and shoot an arrow through them. Now will I lay upon the suitors this test. Whoever stretches the bow in his hands with most ease and shoots through all the twelve axes, him will I follow, leaving this my bridal home so stately and so stocked with good cheer, to call it to mind, I ween, only in dreams."

To her in answer said wise Odysseus: "Noble wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, delay no longer this trial in the palace. For wise Odysseus will return hither before these men take the well-polished bow in their hands to stretch the string and shoot through the axes."

To him in answer said wise Penelope: "Should it be your will, good friend, to sit by me in the hall for my pleasure, no sleep would be shed upon my eyelids. But men cannot be for ever without sleep. The gods have ordered for men upon the fruitful earth that everything should be in measure. Therefore will I go up into my chamber and lay me down upon my bed, which has become so mournful and tear-stained from the day when Odysseus set out to visit Troy, too horrible to name. There will I lie. But you shall lie here in the house. Either you shall spread your bed upon the ground or the women shall set a bed for you."

Thus she spake, and went up to her bright

chamber above, not alone, for with her went also her women. So she went up to her chamber with her waiting-women, and wept for Odysseus her dear husband, until grey-eyed Athene shed sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

"Grey-eyed Athene shed sweet sleep upon her eyelids."

CHAPTER XVI

Odysseus Is Encouraged by Good Omens

So he lay at rest in the porch, the great Odysseus. Beneath him he spread an untanned ox-hide, and above a number of fleeces of the sheep slain by the Achæans, and Eurynome threw over him a cloak as he lay. There Odysseus lay awake, purposing in his heart the hurt of the suitors. Then the women who bore themselves frowardly before the suitors went out from the hall laughing and making merry together. His wrath was stirred in his dear breast, and he pondered deeply in his mind and heart whether to rush upon them and to make an end of them, or to leave them one night more, and his heart cried out within him. As a dog, prowling round her weakling cubs, growls at a stranger, ready to fly at him, so did his heart growl within him, so wroth was he at their wrongdoing. He struck his breast and spake reproachfully to his heart: "Courage, heart! far more brutal usage did you suffer on the day when that untamed monster Cyclops devoured my brave men; but you showed a bold front until by a trick you escaped from the cave when you were expecting death." So he spake, upbraiding his dear heart in his breast, but his purpose remained firm and his

spirit unbroken. He himself kept tossing from side to side; as when a man keeps turning over on a blazing fire a paunch filled with fat and blood, yet longs for it to be speedily roast, so did he keep tossing from side to side, pondering how he should, albeit one among many, lay hands on the shameless suitors. Down from heaven came Athene and stood at his side. She took the likeness of a woman, and, standing above his head, spake to him: "Why are you so wakeful, most hapless of men? Here is your house, here within it your wife and son, such as one would wish a son to be."

To her in answer said wise Odysseus: "Yes, indeed, Goddess, all your words are well spoken, but my heart within me is considering this, how without aid I may lay hands on the shameless suitors, for the house is ever crowded with them. Furthermore, a graver thought is in my mind. If I should kill them with the help of Zeus and your own self, how shall I make my escape? That I bid you tell me."

To him in answer said the grey-eyed goddess Athene: "Hard indeed are you to bend. A man trusts his comrade though feebler than himself, be he but a mortal man unpracticed in guile. But I am a goddess who guard you unfailingly through every toil. I will tell you openly. Though fifty companies of mortal men should stand about us seeking to slay us in battle, yet would you drive off

even their oxen and fat sheep. But let sleep overcome you. Hard it is that a man should lie awake and on the watch all night, and even now you will escape from your perils."

So she spake, and shed sleep upon his eyelids, but the goddess herself came back to Olympus.

When sleep took hold of him, setting his mind at ease and his limbs at rest, then his faithful wife awoke and sat weeping upon her soft couch. But when she had wept to her heart's content, to Artemis first the noble lady prayed: "Artemis, gracious goddess, daughter of Zeus, would that even now you would pierce my breast with an arrow and take my life, or that a storm might seize me and carry me as it swept by along the paths of gloom, to cast me forth where the coils of Ocean have their outlet. We can take and bear trouble when we weep by day with a heavy burden of grief upon our hearts, but by night are wrapped in sleep; for sleep as soon as it covers our eyes puts all out of mind, both good and evil. But the gods afflict me yet further with evil dreams. For this night again there lay by me one like Odysseus, such as he was when he set out with the host. My heart was glad, for I thought it was now no dream, but the truth."

So she spake, and forthwith came Dawn on her golden throne. But as she wept great Odysseus caught her voice; and as he mused it seemed to

him that she stood by his head knowing him. So he gathered up the cloak and the fleece wherein he had slept, and set them on a chair in the hall, and, taking the ox-hide, laid it outside. Then he lifted up his hands and prayed to Zeus: "Father Zeus, seeing that, after dealing despitefully with me, you have graciously brought me over dry land and sea to mine own country, let some of those who are awake in the house utter a word of good omen, or let some other heavenly sign appear from without."

So he spake in prayer, and Zeus the Counsellor heard him, and straightway from the clouds above fell a thunderclap from bright Olympus, and great Odysseus was glad. Then a word of good omen was spoken by a woman grinding corn hard by in the house, where their master had set his mill-stones, at which twelve women were wont all to labor, making meal and flour for the sustenance of men. The rest were asleep, having ground their wheat, but one alone, being the weakest among them, had not yet ceased from her labor. So she stopped the mill, and spake a word which was of good omen to her master: "Father Zeus, ruler of gods and men, verily thou hast thundered loud from the starry heaven, cloudless though it be; surely thou art showing to someone a sign. Poor wretch that I am, may the prayer that I utter be fulfilled. May this be the very last day that the

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suitors banquet in Odysseus' palace, for they have made my strength fail with the heart-breaking toil of grinding their barley. May this be their last feast." So she spake, and great Odysseus rejoiced at the omen and the thunder of Zeus, for he said he would avenge himself on the evil-doers.

Now the other servants gathered together in Odysseus' stately palace, and began to kindle on the hearth the unresting fire. But god-like Telemachus arose from his bed, and, having put his raiment about him, hung his sharp sword over his shoulder. Under his smooth feet he bound his beauteous sandals, and took in hand his strong spear with sharp point of bronze. He came and stood on the threshold, and said to Eurycleia: "Good mother, have you given the stranger due welcome in the house with bed and food, or is he left wholly forgotten? For such is the way of my mother, discreet though she be, she gives needless regard to some worthless mortal, and sends away an honorable man with contempt."

To him in answer said wise Eurycleia: "Do not now reproach her, my child, without cause. For he has sat as long as he wished drinking wine. But bread he said he did not now want, for she asked him. But as soon as he turned his thoughts to rest and sleep, she bade her servants make up a bed; yet he, poor hapless wretch! would not sleep on beds and bedding, but lay in the porch under

fleeces and untanned ox-hide. Howbeit, we threw a cloak upon him."

So she spake, and Telemachus went out through the hall with his spear, and after him followed two swift dogs. And he set out for the place of assembly to join the well-armed Achæans.

But noble Eurycleia called again to the servants: "Bestir yourselves, make haste to sweep and sprinkle the floor, and throw dark rugs upon the well-made chairs. Let others rub the tables with sponges and clean the bowls and well-wrought double cups. Yet others must go to the spring for water, and bring it with all speed. For the suitors will not be long away from the palace, but will be back full early, for there is a feast for everyone."

So she spake, and they heard her readily and obeyed. Twenty of them went to the dark-watered spring, while others of them went skilfully to work where they were in the house. Then in came the servants of the Achæans. They split wood deftly and featly, and the women came back from the spring. Along with them came the swineherd driving three hogs, the choicest of the herd. These he left to feed in the spacious courtyards, while to Odysseus he said graciously: "Good friend, have the Achæans more respect for you, or do they use you in the palace as despitefully as heretofore?"

To him said wise Odysseus in answer: "May the

gods, Eumæus, avenge the insults which these men heap upon me in another's house, contriving vile deeds with no thought of shame."

So they spake together, and near them came Melanthius the goatherd, with the finest goats in the flock for the suitors' feast, and after him followed two herdsmen. The goats he tethered under the echoing portico, while to Odysseus he said in mocking words: "Stranger, will you yet plague us, begging of the chieftains in the house? Will you not yet begone? I think surely we shall not part until we have come to blows, so unmannerly is your begging. Moreover, the Achæans hold feasts elsewhere."

So he spake, but Odysseus answered never a word, but shook his head with dark resolve.

After them came Philœtius, a chief herdsman, bringing for the suitors a barren heifer and fat goats. These had been brought across by the ferrymen, who carry anyone who comes to their country. He tied the beasts fast under the echoing corridor. Then he questioned the swineherd standing near him: "Who is this stranger, swineherd, who has newly come to our house? Of what race does he count himself? Where is his stock and the land of his birth? Poor wretch! He has the bearing of a king. While the gods give even kings their portion of sorrow, much more do they plunge in misery distant wayfarers."

So he spake, and, standing at his side, gave his right hand in welcome, and spake to him winged words: "Hail, good father! May happiness be in store for you, though now you are overwhelmed by a host of ills. Father Zeus, no god is more ruthless than thou. Without pity dost thou beset men, even of thine own creating, with misery and bitter woe. I broke into a sweat at the sight, and mine eyes filled with tears as I thought of Odysseus for I ween he is wandering among strangers clad in just such rags, if he still lives and looks upon the light of the sun. But if he be already dead and in the dwellings of Hades, then alas for righteous Odysseus, who set me while a lad in charge of his oxen among the Cephallenians. The cattle now are grown countless, nor could any man's stock of wide-browed cattle increase faster. But strangers bid me keep bringing them for their own use. They care nothing for his son in his palace. Nor do they fear the wrath of Heaven, for they are already eager to share among themselves the wealth of my master now so long gone. This, then, doth my mind within my dear breast keep turning over: It would be a great wrong to set off with the cattle, while his son is living, to another land, even to be with strangers. Yet it is worse to remain here in evil plight in charge of strangers' herds. In truth, I would long since have gone to join some other mighty king, so insufferable are

their deeds. But I look still for my hapless master, whether he may not come and scatter the suitors about his house."

To him in answer said wise Odysseus: "Good neatherd, you seem a man neither of craven heart nor feeble wit, and I know myself that wisdom hath entered your mind. Wherefore will I tell you, and confirm my words with a mighty oath. Let Zeus before all gods be my witness, and the table at which I have found welcome, and the hearth of righteous Odysseus to which I am come. Of a truth, Odysseus will return home while you are here, and with your own eyes you will see the death of the suitors that hold sway here."

To him in answer said the neatherd: "May the son of Chronos, my friend, accomplish your word. Then will you soon learn what strength and prowess I have at need."

In like manner did Eumæus pray to all the gods that wise Odysseus might return to his home.

So spake they to each other, but the suitors were contriving the doom and death of Telemachus. But on their left came a bird, a high-flying eagle holding a timid dove.

Then Amphinomus spake to them, saying: "Good friends, this purpose of ours to slay Telemachus will not go well; let us turn our thoughts to the feast."

So spake Amphinomus, and they assented to his

words. Then they came to great Odysseus' house, and, having spread their cloaks upon the couches and chairs, sacrificed great sheep and fat goats. Hogs, too, they sacrificed, and a heifer from the herd. Then they roasted the entrails, and gave to each his portion, and mixed wine in the bowls. The swineherd set round the cups, and Philœtius, foremost of his fellows, served them out bread in beautiful baskets, while Melanthius poured out the wine. Then they laid hands on the good cheer set ready for them.

But Telemachus with cunning purpose made Odysseus sit down within the stately hall beside the stone threshold, placing for him a shabby stool and a small table. Before him he set portions of the entrails, and pouring wine into a golden cup, said to him: "Be seated here now among the men and drink your wine. I myself will restrain the jeerings and blows of all the suitors, since this is not a public house, but the palace of Odysseus. For me did he acquire it. And do you, suitors, curb your spirits from abuse and blows that no strife or quarrel may arise."

So he spake, but they bit their lips and marveled at Telemachus who spake overboldly. Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, said to them: "Hard though it be, Achæans, let us accept the word of Telemachus though he speaks to us very threateningly. For Zeus, son of Chronos, did not suffer it;

else would we ere this have curbed him in the palace shrill talker though he be."

So spake Antinous, but Telemachus did not take heed of his words. And now the heralds were leading throughout the city the holy sacrifices of the gods and the long-haired Achæans assembled beneath a shady grove of far-shooting Apollo.

But when they had roasted the outer flesh and helped themselves, they divided the portions and ate a splendid feast. And those who were serving set by the side of Odysseus a portion equal to what they themselves received, for so Telemachus, the dear son of god-like Odysseus, bade them.

But Athene would in no wise suffer the insolent suitors to desist from heart-grieving outrage, in order that pain might sink yet deeper into the heart of Odysseus, son of Laertes. Now there was among the suitors, a certain man, versed in lawlessness. Ctesippus was his name and his home was situated in Same. He, trusting in his countless possessions, wooed the wife of long-absent Odysseus. He now spake among the haughty suitors: "Hear me, you proud suitors, that I may say something. A portion has the stranger just now had, an equal portion, as is befitting, for it is not well nor just to maltreat the friends of Telemachus, whosoever may come to this house. But come, I too will give him a welcome gift that he also may present a gift of honor either to the bath-attendant or to some

other of the serving-women who are in the house of the god-like Odysseus."

So saying, he hurled with a stout hand the hoof of an ox, taking it from a basket where it lay. But Odysseus, turning his head slightly, avoided it and in his heart he smiled bitterly. And the hoof struck the well-built wall. Then Telemachus spake and upbraided Ctesippus: "Ctesippus, this was surely rather fortunate for your life. You did not strike the stranger since he himself avoided the missile, for truly would I have struck you through the middle with my sharp-pointed spear and instead of a wedding-feast, your father would now be attending to your funeral. Wherefore, let no man appear unseemly in my house, for now I observe and understand every deed, the good and the evil, though formerly I was still like a child. But yet we look upon these deeds and suffer them while our flocks are being slaughtered, our wine drunk and our food wasted, for hard it is for one man to curb many. But come, bear me no further ill-will and do me no harm. But if you seek even now to slay me with the sword, even that would I prefer. It would be far the better way to die than ever to behold these shameless deeds, strangers being maltreated and guests shamefully dragging the women-servants about through the beautiful halls."

So he spake and all then were hushed to silence.

But after some time, Agelaus, son of Damastor, at length said to them: "Friends, surely no man should be wroth and assail with wrangling words one who has spoken upon clear right. Do not further maltreat the stranger nor any of the slaves that are in the house of god-like Odysseus. But to Telemachus and his mother I would speak a friendly word, if perchance it may please the minds of both of them. So long as the hearts in your breasts had hoped that wary Odysseus would return to his own home, so long was there no cause for just resentment that we waited and restrained the suitors in your halls, since this was far the better way if Odysseus had returned and come back to his house. But now is this certain, that he is likely to return no more. But come, sit down beside your mother and tell her this, to marry whatever man is the best and offers most, so that you may safely enjoy all your father's substance, in eating and drinking, and that she may take charge of the house of another."

To him in answer said wise Telemachus: "No, Agelaus, by Zeus and by the woes of my father, who somewhere far from Ithaca has perished or is wandering about, in no wise do I thwart my mother's marriage but I bid her wed whomever she may wish and I promise her countless gifts aforetime. But I shame to drive her away from

the hall against her will by a constraining word. May no god bring this to pass."

So spake Telemachus, but in the suitors Pallas Athene stirred up unquenchable laughter and led their minds astray. So they laughed with unnatural laughter and ate the flesh all defiled with blood. Filled with tears were their eyes and their hearts were intent on grief. Then god-like Theoclymenus also spake among them: "Wretched men! What evil is it that you suffer? Wrapt in night are your heads and your faces and your knees beneath you. Kindled is lamentation. Flooded with tears are your cheeks and with blood are besprinkled the walls and the beautiful rafters. Full of phantoms is the porch, and full also the court-yard, of phantoms that hasten to Erebus beneath the nether darkness. The sun has perished utterly from heaven and an evil mist is spread over all."

So he spake, but all laughed at him merrily. And Eurymachus was the first to speak to him: "Senseless is the stranger that has newly come from afar. But quick, young men, escort him from the house, out of doors, to go to the place of assembly since this place he deems like night."

Thereupon god-like Theoclymenus spake and said: "Eurymachus, in no wise do I bid you send guides with me. I have eyes and ears and two feet and in my breast a ready mind that is in no

wise unseemly. With these will I go forth out of doors since I perceive coming upon you an evil which none of the suitors may escape nor avoid; not one of you, who in the palace of god-like Odysseus maltreat men and contrive reckless deeds."

So saying, he went forth from the stately halls and came to Peiræus who received him kindly. Then all the suitors glancing at one another sought to anger Telemachus by laughing at his guests. And thus would one of the insolent youths speak: "Telemachus, no one else is more unfortunate in his guests than you, seeing that you entertain such a begging vagabond as this, wanting bread and wine and in no wise practiced either in works of industry or deeds of strength, but a mere cumberer of the earth. And now again, this other fellow stood up to prophesy. Howbeit, if you would hearken to me, this would be far the better way. Let us cast these strangers into a well-benched ship and we will send them to the Sicilians whence they would bring in a goodly price."

So spake the suitors, but Telemachus heeded not their words. Silently he watched his father, ever waiting until at length he should lay hands upon the shameless suitors.

But the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, had set her beautiful chair over against them and heard the words of each of the men in the halls. For they laughed and made ready their feast, a

pleasant one and satisfying, since they had slaughtered ever so many beasts. But in no wise could any meal have been more unpleasant than the feast which a goddess and a mighty man were right soon to set before them. For they were the first to contrive shameless deeds.

CHAPTER XVII

The Trial of the Bow

But the grey-eyed goddess Athene put it into the mind of wise Penelope, daughter of Icarius, to offer the suitors the bow and the grey iron axes in Odysseus' palace, to be a trial of strength which brought them to their doom. She mounted the lofty stair of her palace, and taking in her strong hand a beautitul curved key of bronze with an ivory handle thereon, made her way with her women to her chamber at the far end. There were stored her lord's treasures — bronze, and gold, and tough iron. There, too, lay his curved bow and the quiver for his arrows, wherein were a number of pitiless arrows, which had been given him by his friend Iphitus, a god-like hero, when they met in Lacedæmon. This bow great Odysseus was not wont to take with him when he went to war with his black ships, but it was left in its place in the palace in remembrance of his dear friend. But in his own country he was wont to carry it.

But when the noble lady came to that chamber and stepped upon the threshold of oakwood, which a carpenter had aforetime deftly planed and straightened to the line, fitting doorposts thereto and fastening thereon polished doors, then she

speedily loosened the thong from the handle, and, having thrust in the key, pushed back the bars with straight aim.

The beautiful doors groaned hoarse as a bull grazing in a meadow, so did they groan as they flew back struck by the key. Then she went up to the raised flooring. There stood the chests, in which were stored fragrant raiment. Thence she reached out and took from its peg the bow and the polished case, too, which covered it.

Thereupon she sat down, and, laying the bow on her dear knees, wept full loud as she took out her lord's bow. But when she had taken her fill of tearful weeping, she set out for the hall to join the haughty suitors, carrying the curved bow and the quiver that held the arrows, and well filled it was with cruel arrows. Her women with her brought a chest in which was great store of iron and brass, her lord's weapons of combat. When the noble lady came before the suitors, she stood by the pillar of the firmly-set roof, holding before her cheeks her bright veil. Then she spake to the suitors, and said: "Hear me, proud suitors, who are eager to eat and drink without respite all that is in this house while its master is so long away. Nor could you shelter yourselves behind any tale but that you desired to marry me and make me your wife. But come, suitors, your guerdon is before you. For I will give you as a test great Odysseus'

"Penelope set out for the hall."

mighty bow. Whoever bends the bow most easily in his hands and shoots through all the twelve axes, him will I follow, leaving my marriage home so stately and full of good living, to remember it, I ween, hereafter in my dreams."

So she spake, and bade Eumæus, the good swineherd, offer the suitors the bow and axes of grey iron. Eumæus took them weeping and set them down, and the neatherd began to weep in his place when he saw his master's bow.

But Antinous rated them, and said: "Senseless clowns, feckless cowards, why do you shed tears and disquiet the woman's heart within her, which hath its own burden of grief for the loss of her dear husband? Sit quietly at meat, or go and weep outside, leaving the bow here, a woeful test for the suitors; for this well-polished bow will not, I ween, be easily bent. For there is no man here among all these such as Odysseus was. I saw himself; I remember it well, though I was but a child."

So he spake, wishing within his heart to stretch the string and shoot through the axes. Now it was fated that he should be the first to taste the arrow from the hand of righteous Odysseus, whom he had before insulted from his seat in the hall, urging every one of the company thereto.

To them then said Prince Telemachus: "Alas! Zeus, the son of Chronos, made me dull of wit. My dear mother says, and wisely, that she will leave

this house to follow a stranger. But I am laughing and making merry in the folly of my heart. But come, suitors, for there is before you this guerdon — a woman to whom there is no equal throughout the Achæan land, neither at sacred Pylos, nor at Argos, nor at Mycenæ. Yea, you know it yourselves; what need that I should praise my mother? Come, use no more pretence, with intent to make delay; be not yet longer shy of stringing the bow, that we may see, and I will myself try my hand thereat. But if I bend the bow and shoot through the axes, my noble mother will not then bring sorrow upon me by leaving this house and going with another, so long as I am left behind, able to win even now my father's glorious prizes."

So he spake, and leaped up, throwing from his shoulders his purple cloak. His sharp sword, too, he threw from his shoulders. First he set up the axes, having dug one long trench for them all. He straightened them to the line, and rammed the earth around them. And they marvelled every one to see how carefully he set them, though he had not before seen it done.

Then he went to the threshold, and, standing there, began to try the bow. Three times he made it tremble, striving to bend it; three times he stayed his effort with this hope in his heart — that he would draw the string and shoot through the axes. Now would he have stretched it, drawing

it back for the fourth time with all his strength; but Odysseus signed to him, and stayed him for all his longing.

Then said to them Prince Telemachus: "For shame! It seems I shall ever be a coward and a weakling, or I am too young, and cannot yet trust to my hands to withstand a man who provokes a quarrel. But come, you who surpass me in strength, make trial of the bow, and let us decide the contest."

So saying, he laid aside the bow on the ground, leaning it against the well-planed, close-fitting doors, and thereby against the beautiful bow-tip he propped the sharp arrow. Then he sat down again on the seat whence he had arisen.

But Antinous, son of Eupeithes, said to them: "Arise, each one of the company, from left to right, beginning where the first cup is filled."

So spake Antinous, and they assented thereto. The first to stand up was Leiodes, the son of Œnops, who was their soothsayer, and sat always at the far end by the beautiful bowl. To him alone were their dark deeds hateful, and he was angered with every one of the suitors. He then was the first to take the bow and sharp arrow. Then he went to the threshold, and, standing there, made trial of the bow, yet could he not bend it. Ere that his hands, tender from little use, were wearied with drawing it. Then he said to the suitors: "Good

friends, I cannot bend it; let some other take it. Many a chieftain will this bow rob of life and spirit, for, indeed, it is much better to die than live and lose the guerdon for which we remain here in company, hoping from day to day. Now one or other of us cherishes the hope and nurses the desire to wed Penelope, wife of Odysseus. But as soon as he tries the bow and sees it, then let him seek the hand of some other of the richly attired Achæan women with offer of gifts. And let her then wed whoever proffers most gifts and is destined to come."

So he spake, and laid aside the bow, leaning it against the well-planed, close-fitting doors, and propped the sharp arrow thereby against the beautiful bow-tip. Then he once more sat down on the seat whence he had arisen.

But Antinous reproached him, and said: "Leiodes, how dark and unkindly a word hath escaped the ring of your teeth — it angers me to hear it — that this bow will rob the chieftains of life and spirit, seeing that you cannot bend it. For your noble mother did not bear you of the make to draw bow and arrow. But the other proud suitors shall soon bend the bow."

So he spake, and called upon Melanthius the goatherd: "Up now, Melanthius, kindle a fire in the hall, set before it a roomy couch with a fleece thereon, and bring out a great ball of lard from the

house, that we younger ones, having warmed the bow and smeared it with fat, may make proof of it and bring the rivalry to an end."

So he spake, and Melanthius straightway kindled the unwearying fire, and brought a couch, which he placed before it with a fleece thereon, and brought out a great ball of lard from the house. So the young chieftains warmed the bow and tried it. Yet could they not bend it, for they fell far short in strength. But Antinous still withheld his hand, and god-like Eurymachus, the first among the suitors, who greatly excelled in prowess.

Now they two went out together in company, the neatherd and great Odysseus' swineherd, and after them went great Odysseus himself. But when they were come beyond the gates and the courtyard, he spake to them, giving utterance to gentle words: "Neatherd, and you also, swineherd, shall I speak the word or keep mine own counsel? My heart bids me speak. What manner of helpmeets would you be for Odysseus if he should come all unawares by the guidance of some god? Would you stand by the suitors or by Odysseus? Speak as your heart and spirit bids you."

To him in answer said the valiant herdsman: "Father Zeus, I would this wish might be fulfilled, that this man might return under the guidance of heaven, and you might know what might and prowess I can bring to bear."

In like manner Eumæus prayed to all the gods for the return of wise Odysseus to his home.

But when he had made himself sure of their purpose, he said again to them in answer: "Here at home am I myself returned in the twentieth year to mine own country, after suffering many ills. I know that you alone among my servants have wished for my coming. Not one of the others have I heard praying that I might come again restored to my home. But to you I will make known the truth as it shall come to pass. If the gods indeed subdue the proud suitors under my hand, I will choose for each of you a wife, and will bestow upon each of you riches and a well-built house hard by mine own. Then you shall be to me as the comrades and brothers of Telemachus. But, see, I will show you another clear sign that you may know me surely, and that your hearts may believe, even the scar where a boar once wounded me with his white tusk as I was on my way to Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus."

So he spake, and pushed back his rags from the great scar. When they looked upon it and were fully assured, then they threw their arms about great Odysseus and wept, and lovingly kissed his head and shoulders; and Odysseus likewise kissed their heads and hands. Now would the bright sun have set upon their weeping had not Odysseus himself stayed them, saying: "Make an end of

your weeping and lamentation, lest someone coming out from the hall see you, and, furthermore, tell those within. Come not in together, but one at a time — first I myself, then you — and let this be given as a token. All the others, even the proud suitors, will suffer no one to give me the bow and quiver. But I bid you, good Eumæus, bring the bow through the hall and place it in my hands, and tell the women to close the firmly-set doors of the hall; and if any of them hear groaning or clamor from the men within our hall, bid them not look out, but abide there quietly at their work. But I charge you, good Philœtius, to make fast the gates of the courtyard with the key, and hastily fasten the knot."

So he spake, and passed into the well-built house. Then he went and sat upon the couch from which he had arisen. Likewise there came in the two servants of great Odysseus.

But Eurymachus was even now handling the bow, warming it on this side and that by the flame of the fire; but not even then could he bend it, and deeply did he groan in his great heart. Then he spake in deep dismay, and said: "Alas! a sorry business is this, both for me and for every one of you. I trouble not so much about the marriage, vexatious though it be. There are, indeed, other Achæan women, some even in sea-girt Ithaca, some in other cities. But if we truly fall so far short of great

Odysseus' strength that we cannot bend the bow, to our shame will men hereafter learn of it."

To him in answer said Antinous, son of Eupeithes: "This shall not be, Eurymachus; you yourself know it. For the people are even now holding the sacred feast of that god. Who, then, would stretch a bow? Lay it quietly aside. For should we leave all the axes standing, no one, I ween, will come within the hall of Odysseus, son of Laertes, and take them. But come, let the wine-bearer pour the first drops into the cups, that we may pour out offerings, and then lay aside the curved bow. And at dawn bid Melanthius the goatherd bring the very choicest goats of all the herds, that when we have offered the thigh-bones to Apollo, the renowned archer, we may make trial of the bow and settle the rivalry."

So spake Antinous, and they assented to his word. Then the heralds poured water upon their hands, and the young men filled the bowls with wine, and gave to each man the first portion in the cups. And when they had poured out offerings and drunk to their hearts' content, then said to them Odysseus with cunning purpose: "Give ear, suitors of the far-famed Queen, I entreat Eurymachus above all, and noble Antinous also, seeing how wisely he hath spoken, bidding us lay aside now the bow and commit it to the charge of the gods, and at dawn Apollo will give mastery to whom he

wills. But come, give me the polished bow, that I may make proof among you of my prowess and strength, whether there is still in my supple limbs the same force as in past days, or whether travel and want have wasted it."

So he spake, and they were all vehemently wroth, fearing he might bend the smooth bow. And Antinous railed at him, and said: "You wretched stranger, you have no sense, none at all. Are you not content to sit at your ease, feasting with us mighty men, enjoying your full share, and listening to our tales and talk? No other begging stranger listens to our tales. You are the worse for sweet wine, which is hurtful to any man who swills it down, instead of drinking in measure. Wherefore, I tell you that you shall rue it if you bend the bow. For you shall meet with no mercy in this house, but we will send you in a black ship to King Echetus, who spares none, from whom you will have no escape. But take your drink quietly, and do not pick quarrels with men younger than you."

To him said wise Penelope in answer: "Antinous, it is neither seemly nor right to deal harshly with any that come to this house as Telemachus' guests. Think you that, if the stranger should bend the bow in the full confidence of his strength and skill, he would take me to his house and make me his wife? He himself, be sure, hath no such thought in his heart. No one of you as you sit

here at the feast need feel troubled on that account, for never, be sure, would that be likely."

To her in answer said Eurymachus: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, that this fellow should take you for his wife is far from our thoughts; there is no likelihood thereof. But we shun the common talk, lest perchance some Achæan of low degree should say: 'Right feeble are the men who seek to wed the wife of an honorable man. They fail utterly to bend the bow, but a stranger coming this way, a roving fellow, bent the bow with ease and shot through the axes.' So will they talk, and on us will fall the reproach."

To him in answer said wise Penelope: "Eurymachus, men who wantonly waste a chieftain's substance can never have a good name among the people. Why, then, account this a reproach? This stranger is a well-built man of great stature, and claims for his birth to be a chieftain's son. But, come, give him the bow that we may see. For this I tell you, and so shall it come to pass: If ever he should bend it, and Apollo should grant him his prayer, I will give him to wear a cloak and tunic, goodly raiment, and will give him a sharp javelin for a defence against dogs and men, and a two-edged sword. Sandals moreover I will give him, for his feet, and send him on his way wherever the desire of his heart bids him go."

To her in answer said wise Telemachus: "Dear

mother, of all the Achæans, whether they hold sway over rugged Ithaca or on the grass-lands towards Elis, no one hath a better right than I to give the bow to whom I will, or to withhold it. No one of them shall forcibly hinder me should I wish to hand over the bow once and for all to the stranger for his use. But do you go within the house and take in hand your work there, the loom and distaff, and bid your women move to and fro at their task. But the bow shall be left to the care of us men, and above all of me, the one who rules in the house."

So Penelope went back to the house wondering, for she laid to her heart her son's wise words. Then she went up to her chamber with her women, and wept for Odysseus, her dear husband, until grey-eyed Athene shed sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

Then the good swineherd fetched the curved bow while the whole company of suitors were clamoring in the hall. And thus would one of the haughty young chieftain's speak: "Whither are you taking the curved bow, you miserable swineherd? Full soon your own breed of ravening dogs will devour you in a lone place among the swine, if such be the gracious pleasure of Apollo and the other immortals." So they spake, but he took and set it down where he stood in fear of the crowd clamoring in the hall.

But Telemachus shouted at him from the other

side, reviling him: "Bring along the bow, old man. Soon will you rue it if you listen to them all; beware lest I pelt you with stones and drive you out of the town; I am younger than you and

"She went to her chamber and wept for Odysseus."

stronger. I would that in like measure I surpassed all the suitors in the house in strength and prowess. Then would I soon send some of them off from the house with hard blows, so dark are their designs."

So he spake, and all the suitors laughed lightly at him and forgot their savage wrath against Telemachus.

But the swineherd carried the bow through the house, and, standing by wise Odysseus, put it in his hands. Then he called out the nurse Eurycleia, and said to her: "Telemachus bids that you close the firmly fitted doors of the hall, trusty Eurycleia, and that, if anyone hears groaning or noise from the men in our hall, she shall not go, but stay quietly inside at her work." So he spake, and she gave heed to his word and closed the doors of the well-built hall.

Then Philœtius without a word leaped forward out of the house and closed the doors of the strong-walled courtyard. Under the walls there lay the fibre rope of a rounded ship, with which he fastened the doors. Then he himself went in and sat upon the couch from which he had arisen, with his eyes on Odysseus. He was already handling the bow, turning it about every way, and trying each part of it, lest the horns might have become worm-eaten while its master was away.

And in this wise would one speak, looking at his neighbor: "To be sure, he is a shrewd fellow, who knows the use of a bow. Maybe he has just such a bow at home, or he is minded to make one, so carefully doth the rascally vagrant handle it."

Then another of the haughty young chieftains

would say: "I hope he is no more likely to meet with good luck than to be able to bend the bow." So spake the suitors. But when wise Odysseus had handled the great bow and looked it all over, with such ease as a man skilled in the lyre and song stretches the string round a new peg, fastening the well-twisted sheep's gut above and below, even so did Odysseus bend the great bow without effort. Then he took the string in his right hand and tried it, and it sang sweetly to his touch, tuneful as a swallow's note.

Deep dismay fell on the suitors, and each one grew pale, and Zeus thundered loud for a token. Then brave, god-like Odysseus rejoiced that the son of artful Chronos had sent him a sign. He took up a sharp arrow which lay uncovered by the table ready to his hand. The hollow quiver held the others, and full soon were the Achæans to taste them. He set the arrow against the centre of the bow and drew the string and notches from the couch where he sat. Then he took straight aim and let fly the arrow, nor did he miss the handle-top of each axe, but right through them to the doors flew the bronze-headed arrow. To Telemachus then he spake: "Telemachus, the stranger brings no shame on you from his seat in the hall. I have not missed my mark, nor did drawing the bow give me much trouble. My strength is still unabated, nor such as the suitors held in contempt, holding me up

to shame. Now is the hour come for the Achæans to make ready their supper even in daylight, and furthermore to make merry with the dance and lyre, for such are the adornments of the feast." So he spake, and made a sign to him with lowered brows.

Then Telemachus, the dear son of great Odysseus, girt about him his sharp sword, and grasped his spear in his hand, and stood by his father's chair armed with gleaming bronze.

CHAPTER XVIII

Odysseus Slays the Suitors

Then shrewd Odysseus threw aside his rags and leaped upon the wide threshold with his bow and his quiver full of arrows. The swift-flying arrows he cast out before his feet, and said to the suitors: "This dread rivalry has now been settled. Now I shall aim for another mark which no man yet has reached, if only I may hit it, and Apollo may grant my prayer."

So he spake, and aimed a sharp arrow against Antinous, even as he was making ready to lift his lovely cup, a two-handled golden cup, and was holding it in his hands to drink wine. He had no thought of death in his mind. Who would have thought that among the company at the feast one alone among a number, however strong he might be, would contrive his cruel death and dark doom? But Odysseus took aim and hit his throat with an arrow, and right through his tender neck went the point. Back he fell, and the cup dropped from his

hand as he was struck, and straightway a thick jet of his life's blood gushed from his nostrils. He dashed the table from him with his foot, and spilled upon the ground the food, cooked meats mingled with bread.

The house was filled with the uproar of the suitors when they saw the chieftain fallen. Up from their seats they leaped in terror, looking all round at the well-built walls, yet nowhere was there a shield or strong spear for them to take. Then they reviled Odysseus bitterly: "To your own cost, stranger, do you make men your mark. This is your last venture; now doth headlong destruction await you, for the man you have slain was by far the bravest of the chieftains of Ithaca, wherefore the vultures will devour you here." So did each of them imagine it, for they thought he had killed the man unwittingly. Yet this in their folly they knew not, that the doom of death was upon them all.

To them said shrewd Odysseus, scowling at them: "Curs, you thought I should never return again on my homeward journey from the land of Troy. Wherefore you have been wasting my house and seeking to wed my wife while I am still living, fearing neither the gods who rule in the wide heaven, nor that the wrath of any man should visit you hereafter. Now hath the doom of death fastened on you all." So he spake, and pale fear took hold upon every one of them, and each one

peered around whither he might escape headlong destruction. Eurymachus alone said to him in answer: "If you are indeed Odysseus of Ithaca returned again, these words do you speak justly, of all that the Achæans have done, many reckless deeds in your halls and many in the fields. But he now lies dead, who was the cause of all, Antinous. He it was who brought these deeds to pass, not so much in need nor in want of the marriage, but with other thoughts in mind, of which the son of Chronos did not grant him the fulfillment, in order that he himself might be king throughout the land of well-built Ithaca and might lie in wait for your son and slay him. But now he has been slain, justly, as is meet, but do you spare your own people and we hereafter will make amends throughout the land for all that has been drunk and eaten in your halls and will bring, each one separately, as requital, the worth of twenty oxen, and repay both bronze and gold until your heart be melted. But ere this be done, in no wise could one blame you that you are wroth."

Then wise Odysseus eyeing him grimly said to him: "Eurymachus, not if you should give up all your father's substance, all that you now have, and all that you might grant besides, yet, not even so would I stay my hands from slaughter until the suitors had paid back for every crime. Now the choice lies before you, to fight or to flee, whosoever

may avoid death and doom. But not one of you, I ween, will escape headlong destruction."

So he spake and thereupon their knees gave way and their hearts melted. But once again Eurymachus spake among them: "Friends, this man surely will not hold his conquering hands, but since he has gained the well-polished bow and the quiver, he will shoot from the smooth threshold until he slays all of us. But let us be mindful of battle. Draw your swords and hold up the tables before you against the swift death-dealing arrows. Let us assail him all at once, if we may drive him away from the threshold and the doors and may go throughout the city and the alarm be raised right soon. In this wise would this fellow soon have shot his last bow."

So he spake and drew his sharp, double-edged sword and sprang at Odysseus with a terrible cry. But at the same instant godlike Odysseus let fly an arrow and struck his breast. Eurymachus let the sword fall from his hand to the ground, and writhing over the table, he bent and fell down and he spilt upon the ground the food and the double cup. In his agony he beat the earth with his forehead and with both his feet kicked over and upset his chair. And a mist poured down upon his eyes.

And Amphinomus rushed against valiant Odysseus and drew his sharp sword, hoping he would fall back from the door. But Telemachus was too

quick for him, and from behind struck him between the shoulders with his bronze spear. Right through his breast he thrust it, and Amphinomus fell with a crash, striking the ground with the middle of his forehead. Up leaped Telemachus, leaving his long spear where it lay in the body. For he feared greatly lest one of the Achæans might rush upon him, and wound him with his sword as he was dragging out the long spear, or might strike him as he stooped.

He set off to run, and right soon came to his dear father, and, standing at his side, spake winged words: "Now, father, I will bring you a shield and two spears, and a helmet all of bronze, fitted to your head, and I too will go and arm myself, and give arms besides to the swineherd and neatherd, for it is better to be armed."

To him in answer said shrewd Odysseus: "Run and bring them while I yet have arrows by me for my defence; I fear they may drive me from the door while I am alone."

So he spake, and Telemachus gave heed to his dear father, and made his way to the chamber where his glorious arms were stored. Thence he took four shields and eight spears, and four bronze-tipped helmets with plumes of horsehair.

Back he went with them, and soon came to his dear father, but first he clad himself in bronze. The two men in like manner clad themselves in

"And as long as he had arrows for his defense, so long he kept aiming at the suitors."

bright armor, and stood on either side of Odysseus, the wise and wary. And as long as he had arrows for his defense, so long he kept aiming at the suitors in the house, and struck them down, one after another, and there they lay piled. But when the chieftain had no more arrows to shoot, he left the bow leaning against the doorpost of the well-built hall towards the bright side-walls, and girt about his shoulders his fourfold shield; and on his mighty head he set his well-wrought helmet, with plume of horsehair, and fearfully did the crest nod thereon. In his hands he took two strong spears tipped with bronze.

Now there was a certain side-door in the well-built wall and along the topmost part of the threshold of the stately hall was a way into a passage which close-fitting folding-doors enclosed. This door Odysseus bade the trusty swineherd guard, standing close by it, as there was room for only one to attack. And now Agelaus spake to the suitors and set forth his word to all: "Friends, could not some one or other mount to the side-door and tell the people and an alarm be raised forthwith? In this wise, quickly would this fellow soon have shot his last bow." To him said Melanthius, the goatherd: "Not so, heaven-born Agelaus, for right near is the fair door of the court-yard and the mouth of the passage is narrow. One man could hold us all in check, so he be valiant. But come, let me

bring you arms to equip yourselves, from the chamber, for within and not elsewhere, I ween, have Odysseus and his glorious son stored the arms."

So saying, Melanthius, the goatherd, mounted to the narrow passage of the hall leading to the chambers of Odysseus. Thence he took twelve shields, as many spears and as many bronze-tipped helmets with plumes of horsehair. Back he came and right soon brought and gave them to the suitors. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted when he saw them girding themselves with their arms and brandishing long spears in their hands. Great did the task seem to him, but straightway to Telemachus he spake winged words: "Telemachus, surely some one or other of the women in the halls is stirring up against us an evil battle, or it is Melanthius."

To him said wise Telemachus in answer: "Father, I myself erred in this. No one else is to blame, for I left the close-fitting doors of the chamber open. Their watchman was too good. But go now, good Eumæus, close the door of the chamber and see whether it is indeed one of the women who is doing this, or the son of Dolius, Melanthius. Him, at any rate, I suspect."

So they spake to one another. But Melanthius, the goatherd, again went to the chamber to bring glorious arms, but the trusty swineherd perceived

him and straightway said to Odysseus who was standing at his side: "Heaven-born son of Laertes, Odysseus, ready in counsel, there again is the pestilent fellow whom we ourselves suspect, going up to the chamber. Tell me plainly. Shall I slay him, if he be too strong, or shall I bring him hither to you, to pay for his many crimes, all that he has plotted in your house?"

To him said wise Odysseus in answer: "Aye, indeed. Telemachus and I will hold the suitors within the halls for all their raging, but do you two twist back his feet and hands from behind, cast him into the chamber and bind planks to his back. Then tie a twisted rope around him and hoist him up to the tall pillar to bring him near to the roof-beams that he may stay alive for a long time and suffer grievous torment."

So he spake, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed. Forth they went to the chamber, unseen by him who was within. He was seeking for arms in the inmost corners of the chamber while the two stood on either side waiting beside the door-posts. Presently Melanthius, the goat-herd, stepped over the threshold, bearing in one hand a trusty helmet and in the other a broad old shield, coated with mold, belonging to the hero Laertes, which he was wont to carry when a youth. Now, it was stored away and the seams of its straps were broken. Then the two rushed upon him and

seized him. In they dragged him by the hair and flung him to the floor down on the ground, terror-stricken. Then they bound together his feet and hands with a painful bond, twisting him clear back, very firmly, as the son of Laertes, the steadfast, godlike Odysseus had ordered them. Around his body they tied a twisted rope and drew him up to the tall pillar and brought him near to the roof-beams. Then didst thou, swineherd Eumæus, mock him and speak to him: "Now then, Melanthius, will you watch all through the night, lying down on a soft bed, as befits you, nor will the golden-throned child of Morn, as she comes forth from the streams of Oceanus, escape your notice at the very time when you are wont to drive your she-goats to make ready a feast for the suitors throughout the halls."

So was he left there, stretched out in the fatal bond. But the two put on their arms, closed the polished door, and went back to Odysseus, the wise and wary. There they took their stand, breathing fury; those on the threshold but four, those within the halls, many and brave.

Then came near them Athene, daughter of Zeus, taking in voice and bodily form the likeness of Mentor. Odysseus rejoiced when he saw her, and said: "Mentor, defend me from hurt, and remember your dear comrade who once did you good service. You are my equal in years."

PALLAS ATHENE

So he spake, albeit he thought it might be Athene, who rouses the hosts. But the suitors on the other side filled the hall with their cries. The first to reproach her was Agelaus: "Mentor, see that Odysseus does not beguile you to contend with the suitors in his defence. For in this wise I ween our purpose will be accomplished: As soon as we have slain these two, father and son, then will you perish with them for the mischief you seek to do in this house. With your own life you shall make amends, and as soon as we have despoiled your might with the sword, of all your substance, both within your house and without, and of Odysseus', we will make like havoc. Nor yet will we suffer your sons to live in your house, nor your daughters and good wife to go to and fro in Ithaca's city."

So he spake, and Athene waxed the more wroth in her heart, and chided Odysseus in angry words: "No longer, Odysseus, are you steadfast in strength and valor as when you warred for nine years without ceasing against the Trojans on account of white-armed Helen of noble birth, and slew many foes in fierce conflict, and by your counsel the wide-wayed city of Priam was taken. How can you now, when you have returned to your house and goods, lament that you must show the suitors a bold front? But come, soft heart, stand at my side and see my prowess, that you may learn how ready is Mentor in the hour of peril to repay a service."

So she spake, but would not yet grant him full mastery, but made further trial of the strength and prowess of Odysseus and his illustrious son. She herself flew up to the rafter of the smoky hall, and perched there before them all in the likeness of a swallow.

And now the suitors were urged on by Agelaus, son of Damastor, by Eurynomus, Amphimedon, Demoptolemus, Peisander, son of Polyctor, and warlike Polybus, for these were in valor the best of all the suitors who still were alive and fighting for their lives. But the rest, the bow and the thick-flying arrows had already struck dead.

Then Agelaus, son of Damastor, called upon the suitors, saying to them: "Now will he hold his conquering hands. Mentor, after making empty boasts, has gone from him, and they are left alone close to the door. Wherefore, do not all hurl your long spears at once; but come, let six of us first let fly at him, in the hope that Zeus may grant that Odysseus be struck down and glory won for us. But for the others we need have no concern as soon as this man falls."

So he spake, and they all let fly as he bade. But Athene made all their spears of none effect; one hit the pillar of the well-stablished hall, another the close-fitting door; another's ashen shaft with heavy head of bronze was fixed in the wall. But when they had escaped the suitors' spears, then said

great, steadfast Odysseus to those with him: "Good friends, now, I say, let us hurl our spears into the company of suitors who seek to add to their crimes by slaying us." So he spake, and they all four took aim and hurled their sharp spears.

Odysseus slew Demoptolemus; Telemachus, Euryades; the swineherd, Elatus; and the chief herdsman of the cattle slew Peisander. These then, all at the same moment, bit the broad floor with their teeth. The suitors now withdrew to the inmost corner of the hall. But the others sprang forward and drew forth their spears from the dead bodies.

Again the suitors eagerly let fly their sharp spears but Athene made them for the most part of no effect. One man hit the door-post of the well-stablished hall; another, the close-fitting door; another's ashen shaft with heavy head of bronze struck upon the wall. But Amphimedon smote Telemachus on the hand at the wrist, just scraping it, and the bronze scratched the surface of the skin. Ctesippus with his spear grazed the shoulder of Eumæus above his shield, but the spear flew over and fell to the ground. Then again, those about Odysseus, the wise and wary, hurled their sharp spears into the throng of suitors. And now, again, Odysseus, sacker of cities, smote Eurydamos; Telemachus, Amphimedon; the swineherd, Polybus; and thereafter, the chief herdsman of the

cattle struck Ctesippus in the breast and gloried over him and said: "O son of Polytherses, fond of jeering, never again talk big and give way to folly, but leave the matter to the gods, since they indeed are far better. This is the gift of honor in return for the hoof which once you gave to the god-like Odysseus when he went begging throughout his palace."

So spake the chief herdsman of the cattle with crooked horns. But Odysseus in close fight wounded the son of Damastor with a thrust of his long spear, and Telemachus wounded Leiocritus, son of Evenor, with a spear-thrust full upon the flank and drove the bronze clear through. Headlong he tumbled and struck the ground full on his forehead. At that very instant Athene held up her deadly ægis from on high from the roof. And now were their hearts dismayed and they fled through the hall like cattle in herds upon which the quick-moving gadfly darts and drives about in spring-time when the days are long. And even as vultures with crooked talons and hooked beaks come out from the mountains and swoop upon the birds which cower from fear on the plain or fly up to the clouds, while the vultures pounce upon them and kill them, and there is no defence nor way of escape, and men delight in the chase, so too did they rush upon the suitors and smite them right and left throughout the hall. Then there rose an

unseemly groaning as heads were smitten and all the floor ran with blood.

But Leiodes rushed forward, clasped the knees of Odysseus, and beseeching him, spake winged words: "By your knees I implore you, Odysseus, respect me and spare me. For I swear that never yet have I said any reckless word nor done any reckless deed. I tried to stay the others, whosoever of the suitors would do such deeds. But they would not hearken to me to hold their hands from foul deeds. Wherefore through their recklessness have they met a cruel doom. But I, the sacrificing priest among them who have done naught, will be laid low. In no wise is there gratitude in aftertime for services done."

Then, eyeing him grimly, wise Odysseus said to him: "If you swear that you are indeed a sacrificing priest among these men, often, I ween, must you have prayed in the halls that far from me might be the fulfillment of a joyful return; wherefore you shall not escape an uneasy death." So saying, he seized in his stout hand a sword lying near which Agelaus had let fall to the floor when he was slain, and with this he smote him full upon the neck. And as he spake his head was mingled with the dust. But the minstrel, the son of Terpes, was still attempting to flee from dark doom, Phemius, who sang perforce among the suitors. He stood hard by the side-door, holding in his hands the shrill

lyre. And he hesitated between two thoughts, whether to flee from the hall and sit down beside the well-wrought altar of mighty Zeus, the household god, where Laertes and Odysseus had burned many thigh-bones of oxen, or whether to rush

"You yourself will regret hereafter, if you should slay a minstrel."

forward and clasp the knees of Odysseus. As he pondered, it seemed to him to be the better way to clasp the knees of Odysseus, son of Laertes. So he laid down his hollow lyre upon the floor between the mixing-bowl and the silver-studded chair. Thereupon he rushed forward and clasped Odysseus

by the knees and spake winged words: "By your knees I implore you, Odysseus, respect me and spare me. You yourself will regret hereafter, if you should slay a minstrel who sings both to gods and to men. Self-taught am I, and in my heart a god has planted all kinds of lays, and I am worthy to sing to you as to a god. Wherefore do not seek to behead me. Telemachus, your dear son, can tell how, not in any wise willingly nor in want of aught, did I deal with the suitors in your house and sing at their feasts, but they, being much more numerous and stronger, brought me perforce."

So he spake, and Telemachus overheard him and straightway spake to his father who was standing near: "Hold! Do not wound this guiltless man with the sword. Let us spare also the herald, Medon, who ever cared for me in our house when I was a child, unless Philœtius has already slain him, or the swineherd, or he met you when you were storming through the palace."

So he spake, and Medon, versed in wisdom, heard him; for he lay cowering beneath a chair and had wrapped around himself the skin of an ox, newly-flayed, to escape his dark doom. Straightway he started up from beneath the chair and having stripped off the ox-hide, rushed forward and clasped Telemachus by the knees, and beseeching him spake winged words: "Friend, here I am. Hold! Speak to your father lest, being exceedingly strong,

he destroy me with his sharp sword, in his wrath at the suitors who wasted his substance in the palace and in their folly paid no heed to you."

But wise Odysseus smiled and said to him: "Take courage, since he has rescued you and saved you, that you may know deep in your heart and also tell others how far better is well-doing than doing ill. But go forth from the halls and sit down out of doors in the court-yard away from slaughter, you and the many-voiced minstrel, while I accomplish what it behooves me, throughout the house."

So he spake, and the two went their way out of the hall and sat down by the altar of mighty Zeus, peering about in all directions, ever waiting for death.

Then Odysseus looked round his house to see if any man was yet lurking alive to escape his dark doom. But he saw every one of them fallen amid blood and dust, a great host, looking like the fish which fishermen have drawn out of the grey sea on to the shelving shore in the meshes of a net. They are flung out on the land, longing after the waves of the sea, and the bright sun draws the life out of them. So were the suitors heaped on one another.

Then shrewd Odysseus said to Telemachus: "Telemachus, come, I pray you, and call to me the nurse Eurycleia, that I may tell her the word in my

heart." So he spake, and Telemachus gave heed to his dear father, and, pushing back the door, said to the nurse Eurycleia: "Up and come hither, aged woman, you that watch over the women-servants in our house. My father is calling to you to have some word with you."

So he spake, and, giving heed to his word, she threw open the doors of the well-built hall and went forward; and Telemachus went before her. Then she found Odysseus among the slain, besmeared with blood and filth like a lion who has just devoured an ox in the pasture. His breasts and cheeks were on either side stained with blood, and his face was terrible to look upon. So were Odysseus' feet and his hands above smeared with blood.

When Eurycleia looked upon the bodies and streaming blood, she was ready to shout in triumph at the sight of such mighty deeds; but Odysseus stayed her and curbed her desire, and spake to her winged words: "Hide your joy, mother, in your heart; hold your peace, and lift not up your voice. It is unholy to glory over the dead. But these men have perished by Heaven's decree through their vile deeds. For they had regard for no man on earth, good or evil, who came in their way. Wherefore they met their cruel fate by their own mad folly. Bring brimstone, aged woman, a remedy against evils, and bring me fire to purify

the hall; and bid Penelope come hither with her women, and bid all the women-servants throughout the house to come."

Then the dear nurse Eurycleia said to him: "Aye, indeed, my child, this have you spoken as is meet. But come, let me bring you a cloak and a tunic, as raiment, and do not stand thus in the halls, with your broad shoulders clad in rags. 'Twere enough to make one wroth."

To her said wise Odysseus in answer: "First of all, now, let a fire be kindled for me in the halls."

So he spake, and the dear nurse Eurycleia did not disobey, but brought fire and brimstone. Then Odysseus thoroughly purified the hall, the palace and the court-yard.

Then the aged woman went her way through Odysseus' stately palace to take word to the women and bid them come. Forth from their chamber they came, carrying a torch. Then they threw themselves about Odysseus with joyful welcome, and lovingly kissed his head and shoulders, taking his hand, and there came over him a sweet longing to weep and lament as he marked each one of them.

CHAPTER XIX

Penelope Recognizes Odysseus

Then the aged woman went up to the chamber above, laughing aloud, to tell her mistress of her dear husband being within the house. Her knees moved nimbly and her feet sped swiftly, and she stood by her mistress's head and spake to her: "Awake, Penelope, dear child, that you may see with your own eyes what you have longed after day by day. Odysseus is come, and now at length hath reached his home. He hath slain the haughty suitors who were plaguing his house, devouring his substance, and defying his son."

To her said wise Penelope in answer: "Dear mother, the gods have driven you mad, for they can rob the wisest of their wisdom, and the simple they establish in understanding. By them have you been stricken, you who were before so discreet. Why do you torment me under my heavy burden of grief with these false tales, awakening me from the sweet sleep which veiled my eyelids and held me bound? For never have I had such a sleep since the day Odysseus set forth to visit Ilium, too evil to be named. But come now, go down and back to your chamber. For if any other of my women had come to me with such tidings and had

wakened me in my sleep, full soon would I have sent her back to the hall in my wrath, but this much will you gain from your old age."

To her in answer said the dear nurse Eurycleia: "I am not deceiving you, dear child, but Odysseus has indeed come and reached his home, as I tell you, even the stranger whom they all insulted in the hall. Telemachus has long known that he is here, but discreetly kept hid his father's purpose that he might make the insolent suitors pay for their deeds of violence."

So she spake, and Penelope leaped up joyfully from her couch and threw her arms about the old woman, and let fall a tear, and spake to her, uttering winged words: "Come now, dear mother, tell me truly, if he has indeed come home as you say, how did he lay hands on the shameless suitors, standing alone, while they the whole time stayed crowded together in the house?"

To her in answer said the dear nurse Eurycleia: "Neither did I see it nor have word of it, but heard only the cries of the dying men. We sat bewildered far back in the thick-walled chambers shut in by the close-fitting doors, until your son Telemachus called to me from the hall. For his father sent him to call me. Then I found Odysseus standing among the slain. They on either side lay heaped on one another, stretched upon the hard floor. Glad at heart would you have been

at the sight. Now they are all heaped against the courtyard doors, while he, after kindling a great fire, is purifying the stately house with brimstone. But he sent me to call you. Come, then, with me that you may both enter into your dear hearts' delight out of the depth of your sorrow. Now already is this come to pass that you have long desired. He himself hath returned alive to his own hearth, and hath found you and your son in his palace. The suitors treated him despitefully, and every one hath he in his own house requited."

To her in answer said wise Penelope: "Dear mother, do not yet glory over them with loud laughter. For you know how dear to us all would be the sight of him in his palace, and above all to me and the son whom I bore to him. But this tale which you tell me is not true. The proud suitors have been slain by some god, enraged at their savage insolence and vile deeds. For they showed regard for no man upon earth, good or evil, who came in their way. Wherefore they suffered hurt through their own folly. But Odysseus hath far away lost all hope of return to the Achæan land, and hath himself perished."

To her in answer then said the dear nurse Eurycleia: "Dear child, how strange a word hath passed the ring of your teeth! While your husband is within on the very hearth, you have said he will never return. But your heart is ever dis-

trustful. Come, then, let me make known to you another sure token — the scar where a boar once wounded him with his white tusk. As I was washing him I saw it, and wished to tell you yourself. But he laid his hand upon my mouth, and, with forethought, would not suffer me to speak. Come with me, and I will stake my own life, so that you may slay me miserably if I deceive you."

To her in answer said wise Penelope: "Dear mother, it is hard for you to be on your guard against the designs of the immortal gods, however wary you be. Howbeit, let us go to my son that I may see the dead suitors and the man who slew them." So she spake, and left her chamber, pondering deeply in her heart whether to stand apart and question her dear husband, or to come near him and take his hand and kiss his head.

Then she came in and stepped upon the stone threshold and sat facing Odysseus in the gleam of the firelight by the other wall. But he sat against the pillar with downcast eyes, waiting for his brave wife to speak to him when she set eyes on him. For long she sat in silence, while her heart was filled with wonder. Now with fixed gaze she looked upon him face to face, now looked askance at him in his vile rags.

But Telemachus reproached her, saying: "Dear mother, a strange mother are you, so hard is your heart. Why do you hold yourself so far aloof from

my father instead of sitting at his side to search him with questions? No other woman would so stubbornly stand apart from her husband on his return to his country in the twentieth year in woeful plight, but your heart is ever harder than stone."

To him in answer said wise Penelope: "My son, my heart within me is full of wonder; no word can I utter, no question can I ask, nor can I look upon him face to face. But if it is indeed Odysseus, and he has come to his home, then shall we two full well know each other — even the more so that we have tokens which we hold secret from the sight of others."

So she spake, and great steadfast Odysseus smiled, and straightway spake to Telemachus winged words: "Telemachus, leave your mother in the hall to make trial of me. Soon will she learn the truth yet more surely. But now, because my body is foul and my raiment vile, therefore she spurns me and still says I am not he. But let us consider what may best be done. For any man who has slain even one person in his own land and who may not have many champions back home, goes into exile and forsakes his kinsmen and his native land; but we have slain the prop of the city, who were far the noblest of the youths in Ithaca. This do I bid you consider."

To him said wise Telemachus in answer: "Do

you yourself see to this, dear father, for your counsel, they say, is the best among men, nor could any other of mortal men vie with you. But we will follow you zealously, nor, I ween, will we be wanting in valor, so far as is in our power."

To him in answer spake wise Odysseus: "Well, then, I will say what seems to me to be the best. First bathe yourselves, put on your tunics, and bid the women-servants in the halls to take their raiment. Then let the divine minstrel with his shrill lyre lead us in the sportive dance so that any one outside who hears, whether a passerby or one of those who dwell in the neighborhood, may say that it is a wedding-feast, lest the news of the slaying of the suitors be far spread throughout the city, ere we go out to our well-wooded farm. There shall we then consider whatever advantage the Olympian may put into our hands."

So he spake, and they all readily hearkened and obeyed. First then they bathed and put on their tunics, and the women-servants made ready. Then the divine minstrel took the hollow lyre and aroused in them the desire for sweet song and goodly dance. And all about them the great hall echoed with the steps of dancing men and of fair-girdled women. And thus would some one speak as he heard the noise, from without the house: "Aye, indeed, some one has wedded the much-courted queen. Wretched woman! She did not

deign to keep the great house of her wedded husband always until he should return."

So would one speak, but they knew not how it had come to pass. Upon the head of Odysseus, Athene shed great beauty, taller and broader to look upon, and she made to flow from his head thick locks like the hyacinth flower, as when silver is coated with gold by a craftsman whom Hephæstus and Pallas Athene have taught all kinds of arts, and beautiful are the works he executes, so did she shed grace upon his head and shoulders. And from the bath he stepped forth like the immortals in bodily form. Then he went back and sat down again before his wife in the seat whence he had arisen, and said to her: "Alas! beyond all women the gods who rule in Olympus have hardened your heart. No other woman would with such stern purpose stand aloof from her husband on his return to his country after twenty years of bitter suffering."

To him in turn said wise Penelope: "For shame! I am neither overbearing, nor disdainful, nor wholly bewildered; but I know what manner of man you were when you left Ithaca on board your long-oared ship. But come, Eurycleia, make up for him a strong bed outside the well-built chamber which he himself made. There put out for him a strong bedstead, and lay thereon bedding, fleeces, and cloaks and bright rugs."

So she spake to make trial of her husband. But Odysseus said bitterly to his thoughtful wife: "Good lady, your words break my heart. Who has put my bed in another place? It would be a hard task even for a man of great skill, unless a god coming this way set it without more ado in a fresh place, according to his pleasure. But among mortal men there is no one, however stalwart, who could easily lift it away, for in this cunningly fashioned bedstead a sure token hath been established. This was the work of mine own hands unaided. There grew a bushy, long-leaved olive within the court, full-grown and luxuriant, thick as a pillar. Around it I built a chamber with close-fitted stones. This I finished, and set thereon a strong roof. Close-fitting, well-joined doors I fastened thereto. Then I lopped off the crown of the long-leafed olive, and, slicing the trunk from the root upward, rounded it carefully and deftly with my axe, and straightened it to the line, to cunningly fashion a bedpost. All over it I bored holes with a gimlet. From this I began and worked at the bedstead till I had finished it, adorning it with gold and silver and ivory. Then I stretched from end to end a bright red ox-hide thong. So do I make known to you this token, though I know not, lady, whether my bed is still in its place, or whether someone has cut down the stump of the olive and moved it elsewhere."

So he spake, and trembling took straight hold of her knees and dear heart as she knew the tokens which Odysseus had surely declared. Then she ran straight to him, weeping, and put her hands about Odysseus' neck, and kissed his head, saying: "Be not wroth with me, Odysseus, for whatever befell, you had never your equal in understanding. But the gods brought sorrow upon us, grudging that we should remain together to taste the joy of youth and reach the threshold of old age. But be not wroth with me, nor yet reproachful, for this, that I did not at once, when I saw you, show my love as now. For my heart within my dear breast has been ever fearful that some man should come and deceive me with his tales, so many are there who purpose base tricks. But now, since you have set clearly forth the token of our bed, which no other mortal hath seen save you and me alone, and one woman only of the household, Actoris' daughter, whom my father gave me when I came hither, and who guarded the doors of our strong-walled chamber, therefore have you won the belief of my heart, stubborn though it be." So she spake, and yet the more roused within him the longing to weep.

So he made lament as he held his well-beloved and faithful wife. Welcome as is the sight of land to swimmers whose strong ship Poseidon has wrecked in the sea, driven by wind and mighty

wave, and some few have by swimming come safely to land from the grey sea, with thick crust of salt upon their skins, and have joyfully come to land free from peril, so welcome to her was the sight of her husband, nor could she in any wise let her white arms fall from his neck. Now would the coming of rosy-fingered Dawn have found them weeping, had not the goddess grey-eyed Athene contrived otherwise. She kept Night lingering in the farthest West, and held golden-throned Dawn fast by Oceanus' stream, nor would suffer her swift-footed horses to be yoked to bring light to men, Lampus and Phaëthon, the horses that bring the Dawn.

CHAPTER XX

Odysseus Reveals Himself to His Aged Father

Meanwhile Cyllenian Hermes summoned forth the souls of the suitors. In his hands he held his beautiful golden wand with which he charms to sleep the eyes of men as he wills while others he

"Hermes summoned forth the souls of the suitors."

rouses from sleep. With it he roused and led them on. Gibbering they followed. And as when in the inmost nook of a wondrous cave bats fly about gibbering, when one has fallen off from the rock out of the chain by which they cling to one another, so these souls went along gibbering while

gracious Hermes led them on down the dank ways as they passed by the streams of Oceanus and the rock Leucas, and the gates of the sun and the land of dreams. Presently they came to the beds of asphodel where dwell the souls, the images of men whose toil of life is ended. There they came upon the soul of Achilles, son of Peleus, and of Patroclus, and of noble Antilochus, and of Aias, who in form and stature was the best of all the Danaans after the noble son of Peleus.

As these were thronging about him, the soul of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, drew near, sorrowing. Round about him were gathered others, the souls of all those who had been slain with him in the house of Ægisthus, and had met their doom. Then was the soul of the son of Peleus the first to speak to him: "Son of Atreus, we deemed that you above all heroic men were, through all your days, dear to Zeus who delights in thunder, since you ruled over many stalwart men in the land of the Trojans, where we Achæans suffered woes. But on you too was destined to come, too soon, a fatal doom which no man escapes who is born. Would that you in enjoying the honor of which you were master had met death and doom in the land of the Trojans. Then would all the Achæans have built for you a tomb, and for your son too would you have won great glory hereafter. But now it has

been decreed that you should be taken off by a most pitiable death."

Then the spirit of the son of Atreus said to him: "Happy son of Peleus, god-like Achilles, you fell at Troy, far away from Argos, and about you were slain others, the bravest sons of the Trojans and of the Achæans, battling around you, while you, mighty far and wide, lay in the whirls of dust, unawares of horsemanship. But all through the day did we battle and in no wise should we have ceased from the fight, had not Zeus stopped us with a tempest. And when we had borne you out of battle to the ships, we laid you on a bier and cleansed your fair body with warm water and with ointments. Many hot tears did the Danaans shed around you, as they sheared their long-flowing locks. Forth from the sea came your mother with the immortal nymphs, when she heard the tidings, while a divinely-sounding cry arose over the sea and trembling seized upon all the Achæans. Then would they all have started up and gone to the hollow ships, had not a man who knew many things of old, restrained them, Nestor, whose counsel had even aforetime seemed best. He with good purpose spake in the assembly and said to them: 'Hold, Argives! Do not flee, youths of the Achæans! His mother it is who comes forth from the sea with the immortal nymphs to welcome her dead son.'

"So he spake, and the high-minded Achæans ceased from their flight, while around you stood the daughters of the old man of the sea, wailing piteously, and around you wrapped divine raiment. Then with beautiful voice all the nine Muses alternately sang a dirge. There might you have seen none of the Argives without tears, so much did the clear-toned Muse arouse them. For seventeen days, alike by night and by day, for you we mourned, immortal gods and mortal men. But on the eighteenth day we gave you up to fire, and many sleek sheep and oxen with crooked horns did we slay around you. So were you burned in the raiment of gods and in ointment without stint and in sweet honey, while many Achæan warriors in their armor darted around the pyre when you were burning, both fighters on foot and charioteers, and a loud din arose. But when at length the flame of Hephæstus had consumed you, then at dawn we gathered your white bones, Achilles, in unmixed wine and oil. And your mother gave a large golden urn with two handles, which, she said, was the gift of Dionysus, and the work of glorious Hephæstus. In it lie your white bones, illustrious Achilles, and mingled with them, those of the dead Patroclus, son of Menœtius; but apart from these, the bones of Antilochus whom you honored far above all the rest of your comrades after Patroclus. Thereupon we heaped up about them a great and

stately tomb, we, the glorious host of Argive spearmen, on a jutting headland near the broad Hellespont, so that it might be far-seen from the sea by men who now are born and those who will be born in after time. And your mother begged the gods for very beautiful prizes and placed them in the midst of the assembly for the bravest of the Achæans. Ere this have you been present at the funeral-feast of many heroic men when at the death of a king, the young men gird themselves and make ready for the contests, but had you seen those, far more would you have gazed with all your heart, such splendid prizes did the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, offer in your honor; for, very dear were you to the gods. So, not even in death, Achilles, did you lose your name but will ever have glorious renown among all men. But what delight have I in this, since I accomplished the war? For on my return, Zeus contrived for me a mournful destruction at the hands of Ægisthus and my baneful wife."

So they spake to one another, when the Messenger, the slayer of Argus, drew near at hand, leading down the souls of the suitors slain by Odysseus. And the two marveled and straightway drew near at sight of them. Then the soul of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, recognized the dear son of Melaneus, glorious Amphimedon, who had been his host when they dwelt on earth in Ithaca. And the soul of the

son of Atreus was the first to speak to him: "Amphimedon, what ailed you that you have come beneath the dark earth, all of you chosen men and of the same age? In no other wise would one choose and select the noblest men throughout a city. Did Poseidon overwhelm you on your ships by calling forth a horrible blast of fierce wind and high waves? Or did you suffer hurt from foemen on land as you were capturing their oxen and choice flocks of sheep, or fighting in defence of your city and women? Tell me what I ask. I assure you I am your friend. Do not you recall how I returned thither to your house with godlike Menelaus to urge Odysseus to accompany us to Ilios on the well-benched ships? Aye, indeed, a whole month through were we crossing all the wide sea after winning over, with difficulty, Odysseus, sacker of cities."

To him in answer spake the soul of Amphimedon: "Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men, heaven-born Agamemnon, I recall all these deeds as you mention, and all, full well and truly, will I tell how an evil end of death befell us. We were wooing the wife of Odysseus, who had long been gone away. She neither refused the hateful marriage nor would she grant its fulfillment, but devised for us death and dark doom. Moreover, in her heart she contrived this further device; within her halls she set up a great warp and plied the loom, fine

and very large. Thereupon she spake among us: 'Young men, my suitors, now that god-like Odysseus is dead, I bid you, however eager for my marriage, wait until I finish this sheet, lest my threads be left to perish, a burial robe for the hero Laertes, against the day when he is overtaken by the dread doom of death which lays men at length. I fear lest some women of the Achæan people may be wroth with me, if a man of such wealth should lie without a winding-sheet.'

"So she spake, and our brave hearts assented. Then by day would she weave the great web, but by night would unravel it, when she had had the torches set by her. So for three years she hid her purpose and prevailed upon the Achæans. But when the fourth year came with the return of the seasons, as the moons waned and many days were completed, then at length one of the women-servants who had seen full well, told of it, and we came upon her unraveling the beautiful web. So she finished it, not willingly, but of necessity. And when, after weaving the great web and washing it, she had shown us the sheet, resembling the sun or the moon, even then some evil deity brought Odysseus from somewhere to the border of the country where dwelt the swineherd in his hut. Thither came the dear son of the god-like Odysseus on his return from sandy Pylos in his black ship. Thereupon the two made ready for the suitors an

evil death and they came to the famous city, Odysseus indeed, later, but Telemachus went on before, while the swineherd brought Odysseus clad in vile raiment, like a beggarly and pitiful old man leaning upon a staff. Filthy was the raiment that he wore about his body, and not one of us could know that it was he, when he appeared before us on a sudden, not even those who were older, but we railed at him with evil words and with missiles. Yet he with patient heart suffered for a time to be struck and maltreated in his own halls. But when at length the will of Zeus, the Ægis-bearer, bestirred him, he with Telemachus bore off the glorious arms to the chamber and laid them away and made fast the bolts. Then with crafty purpose he bade his wife set up for the suitors his bow and the axes of grey iron, to be a test for us, doomed to a sad end and the beginning of slaughter. Nor was one of us able to stretch the string of the mighty bow, for far too weak were we. But when the great bow came to the hands of Odysseus, then we all cried out together with words of advice, not to give him the bow, however much he might speak. But Telemachus alone urged him on and bade him take it. Thereupon he took it in his hand, the steadfast, god-like Odysseus, and easily bent the bow and shot through the axes. Then he went and stood upon the threshold and poured forth his swift arrows, glaring about terribly, and struck

noble Antinous. Thereafter, aiming straight at the others, he let fly his mournful arrows, and they fell close together. Then was it perceived that some one of the gods was their ally, for straightway, throughout the halls, yielding to their passion, they slew right and left, and there arose hideous groaning as heads were smitten and all the floor ran with blood. So we perished utterly, Agamemnon, and even yet our bodies still lie unburied in the halls of Odysseus, for not yet, throughout each man's house, is it known to our friends who might wash the black gore from our wounds and bury us and mourn for us; for this is the last honor of the dead."

To him then spake the soul of Atreus: "Happy son of Laertes, Odysseus, ready in counsel, truly you won a wife possessed of great worth, so good was the heart of blameless Penelope, daughter of Icarius; so well did she remember Odysseus, her wedded husband. Therefore the fame of her virtue will never perish, but the immortals will compose for men on earth a beautiful song in honor of constant Penelope. Not so did the daughter of Tyndareus contrive foul deeds and slay her wedded husband. Hateful will be her song among men and evil shame will she give to the more loving women in days to come, even the upright."

So they spake in sad converse to each other, as they stood in the house of Hades in the depths of the earth.

But when they had gone down from the city, Odysseus and his men swiftly came to the fair and well-stablished farm of Laertes, which Laertes himself had once acquired after much patient toil. There he had his home and round on all sides ran the out-buildings in which ate and sat and slept the bond-slaves who perforce did his pleasure. Therein was an old Sicilian woman who tended the aged man carefully on the farm, far from the city. There Odysseus revealed his plan to the slaves and to his son: "Do you now go within the well-established house and quickly slaughter for dinner the best of the swine, but I will make trial of my father to see whether he will recognize me again and know me by sight, or whether he will not recognize me, since I have been away so long a time."

So saying, he gave to the slaves his warlike arms. They then went quickly to the house, but Odysseus approached and drew nearer the fruitful vineyard. Now he did not come upon Dolius, as he went down into the great orchard, nor any of his slaves, nor any of his sons, for they had already gone to gather stones to build walls for the vineyard, and the aged man led the way for them. But his father he found alone in the well-wrought vineyard, digging round a plant. In a foul tunic was he clad, patched and shabby, and round his legs he had bound stitched ox-hide leggings to guard

against scratches. On his hands he wore gloves because of the bramble-bushes, and on his head he had a leathern cap of goat-skin; and so he nursed his sorrow. Now when the steadfast, god-like Odysseus saw him worn out with old age and weighed down with great grief in his heart, he stood still beneath a tall pear-tree and wept. Then was he doubtful in mind and in heart whether to kiss and embrace his father and tell him all, how he had returned and come to his native land, or whether first to question and make trial of all things. And as he pondered in this wise, this seemed to be the better way, first to make trial of him with artful words. With these thoughts in mind, the god-like Odysseus went straight towards him. Now he with head bent low, was digging round a plant. Then his glorious son came up and stood beside him and spake: "Old man, no lack of skill keeps you from taking care of your orchard, but, on the contrary, your care is doing well, nor is there aught at all, not a plant, not a fig-tree, not a vine, nay, not an olive-tree, not a pear-tree, not a bed of leeks even, throughout the orchard without care. But another question do I ask you and do you not lay up wrath in your breast. Upon you yourself good care does not attend. You bear up under mournful old age, and you are at the same time wretchedly squalid and are clad in vile raiment. Surely it is not because of idleness that your master does not

provide for you, nor is there aught of the slave to be seen in your form and in your stature. For you seem like a royal personage, and like one who, after bathing and eating, should sleep softly; for this is the custom of old men. But come, tell me this, and speak truly. Whose slave are you? Whose orchard do you tend? And tell me this truly, that I may know it clearly, whether this is indeed Ithaca, to which we are come, as yonder man told me, who met me just now on my way hither. In no wise was he very sensible of mind, since he did not deign to tell me all nor to hearken to my tale, when I enquired about a friend of mine, whether perchance he still lives and is here, or is now dead and in the house of Hades. For I will speak out and do you take heed and hearken to me. I once received as my guest in my own native land a man who had come to our house, and not yet has any other mortal among strangers from a far country come to my house with more welcome. He said that by race he was from Ithaca, and he said that his own father was Laertes, son of Arceisius. I took him to my home and received him kindly with the many things that were in the house, and I gave him friendly gifts of welcome, as are fitting. I gave him seven talents of well-wrought gold. I also gave him a mixing-bowl, wrought with flowers, and twelve single cloaks, as many rugs, and as many beautiful mantles."

Odysseus Revealed to His Father

Then his father shedding tears, answered him: "Stranger, truly you are come to the country of which you ask, but insolent and reckless men now possess it. Vain were the gifts you freely gave, the gifts you gave without number. For had you found him indeed alive in the land of Ithaca, then would he have sent you on your way with ample requital of gifts and kind welcome; for that is due to anyone whosoever makes a beginning of kindness. But come, tell me this and speak truly. How many years have passed since you received him as a guest, that hapless guest of yours, my son? Ill-fated one, if indeed it was really he whom, somewhere far from his friends and his native land, either perhaps the fishes have devoured in the sea or who has become on land the prey of wild beasts and birds. Neither did his mother dress his corpse and mourn for him, nor his father, we who gave him birth, nor did his richly-dowered wife, prudent Penelope, wail over her own husband upon the bier, as was seemly, had she closed his eyes in death; for this is the last honor of the dead. Also tell me this truly, that I may know it clearly. Who and from what country are you? Where is your city and where your parents? Where lies the swift ship that brought you and your god-like men hither? Or are you come as a passenger on another's ship, and did they set you on shore and sail away?"

To him said wise Odysseus in answer: "Well, then, I will tell you all very clearly. I am from Alybas, where I dwell in a splendid house. I am the son of Apheidas, son of King Polyphemon, and my name is Eperitus. But a god made me wander from Sicania, to come hither unwillingly. Yonder lies my ship in the country, far from the city. As for Odysseus, this is now the fifth year since he set out thence, and left my country, ill-fated man. And yet he had birds of good omen, when he went away, birds upon the right. So I, glad of these, sent him forth, and he rejoicing went his way while our hearts still hoped that we might yet meet in friendship and give each other splendid gifts."

So he spake and a dark cloud of sorrow covered Laertes. With both his hands he took black ashes and strewed them over his grey head, groaning loudly. Then was the heart of Odysseus stirred within him and forthwith throughout his nostrils shot a piercing rage, as he beheld his dear father. Springing towards him, he embraced him and kissed him and spake: "Father! Here am I myself, that very one about whom you ask. I am come in the twentieth year to my native land. But cease from weeping and tearful groaning. For I will speak out, but we must make great haste. I have slain the suitors in our house, and have taken vengeance for their heart-grieving insolence and their foul deeds."

To him said Laertes in answer: "If you are indeed Odysseus, my son, who are come hither, tell me now some very clear sign that I may be convinced."

To him said wise Odysseus in answer: "First of all, mark with your eyes this scar which a boar dealt me with his white tusk, on Parnassus, on my way thither. You it was who sent me forth, you and my honored mother, to my mother's dear father, Autolycus, to receive the gifts which he promised on his visit here, and agreed to give me. But come, if you will, and I will name you also the trees throughout the well-kept orchard, which once you gave me when I, still but a child, as I followed you about through the orchard, begged you for every one of them. And we came by these very same trees and you named them, and told me of each one, thirteen pear-trees you gave me, and ten apple-trees, forty fig-trees and rows of vines. So you promised to give me fifty of them, and each and every one was bearing grapes. Now, all over them are clusters of grapes of all kinds, whensoever the seasons of Zeus produce heavy crops from above."

So he spake, and straightway the knees of Laertes trembled and his dear heart melted as he recognized the sure and certain signs which Odysseus had made known to him. Round his dear son he flung both his arms and the steadfast,

god-like Odysseus caught him to himself in a swoon.

But when he recovered and his spirit returned again in his breast, once more he made reply and spake to him: "O Father Zeus, verily ye gods yet live on high Olympus, if indeed the suitors have paid for their reckless insolence. But now I have great dread in my heart lest all the Ithacans forthwith come hither against us and send urgent messages on every side to the city of the Cephallenians."

To him said wise Odysseus in answer: "Take courage! Let not these things vex you. But let us go to the house which lies near the orchard, for thither I sent on Telemachus and the herdsman and the swineherd, that they might straightway make ready our meal."

So then the two conversed and went their way towards the fair house. Now when they had come to the well-stablished house, they found Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd, carving meat without stint and mixing the sparkling wine.

And Athene drew nigh and filled out the limbs of great-hearted Laertes, the shepherd of the people, and made him seem taller than before and broader to look upon. Then he came forth from the bath, and his dear son marveled at seeing him in presence like the immortal gods. And he spake to

him winged words: "Surely, father, some one of the immortal gods has made you seem stronger in form and in stature."

To him in turn said wise Laertes in answer: "O Father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, would that just as when I took Nericus, the well-stablished citadel on the shore of the mainland, when I ruled over the Cephallenians, that just so I had stood by you yesterday in our house with my arms on my shoulders, and had beaten back the suitors. Then would I have loosened the knees of many of them in the halls and you would have rejoiced in your heart."

So they spake to each other. But now, when the others had ceased from their task and had made ready the meal, they sat down in order on the couches and chairs. But just as they were about to put forth their hands to the food, in came the aged man, Dolius, and also the aged man's sons, wearied after their labors, for their mother, the old Sicilian woman, had gone forth and called them, she who had reared them and carefully tended the old man, now that old age had laid hold of him. Now when they saw Odysseus and gazed at him to their heart's content, they stood in the room amazed.

But Odysseus spake to them with gentle words and said: "Old man, sit down to dinner, and entirely forget your amazement. All too long

have we waited in the halls, for all our longing to set hands to the food, ever expecting you."

So he spake, and Dolius ran straight toward him, with both hands outstretched. And he grasped the hand of Odysseus and kissed it upon the wrist, and spake and said to him winged words: "Dear master, now that you have come back to us who greatly longed for you, but did not look to see you again. But the gods themselves have brought you back. Hail and welcome exceedingly! May the gods grant you happiness! And tell me this truly that I may know it clearly. Does prudent Penelope yet know that you have indeed come back hither? Shall we send off a messenger?"

To him said wise Odysseus in answer: "Old man, she already knows. Why must you vex yourself with these matters?"

So he spake, and Dolius sat down on the polished stool. And in like manner the sons of Dolius, standing around Odysseus, added their words of greeting and clasped his hands. Then they sat down in order near Dolius, their father. So they were busied about their meal in the hall.

But meanwhile, Rumor, the Messenger, went swiftly throughout the city on every side, telling of the miserable death and doom of the suitors. And all who heard of it kept coming in, one from one place, another from another, with groanings and wailings, before the palace of Odysseus. And

all and each one brought forth from the halls the dead bodies and buried them. Those from other cities they sent, each to his own home, placing them on swift ships for sailors to carry off. But they themselves went in throngs to the place of assembly, grieved at heart. Now when they had come together and were assembled, Eupeithes stood forth and spake among them, for unceasing grief lay heavy on his heart for his son, Antinous, the first one whom god-like Odysseus had slain. Shedding tears for him, he spake and said to them: "Friends, truly a foul deed has this man wrought against the Achæans. Some he took with him in his ships, many and brave men, but he has lost his hollow ships and utterly lost his men. Others he slew on his return, far the best of the Cephallenians. But come, before he goes swiftly to Pylos or even to divine Elis, where the Epeans hold sway, let us go forth. Aye, indeed, hereafter will we be dishonored forever. For a disgrace is this even for posterity to hear of unless we avenge ourselves upon the slayers of our sons and our brothers. To me indeed life at home would not be sweet, but I would rather die forthwith and be among the dead. But let us go forth lest they be too quick for us and cross the sea aforetime."

So he spake, shedding tears, and pity overcame the Achæans. And now near them drew Medon and the divine minstrel from the palace of Odys-

seus, for sleep had left them. So they stood in their midst and wonder took hold upon every one of them. Then Medon, versed in wisdom, also spake among them: "First, hearken now to me, Ithacans, for not against the will of the immortal gods has Odysseus wrought these deeds. I myself saw an immortal god who stood hard by Odysseus and seemed in every way like Mentor. As an immortal would he appear, at one time in front of Odysseus, encouraging him, at another time would he dart through the hall, urging on the suitors. And there they lay piled."

So he spake, and thereupon pale fear took hold upon every one of them. Then among them spake also the old warrior Halitherses, son of Mastor, for he alone saw the future and the past. He with good purpose spake: "First, hearken now to me, Ithacans, to what I shall say. Through your own baseness, my friends, have these deeds come to pass, for you did not heed me nor Mentor, shepherd of the people, to stay your sons from their follies. A foul deed they wrought in their reckless wickedness, wasting the substance and dishonoring the wife of a very brave man, who they said, would return no more. So be it then, and do you hearken to me, as I counsel. Let us not go forth lest perhaps many a one find evil doom drawn upon himself."

So spake he, but they with a loud shout started up, more than half of them; the others stayed

crowded together on the spot, for his speech did not please their hearts. But they hearkened to Eupeithes. And straightway they ran for their arms. Then, when they had clad their bodies in gleaming bronze, they assembled close together before the spacious city. And Eupeithes in his folly led the way for them, for he thought to avenge himself for the slaying of his son. Yet he was not destined to return home again, but even there was to meet his doom.

But Athene spake to Zeus, son of Chronos: "O Father of mine, son of Chronos, highest of rulers, tell me who ask, what your mind now hides within. Will you cause yet further evil war and the dread din of battle or are you ordaining friendship between the two?"

To her said Zeus, the Cloud-gatherer, in answer: "My child, why do you so closely question me and ask about these matters? Was not this your own device that Odysseus should take vengeance upon these men, on his return? Do as you wish, but I will tell you what is fitting. Now that god-like Odysseus has taken vengeance upon the suitors, let them make sacrifice and take oath to a solemn treaty, and let him be king forever. And let us bring to pass a forgetting and forgiving of the slaying of sons and of brothers. So let them love one another as before, and let there be wealth and peace without stint."

So saying, he heartened Athene who aforetime was eager, and she went darting down from the peaks of Olympus.

Now when at length they had taken their fill of delicious food, the steadfast, god-like Odysseus was the first to speak among them: "Some one go forth to see whether they have started and are drawing near."

So he spake, and a son of Dolius ran out as Odysseus bade. He went and stood upon the threshold and saw them all close at hand. Then straightway he spake to Odysseus winged words: "Here they are now, close at hand. Let us arm ourselves quickly."

So he spake, and they started up and donned their armor, the four about Odysseus and the six sons of Dolius. And among them, Laertes and Dolius put on their armor, grey-haired men though they were, warriors perforce. But when they had clad their bodies in gleaming bronze, they opened the doors and sallied forth. And Odysseus led the way.

But when Athene, daughter of Zeus, drew near them, taking in voice and bodily form the likeness of Mentor, the steadfast, god-like Odysseus rejoiced at sight of her, and straightway spake to Telemachus, his dear son: "Telemachus, now will you yourself see to this, when you attack where the bravest are chosen when men do battle, that

you in no wise dishonor the race of your ancestors, we who aforetime excelled in prowess and in bravery through all the earth."

To him said wise Telemachus in answer: "You shall see, if you will, dear father, that in this temper of mine, I will in no wise dishonor your race, even as you counsel."

So spake he, and Laertes rejoiced and said: "What a day is this for me, beloved gods! Truly do I rejoice. Both my son and my son's son are vieing with each other in valor."

Thereupon grey-eyed Athene drew near and said to him: "Son of Arceisius, far the dearest of all my followers, pray to the grey-eyed maiden and to Father Zeus, and forthwith, having poised and drawn back your long-shafted spear, let it fly."

So spake Pallas Athene and inspired him with great strength. So he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus, and forthwith, having poised and drawn back his long-shafted spear, let it fly. And he smote Eupeithes on the helmet with side-pieces of bronze. Nor did this stay the spear, for the bronze pierced clear through. Down with a thud he fell and his armor clanged about him. Then upon the foremost fighters fell Odysseus and his glorious son, and smote them with swords and double-pointed spears. Then indeed would they have destroyed them all and cut them off without return, had not Athene, daughter of Zeus, the

Ægis-bearer, shouted in a loud voice and restrained all the host. "Hold, Ithacans, from troublous war, that straightway you may be parted without shedding blood."

So spake Athene, and pale fear took hold upon every one of them. In their terror, the weapons

READING FROM HOMER — *Tadema*

flew from their hands and all their arms fell upon the ground, as the goddess made her voice to sound. And they, in their longing to live, turned about toward the city.

Then shouted terribly the steadfast, god-like Odysseus, and gathering his strength, swooped upon them like a soaring eagle. At the same instant, the son of Chronos hurled a lurid thunderbolt, and down it fell before the grey-eyed daughter of the mighty sire. Then to Odysseus spake

grey-eyed Athene: "Heaven-born son of Laertes, Odysseus, ready in counsel, hold thy hand and cease from the strife of equal war, lest in any wise, the far-seeing Son of Chronos be wroth at thee."

So spake Athene, and he obeyed and rejoiced at heart. And Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, the Ægis-bearer, thereafter made a solemn treaty between both parties, taking in voice and bodily form the likeness of Mentor.

APPENDIX

THE STORY OF THE ODYSSEY

Homer adopts a story-telling method very popular among writers of plays and stories. He plunges into the middle of his narrative, and then later gives an account of preceding events.

Charles Lamb wrote *The Adventures of Ulysses*, in which he recounts the events in the order of their occurrence. (Ulysses is the name given Odysseus in the Latin language.)

In order to understand the story of the wanderings of Odysseus, one should read the *Iliad*, another poem by Homer, in which he tells the story of the Trojan War. The events recounted in the *Odyssey* follow those of the Trojan War.

The story of the *Iliad* is briefly as follows:

Paris, one of the sons of Priam, King of Troy, stole Helen, the wife of a Greek king. Immediately, Greek princes and kings gathered an army and set sail for Troy, a city located in the country we now call Asia Minor, to avenge the insult done the Greeks. Another name for Troy was *Ilios;* hence, Homer's poem was called the *Iliad*.

For ten years the Greeks fought the Trojans on the windy plains before the walls of Troy or laid siege to the city. The Greeks failed to capture the city and were discouraged, when someone suggested the stratagem of the wooden horse. By the clever trick of concealing soldiers in the horse, which the Trojans dragged inside the walls of Troy, the Greeks were able to cap-

ture the city and end the Trojan War. After this, the surviving Greeks departed for Greece from which they had been absent for ten years.

At this point, the story of the *Odyssey* begins. Odysseus set out for home with the other Greeks, but his arrival was delayed ten years because he offended the god, Poseidon. For three years he was tossed about on the seas, escaping with his life by a hair's breadth until he finally landed on the island of Ogygia, where the goddess Calypso detained him for seven years.

It is now, as you see, the twentieth year of Odysseus' absence from Ithaca, his island kingdom. His son whom he left an infant is now a young man, beginning to feel the weight of his responsibilities. The wife of Odysseus, Penelope, has had a difficult experience. During the long absence of Odysseus, rumors of his death have spread abroad. Suitors with their followers have taken possession of the palace of Penelope and woo her, urging her to marry one of them.

But Penelope puts the suitors off, saying that she must weave a piece of cloth to be used as the winding-sheet or shroud of Laertes, her father-in-law. The suitors become insolent; they kill the flocks and herds; they take possession of the house as if it belonged to them; they disregard the rights of Telemachus. The climax comes when they discover that Penelope unravels at night all the cloth she weaves in the daytime, in order that she may postpone as long as possible selecting one of the suitors for her husband. You see why Homer calls her "faithful Penelope."

Telemachus decides to try to get news of his long-

Raphael Massard

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absent father and under the protection of Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom and faithful protector of Odysseus, he visits Nestor, the wise man of the Greeks, and Menelaus and Helen. He fails to secure definite information and returns to Ithaca, where the suitors plot in vain to kill him.

You will remember that we left Odysseus on the island of Calypso, where he was consumed with homesickness. He longs for Ithaca and for Penelope.

Now, in the opening chapter of this book, which is the fifth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, you will find that Zeus, the father of all the gods, promises Athene that Odysseus shall be permitted to go home. He dispatches Hermes, the messenger of the gods, to Ogygia with a royal command to Calypso, to give Odysseus the means of getting away from the island. It looks as if the troubles of Odysseus were about to end, but his most dangerous experiences are ahead of him. Poseidon is still angry with Odysseus and delays his home-coming still longer.

The experiences of Odysseus from the time he leaves Calypso until he lands on Ithaca occupy about six weeks. After leaving the island of Calypso, he encounters a storm, loses his ship, and lands after a fearful struggle on the island of the Phæacians. He falls asleep from sheer exhaustion and is finally awakened by the shrieks of laughter of girls playing ball on the seashore. By rare good fortune, the princess, Nausicaa, is a member of this group, a young lady not easily frightened. She befriends Odysseus and directs him to her father's palace.

The Phæacians treat Odysseus most hospitably. At a banquet which they hold in his honor, Odysseus tells the story of his experiences during the ten years following the Trojan War. It is a long list of hair-raising experiences.

1. He plundered the Ciconians.
2. He visited the Lotus-eaters.
3. He went to the cave of Polyphemus.
4. He was shipwrecked by the winds of King Æolus.
5. He was attacked by the Læstrygonians, escaping with only one ship.
6. He landed on the island of Circe, the enchantress.
7. He went to the land of the dead and talked with the prophet, Teiresias.
8. He returned to the island of Circe.
9. He passed the Sirens in safety.
10. He lost six men under the crag of Scylla.
11. He landed on the island where the herds of the Sun were pastured; the men killed and ate the sacred cattle.
12. He alone survived, when Poseidon sent a tempest to revenge the killing of the sacred cattle.
13. He survived even when sucked down by the whirlpool of Charybdis.
14. He landed on the island of Calypso, after drifting for ten days.
15. He finally landed in the country of the Phæacians, his hosts.

You can easily imagine the effect of this story on his hearers. It is the most thrilling tale they have ever heard. Immediately they resolve to help Odysseus to reach Ithaca. Loaded with rich gifts, Odysseus

arrives in Ithaca, goes to the hut of the swineherd, Eumæus, meets Telemachus, and lays careful plans to kill the suitors and reveal himself to Penelope.

The story now moves to a swift conclusion. Odysseus succeeds just as he had planned. The story ends with a dramatic clash of arms and Odysseus triumphs once more over almost overwhelming odds.

Odysseus is a romantic hero. He contends successfully with the forces of heaven and earth and even of the lower world. He struggles against temptation within himself, the forces of nature, and the jealousy of the gods. He finally wins. Sometimes he is guilty of lying and cheating; sometimes he resorts to cruelty, but he is a hero who engages our sympathy and interest, and we always hope for his success.

The *Odyssey* is an epic poem; that is, it is a stirring story of the achievements of a great hero. The poem is divided into two parts of twelve books each. In this text, you will find the story of twenty books of the *Odyssey*, beginning with the fifth book.

Although Odysseus is the hero, yet the poem is a three-fold story: the story of a loyal wife who waits nearly twenty years for the return of her husband from the Trojan War; the story of that husband, Odysseus, who finally triumphs over forces within him and without and wins his wife and kingdom; and the story of Telemachus, who, an infant when his father leaves home, grows steadily in discretion and in ability to assume responsibility in a baffling situation.

In Part I, you will find an account of the homeward voyage; it is crowded with incidents. Part II tells

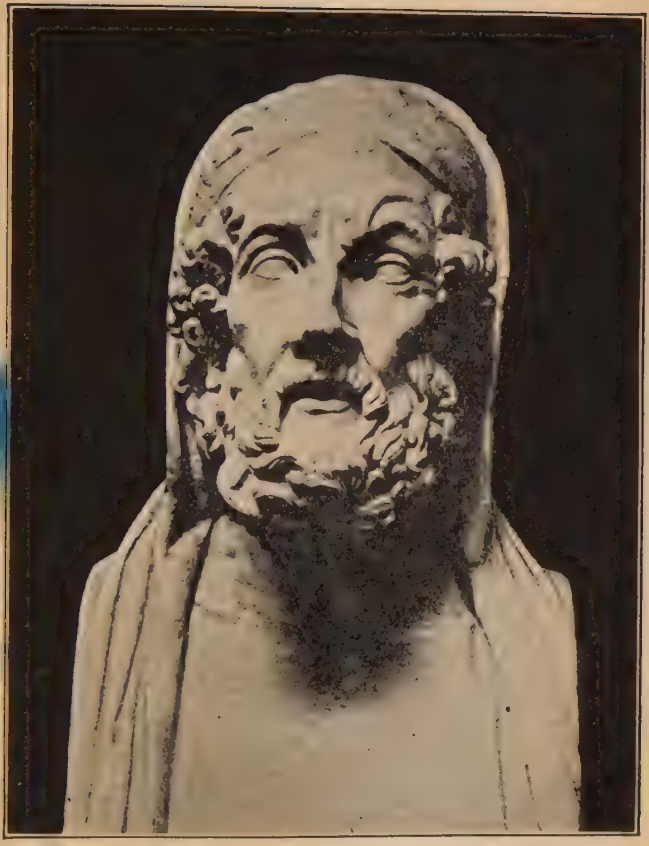
how Odysseus recovered his island kingdom. In Part I, Odysseus contends with gods, superhuman creatures, and ghosts in Hades. In Part II, he struggles for the most part with treacherous men.

Little is known about the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The poems are popularly ascribed to Homer, a blind poet. We are really sure of very few facts about Shakespeare's life, but this matters little. The really important thing is that we have the plays of Shakespeare and the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The author is rightly named Homerus, the Joiner, the Composer.

Do not forget that the *Odyssey* is a poem. This text is a prose translation of the Greek poem, written in dactylic hexameter; that is, six feet or measures to the line, each foot consisting of three syllables (a dactyl, $- \cup \cup$) or the equivalent. Perhaps it will help you to know that the Greek word for finger is *dactylos*. You are acquainted with this style of writing poetry in *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. They are written in dactylic hexameter. Later, many of you will read the *Odyssey* in the original Greek. For the present, it will be sufficient if you read much of this prose translation aloud and listen alertly to the beauty of the phrasing.

If you wish to read verse translations of the *Odyssey*, some of the most important ones are those of George Chapman (see Keats' sonnet), Alexander Pope, William Cowper, William Cullen Bryant, Butcher and Lang, and George Herbert Palmer.

As you read the *Odyssey*, you will find many things



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to engage your attention. Probably you will be interested in studying certain topics quite thoroughly and reporting the results of your study to the class; for example:

1. Hospitality among the Greeks.
2. Arts and Crafts Practiced among the Greeks.
3. Women in the *Odyssey:*
   - *a.* Queen Arete.
   - *b.* Eurycleia.
   - *c.* Penelope.
   - *d.* Nausicaa.
   - *e.* Helen.
4. Homer's Use of Epithets and Similes.
5. The Greek Gods and Goddesses.
6. Religious Beliefs.

But the chief thing is to know the story, for this poem composed probably three thousand years ago is still read because it is a good story.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS

Chapter 1

1. Note the attitude of the gods and goddesses toward Odysseus. Who were friendly? Who were hostile?

2. Make a list of epithets (descriptive words) that regularly recur when certain characters in the story are mentioned: as wary, steadfast, god-like Odysseus. Add to this list as you continue your reading.

3. What kind of food is placed before Odysseus? What kind before Calypso and Hermes?

4. Read Tennyson's poem, *Tithonus*, for his version of the myth about "rosy-fingered Dawn."

5. What evidences do you find in this chapter that the practice of the crafts had reached a high degree of perfection on the island of Ogygia?

6. Why is Poseidon hostile towards Odysseus?

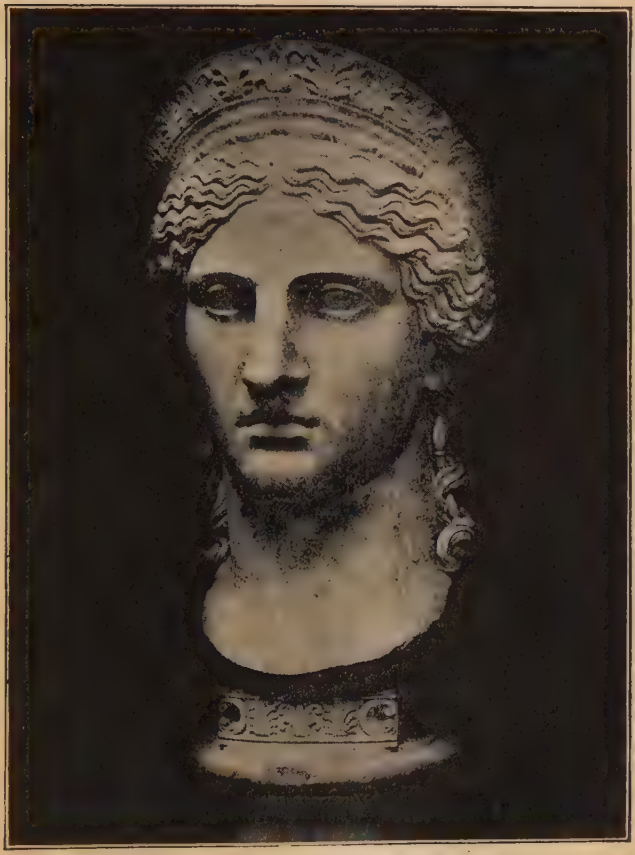
7. Note the extensive use of similes. What is the effect on the reader of such figurative language? Read aloud the most striking simile in the chapter.

8. What evidence do you find of Odysseus' wit and ingenuity when he approaches Phæacia? After he lands?

Chapter 2

1. What part does Athene play in rescuing Odysseus?

2. In this chapter, you will find many references to the arts, industries, and occupations of the Phæacians.



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Questions and Suggestions

From this and succeeding chapters, you are able to form an accurate idea of the way the people lived. Make brief reports to the class on the following topics, referring to the text to confirm your statements:

a. Spinning, weaving.
b. Dyeing.
c. Washing clothes.
d. Working with metals.
e. Architecture.
f. The cultivation of fruit.
g. Grinding corn.
h. Ship-building.

3. What qualities of character does Nausicaa display when Odysseus presents himself?

4. What does this chapter tell you about the form of government among the Phæacians?

Chapter 3

1. How did Pallas Athene assist Odysseus when he entered the palace of King Alcinous?

2. What evidences do you find in this chapter that women occupied positions of dignity and influence among the Phæacians?

3. How many days does Odysseus tell Queen Arete have elapsed since he left Ogygia?

4. How do the Phæacians show hospitality to Odysseus?

Chapter 4

1. How does Pallas Athene continue to assist Odysseus?

2. Describe the various kinds of entertainment practiced by the Phæacians.

3. Note the place of honor accorded the minstrel. What instances of consideration are mentioned?

4. What incident in this chapter seems inhospitable and discourteous to Odysseus?

5. What further proof do you find of the hospitable spirit of the Phæacians?

6. Remember that the Trojan War had been fought ten years before the incidents in this chapter occurred. The fame of Odysseus had extended far and wide. What is the subject of the minstrel's song?

7. Why is Odysseus so deeply affected as he listens to the minstrel's song?

Chapter 5

1. In this chapter, Odysseus tells the story of his experiences after leaving Troy. List his various experiences in the order in which he tells them. Try to understand each episode so clearly that you can give a clear account of it to the class.

2. Which experience does Odysseus tell in greatest detail? Why do you think he does this?

Chapter 6

1. Give a full account of Odysseus' encounter with Circe.

2. What kind of people are the Læstrygonians?

3. What epithets does Homer apply to the Dawn?

4. How is Odysseus able to resist the power of Circe?

5. How long do Odysseus and his men stay at the palace of Circe?

6. Give an account of what happened to Elpenor.

Chapter 7

1. In Chapter 7, Odysseus visits Hades. What directions had Circe given him as to how he should conduct himself? See the conclusion of Chapter 6.

2. Why does Odysseus weep for pity when he sees Elpenor? What urgent request does Elpenor make?

3. What advice does Teiresias, the prophet, give Odysseus?

4. Give an account of Odysseus' interview with his mother in Hades.

5. What is the effect of Odysseus' story on his hearers, the Phæacians?

6. King Alcinous wants news of the great chieftains who had fallen at Troy and had gone to Hades. Whom does Odysseus mention?

7. Why does Odysseus leave Hades in great haste?

Chapter 8

1. How does Odysseus fulfill his promise to Elpenor?

2. Give an account of Odysseus' encounter with Scylla and Charybdis.

3. How is Odysseus able to escape the enchantment of the Sirens?

4. What punishment is inflicted on Odysseus and his men for devouring the cattle belonging to the dread god Helios?

5. Compare Odysseus' account of his encounter with Charybdis and Poe's *Descent into the Maelstrom.*

6. How many days does Odysseus drift before the gods bring him to Ogygia?

Chapter 9

1. With this chapter, Part II of the *Odyssey* begins. At the conclusion of Odysseus' story, what does King Alcinous say?

2. Give an account of Odysseus' departure from the land of the Phæacians. What gifts are bestowed on him?

3. Describe the landing of Odysseus on Ithaca.

4. How does Pallas Athene again come to the assistance of Odysseus? How is she disguised?

5. Why does Pallas Athene smile at the story Odysseus tells her?

6. What change does Pallas Athene make in the appearance of Odysseus? Why?

Chapter 10

1. Describe the surroundings of Eumæus the swineherd.

2. How does Eumæus receive Odysseus?

3. What news does Odysseus hear about his wife and son?

4. What account does Odysseus give of himself to Eumæus?

5. What evidence do you find of the faithfulness of Eumæus?

Chapter 11

1. Tell the story of the visit of Telemachus to Nestor and Menelaus.

2. How does Menelaus interpret the incident of the eagle and the great white goose? Note the illustration that portrays this incident.

3. How does Telemachus escape from the destruction planned by the suitors?

Chapter 12

1. Describe the meeting of Telemachus and his father.

2. According to Telemachus, how many suitors and followers have taken possession of the palace of Odysseus?

3. What plans do Telemachus and Odysseus devise to rid the country of the suitors?

4. How does Athene continue to help Odysseus?

Chapter 13

1. Describe the journey of Odysseus to his palace.

2. In what condition does Odysseus find his dog, Argos? Note the illustration that depicts the death of Argos.

3. There are certain suitors more conspicuous than the rest; name the characteristics of Antinous and Eurymachus.

4. Why does Penelope hesitate to believe the story of Odysseus?

Chapter 14

1. Describe Odysseus' encounter with Irus, the vagabond.

2. How does Athene help Odysseus to carry out his plans?

3. Compare the speeches of Penelope to the suitors with the speeches in the drama by Stephen Phillips. Which seem to you more effective?

Chapter 15

1. What hospitable acts do you find in this chapter similar to those practiced among the Phæacians?

2. "To many a lying word as he (Odysseus) spake, he gave the semblance of truth." What does this sentence mean?

3. Find the passage that describes the recognition of Odysseus by Eurycleia. Note the illustration that corresponds to the incident.

4. How does Odysseus interpret Penelope's dream about the eagle and the geese?

Chapter 16

1. What omens encourage Odysseus?

2. Describe the preparation for the feast.

Chapter 17

1. Describe in detail the trial of the bow. Make a diagram to illustrate your description.

2. Note the part of Athene in helping Odysseus to accomplish his revenge.

Chapter 18

1. This chapter describes the swift destruction of the suitors. Note the resourcefulness of Odysseus in dealing with an enemy that outnumbers him and his followers.

2. How does Eurycleia behave when she views the scene of destruction?

Chapter 19

1. How does Odysseus prove to Penelope that he is really Odysseus?

2. Find the simile in the last paragraph that describes the joy of Penelope when she recognizes Odysseus.

Chapter 20

1. Describe the departure of the spirits of the suitors.

2. Give an account of the visit of Odysseus to the well-ordered homestead of Laertes, his father.

3. Describe the encounter of Odysseus and his followers with the kinsmen of the slain suitors.

4. What was the final act of Athene in the story of Odysseus and his revenge?

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

1. What scenes are suggested by the following passages?

(1) My child, how strange a word hath escaped the ring of your teeth!

(2) Even a deathless god had he come there would have gazed in delight.

(3) At length he came up and spat from his mouth the bitter salt water which streamed from his head.

(4) Her mother was seated by the hearth with her serving-women, spinning purple-dyed yarn.

(5) There grow tall and fruitful trees, pears and pomegranates, and apples with glorious fruit, sweet figs, and flourishing olives.

(6) So they took in their hands a lovely ball of purple color. One of them, leaning back, kept throwing it up to the shadowy clouds, but the other, jumping up, lightly caught it before his feet touched the earth.

(7) Do not turn away from me, and, going your way, leave me unwept and unburied, lest you bring down on my account the wrath of Heaven.

(8) I would rather labor on the land, the serf of some poor man with scant livelihood, than be lord of all the dead that are no more.

(9) But from near by came Athene in the form of a shepherd boy, delicate as are kings' sons, wearing a well-fashioned mantle doubled on his shoulders.

(10) When we reached the city and steep wall of the town, we lay crouching beneath our armor under some bushes about the city, among reeds and marshy ground. Night fell stormy and cold, with a driving north wind. Down came the snow like hoar-frost, bitter cold, and the ice froze around our shields.

(11) When early-born rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, they yoked their horses and stepped on to the carved chariot, and drove out of the porch and echoing colonnade.

(12) Loud was their lamentation, even more shrill than the cries of birds — eagles and vultures with crooked talons, whom fowlers have robbed of their young even before they are fledged.

(13) So spake he in his folly, and gave Odysseus a kick on the hip as he passed.

(14) So he spake, and, having seized the stool, struck Odysseus on the right shoulder at the top of his back.

(15) Then they placed in the hall three braziers to give light; round them they piled firewood long dried and well seasoned, and newly split with the axe, and among it put kindling wood; and the servants of brave Odysseus in turn kept the fires blazing.

(16) Then by day I would weave a great web, and by night would unravel it when I had had the torches set by me. So for three years I hid my purpose and prevailed upon the Achæans; but when the fourth year came with the return of the seasons, then, by the aid of the servants, the heartless wretches, they came upon me and caught me and railed at me.

2. Express in one sentence the chief idea of Keats' sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.*

3. What phase of the life of Odysseus is described in Tennyson's *Ulysses?* Explain the line: "I am a part of all that I have met."

4. Find in Tennyson's *Song of the Lotos-Eaters* examples of onomatopœia (the sound of the word suggesting the meaning).

5. Trace the various steps by which Browning became acquainted with Homer's *Iliad.*

6. Interpret the last two lines of Keats' *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

7. Express in one sentence the essential idea in Lang's sonnet, *The Odyssey.*

8. Find in Pease's translation of the *Odyssey* the passages that furnished Stephen Phillips with his ideas for the scene quoted in this book. Show that the dramatist's characterization of the suitors is accurate. Select the most poetical phrases.

9. After a careful study of the scene from Phillips' *Ulysses*, assign the parts for a presentation of the scene before the class.

10. Following is a group of well-known quotations. A standard book of reference on quotations will help you to add to this list.

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
> — CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, *Faustus*, Volume 2

> Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged bread.
> — Ascribed to THOMAS SEWARD (1708–1790)

> Seven cities warred for Homer being dead,
> Who living had no roof to shroud his head.
> — THOMAS HEYWARD, *Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels*

> As Thessalian steeds the race adorn
> So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
> Of Lacedæmon and of Greece beside.
> — DRYDEN

> Beauteous Helen stands among the rest,
> Tall, slender, with all the graces blest.
> — DRYDEN

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades

Vext the dim sea; I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, government,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met.
Yet all experience is an arch where-thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON

SONG OF THE LOTOS-EATERS

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies,
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!' —
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,

Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,

Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill —
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twinèd vine —
To watch the emerald-color'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.
The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil:
Till they perish and they suffer — some, 'tis whisper'd — down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ALFRED TENNYSON

DEVELOPMENT

My Father was a scholar and knew Greek.
When I was five years old, I asked him once
"What do you read about?"
"The siege of Troy."

"What is a siege and what is Troy?"
Whereat
He piled up chairs and tables for a town,
Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat
— Helen, enticed away from home (he said)
By wicked Paris, who couched somewhere close
Under the footstool, being cowardly,
But whom — since she was worth the pain, poor puss —
Towzer and Tray, — our dogs, the Atreidai, — sought
By taking Troy to get possession of
— Always when great Achilles ceased to sulk,
(My pony in the stable) — forth would prance
And put to flight Hector — our page-boy's self.
This taught me who was who and what was what:
So far I rightly understood the case
At five years old: a huge delight it proved
And still proves — thanks to that instructor sage
My Father, who knew better than turn straight
Learning's full flare on weak-eyed ignorance,
Or, worse yet, leave weak eyes to grow sand-blind
Content with darkness and vacuity.

It happened, two or three years afterward,
That — I and playmates playing at Troy's Siege —
My Father came upon our make-believe.
"How would you like to read yourself the tale
Properly told, of which I gave you first
Merely such notion as a boy could bear?
Pope, now, would give you the precise account
Of what, some day, by dint of scholarship,

You'll hear — who knows? — from Homer's very mouth.
Learn Greek by all means, read the 'Blind Old Man,
Sweetest of Singers' — *tuphlos* which means 'blind,'
Hedistos which means 'sweetest.' Time enough!
Try, anyhow, to master him some day;
Until when, take what serves for substitute,
Read Pope, by all means!"
So I ran through Pope,
Enjoyed the tale — what history so true?
Also attacked my Primer, duly drudged,
Grew fitter thus for what was promised next —
The very thing itself, the actual words,
When I could turn — say, Buttmann to account.

Time passed, I ripened somewhat: one fine day
"Quite ready for the Iliad, nothing less?
There's Heine, where the big books block the shelf:
Don't skip a word, thumb well the Lexicon!"
I thumbed well and skipped nowise till I learned
Who was who, what was what, from Homer's tongue.
And there an end of learning. Had you asked
The all-accomplished scholar, twelve years old,
"Who was it wrote the Iliad?" — what a laugh!
"Why, Homer, all the world knows: of his life
Doubtless some facts exist: it's everywhere:
We have not settled, though, his place of birth:
He begged, for certain, and was blind beside:
Seven cities claimed him — Scio, with best right,

Thinks Byron. What he wrote? Those Hymns we have.
Then there's the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice.'
That's all — unless they dig 'Margites' up
(I'd like that) nothing more remains to know."
Thus did youth spend a comfortable time.

ROBERT BROWNING

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy sons, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu:
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd.
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.
Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.
O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain
  Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine
  In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Æean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
  And only shadows of wan lovers pine —
  As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again —
So gladly from the songs of modern speech
  Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
    Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
    And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like Ocean on a western beach
  The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ANDREW LANG

ULYSSES

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

ACT III, SCENE 2[1]

Dramatis Personæ

Athene (Minerva) with spear, shield, and ægis
Ulysses (Odysseus)
Penelope, wife of Ulysses (Odysseus)
Telemachus, his son
Eurycleia, his old nurse

[1] From *Ulysses*, by Stephen Phillips. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Antinous (young, insolent, splendid) } chief suitors
Eurymachus (mature, politic, specious) } to
Ctesippus (elderly, rich, ridiculous) } Penelope
Melantho, handmaiden
Eumæus, a swineherd
Suitors, Handmaidens, Attendants

Enter PENELOPE *down staircase from the upper chambers; she walks slowly and sadly to her chair beside the hearth in the centre of the room.*

Suitors. (*Making way for her and then gathering to right and left of her in the central space.*) The Queen, the Queen!

Antin. Now be the bridegroom chosen!

Eurym. Lady, this is the night when thou shalt choose.
Grave is thy mien: here's that shall make thee smile.
Bring forth this wooer lordliest and last.

Ctes. These rags are but a guise: a noble man!

Pen. (*To Telemachus.*) Child, knowest thou this old man whom they mock?

Telem. Mother, it is an old poor beggar man
Who says that he brings tidings of my father.
Wilt thou not hear him, mother, ere thou choose?

Eurym. Art thou still eager, lady, for new lies?

Antin. Art thou not weary of these beggars' tales?

Pen. I have been too oft deceived: now my still heart
I bare no more to every beggar's eye;

Sacred shall be this hunger of my soul
And silent till the end —
(*To Telemachus, who makes signs to her.*)
What wouldst thou say?
Telem. (*Taking her apart.*) Mother, a word; but a word.
Antin. (*Interposing.*) Stand back, young sir!
There shall be no more plots between you two.
(*Murmurs of assent.*)
Nor beggars weave another web — of lies.
The moon is full! Now shalt thou choose at once.
Telem. Mother!
Antin. An end of tricks!
Some Suitors. Thy word, thy word!
Others. Now answer!
Others. Now no more delay!
All. Choose, choose!
(*They all crowd about Penelope to hear her decision, Ulysses in the meantime crouching in the ashes by the hearth.*)
Ulys. Goddess, hast thou forsaken me at last?
Telem. (*To Ulysses.*) A moment, and too late!
Ulys. I wait the sign.
Pen. Speak any then who will: I'll answer him.
Ctes. I claim to speak the first.
Eurym. By right of age.
Ctes. Lady, I cannot speak as a raw boy,
But as a man of comfortable years;
Though in my youth more terrible was none
To foemen; and I like not to remember
The blood that I have spilt. Behold me now

A man not old, but mellow, like good wine,
Not over-jealous, yet an eager husband.
This figure something of Apollo lacks,
But though I might not catch the eye of a girl,
Still a wise woman would consider well,
Ponder by nights ere she would let me go.
Yet I would urge less what Ctesippus is
Than what Ctesippus has the power to give.
(*To attendants.*) Now hold up to the moon that glimmering robe;
Turn it this way and that; this coffer now,
With armlets of wrought gold, brooches of price,
And golden bowls embossed with beasts and men;
These draught-boards, ivory inlaid with silver,
That glistering tire and these enamelled chains.
Lo, whatsoever woman can desire
I'll give thee without pause and without stint,
Wilt thou but suffer me to lead thee home.

Pen. Ctesippus, not the glory of gems or gold
Can move me: hath the sea a pearl so rich
As dead Ulysses which it treasureth
Far down, far from these eyes? Rather would I
Possess some rag of him drawn up perchance
By nets of seamen hauling 'neath the moon
Than all these jewels glistering at my feet.
How couldst thou think to please me with these toys,
When in that chamber I have garnered up
Garments more rich to me, faded and dim,
Old robes and tarnished armor lovelier far?
Those hadst thou seen, thou couldst not offer these.

Eum. (*To Ctesippus.*) Now thou hast leave to go — (*Murmurs.*) Your pardon, princes.
Eurym. Lady, I bring no gauds of pearl and gold,
I know thou art not this way to be lured.
I share thy grief for him who now is dead:
Noble was he, a wise man and a strong.
O were he here, I first would clasp his hand.
A moment till my voice return to me.
(*He bows his head on his hands.*)
But she who sits enthroned may not prolong
The luxury of tears; nor may she waste
In lasting widowhood a people's hopes,
So hard is height, so cruel is a crown.
Thou art a queen: a moment then for grief;
Then for the people what remains of life.
I offer thee the comfort of high cares,
And consolation from imperial tasks:
To share with me the governance of a land
And bring thy woman's insight to the state,
The touch that's gracious, deft, and feminine.
Sea-gazing consort of a hero dead
Reign thou with me; and find in rule relief!
That thou no longer art a girl, and green,
Troubles me not; rather I prize thee more
For that long suffering and sleeplessness
And the sweet wisdom of thy widowhood.
Thou hast caught splendor from the sailless sea,
And mystery from many stars outwatched;
Rarer art thou from yearning and more rich.
Humbly I would entreat you for my answer.

Pen. Sir, could I list to any, 'twere to thee:
Fair were thy words, and such as women love,
And thou hast found my brain, but not my heart,
Feigning a ruth I felt thou didst not feel.
Ask me not to forget in public good
This solitary, dear, and piercing loss.
Rather would I remember one dead man,
Wasting the years away, and yet remember,
Than rule a living kingdom by thy side.
Alas! I am a woman utterly!
Antin. Enough of jewels, and enough of thrones!
Would these men lure thee? I by thee am lured.
For thee, O woman, thee alone, I thirst.
Time, that doth mar us all, and dims, and damps,
Ashens the hair and scribbles round the eye,
Weareth not thee, thou miracle, away,
Ever in beauty waxing without wane.
Telem. (*Aside to Ulysses.*) Dost thou hear, father?
Ulys. Goddess, now the sign!
Antin. Or, if thou will not, I'll compel thee. (*Murmurs.*) O!
I care not for your murmurs: I risk all!
Come now away! or on the instant I
Will catch thee in these arms up from the ground
And fling thee o'er my shoulder, and run with thee
As from a house aflame.
Telem. I'll spill thy blood.
Ulys. Unleash me, goddess, let me go.
Eum. Up, up!
Antin. For what dost thou still wait? For whom, for whom?

Thy husband? he is dead, drowned in the ooze:
The fish are at him now in the deep slime.
Pen. O!
Telem. (*To Ulysses.*) Art thou tame?
Ulys. I bite these bloody lips.
Antin. Or if he be not dead, what is he now?
A shambling shadow, a wrecked, mumbling ghost,
A man no more: no better than yon beggar
That huddles to the fire: so bowed, so worn,
So ragged and ruined, and so filthy and fallen!
Look on that beggar! There thy husband see!
Pen. Splendid Antinous, I tell thee this;
That if my husband on this moment came
In by that door even as yon beggar man,
So bowed, so worn, so ragged and so fallen,
Him would I rather catch unto this heart
And hold his holy ruins in my arms,
Than touch thee in thy glory and thy strength.
Ulys. (*Starting up.*) O nobly spoken!
(*Uproar.*)
Suffer an old man!
Antin. Now answer.
Eurym. Lady!
Ctes. Bring those robes again!
Pen. (*Bewildered.*) Sirs, but one moment, will you give me leave?
Then do I swear by all the gods to choose.
A womanish last request — a silly favor!
Antin. O!
Eurym. (*Fawning on her.*) Lady, I will not refuse thee.

Pen. 'Tis
That I may satisfy me if this beggar
Perhaps doth bring me tidings of Ulysses.
Antin. This but to put us by!
Eurym. (*Still fawns.*) Suffer her, sirs.
(*The Suitors retire sullenly up. Penelope comes back to her seat at the fire beside which Ulysses crouches. As she approaches him he trembles.*)
Pen. Old man, wilt thou deceive me yet again?
Be not afraid: there's nought in me to fear.
Ulys. I'll not deceive thee, lady: nearer draw
And motion all away!
(*Penelope signs to all to move away.*)
Canst thou endure
The shaft of sudden joy, yet make no cry?
Pen. Though I shall fall I'll not cry out: say, say.
Ulys. Ulysses lives — thou art gone white — be still!
Grip fast thy chair and look upon the ground! —
And he is very near to thee even now.
Pen. Where, where?
Ulys. This night is he in Ithaca;
Perchance even now is rushing to his halls;
Might at this moment come in by that door.
Pen. How shall I trust thy tale? If thou sayest true
Thou ne'er shalt beg again.
Ulys. I come from him.
Pen. What is thy name?
Ulys. Idomeneus from Crete.
He charged me with these tidings — and this ring.

Pen. This would he not have given: O this was pulled
From his dead finger!
Ulys. Lady, if I lie, —
If on this night Ulysses comes not home, —
Then give me to thy thralls to slay me here.
Pen. Ah! they will kill him.
Ulys. Fear not; he is wise.
Only do thou each moment still delay
Thy answer.
Pen. Yet what plea?
Ulys. Propose to them
Some simple trial whereby thou mayst choose.
Pen. What, what?
Ulys. The bow: is that Ulysses' bow?
Pen. Cherished and daily suppled by these hands.
Ulys. Say thou wilt choose whoe'er shall bend his bow
But still to interpose some brief delay,
Call you some woman forth to bathe my feet.
Pen. Melantho, bring clear water hither and bathe
This old man's feet.
Mel. I? I'll not touch his feet,
For I can touch the lips of better men.
Ulys. Lady, some woman that hath seen much sorrow
As I have.
Pen. Eurycleia, bathe his feet.

(*Eurycleia brings water in a brazen vessel to Ulysses; as he lifts his robe she sees the scar and drops the basin.*)

Eur. The scar there.
Ulys. Wouldst thou slay me? hold thy peace.
Pen. What ails thee, Eurycleia?
Eur. O my mistress!
These old hands tremble even at such a task.
Antin. (*Advancing.*) Now, lady, now! This is delay enough!
Hast thou at last heard tidings of thy lord?
Doth he come home to-night?
Pen. Alas, alas!
He is drowned, and from his finger, lo! this ring.
Antin. Thou'rt satisfied at last?
Suitors. Now answer: choose.
Pen. No one of you I like above the rest,
Yet have I sworn to choose: so I will put
This matter to a simple trial.
Suitors. What?
Pen. See where behind you hangs Ulysses' bow.
He that can bend his bow and loose a shaft,
Him will I take as husband from you all.
(*They rush to take it.*)
Suitors. The bow!
Pen. (*Staying them.*) My son alone shall reach it down,
After such time shall be the first to touch it.
(*Penelope retires down to watch the trial. Telemachus brings down the bow and a sheaf of arrows. Ctesippus advances, and after much groaning and panting fails to string it.*)
Ctes. Easily in the morning could I bend it,
But I have supped!

(*Eurymachus essays to string it and fails.*)

Eurym. Lady, wilt choose a husband
For brutish force? what play hath the mind here?

(*Antinous fails to string the bow.*)

Antin. If I can bend it not, no man can bend it.

Pen. (*To Others.*) And will not you essay? or you?

Others. Not we.

Another. Where craft and strength have failed, what use for us?

Pen. I will wed no man till he bend that bow.

(*Angry murmurs among the Suitors.*)

(*Lightning flashes; Ulysses recognises by the sign that the moment for action has come.*)

Ulys. (*Rising.*) Lady, and princes, but to make you sport,
I will essay to bend Ulysses' bow:

(*Loud laughter.*)

To make you sport — for I have supped full well.

Antin. Impudent rags! Thou shalt not vie with us.

Telem. The beggar shall make trial: come, old man!

Ctes. The old man! excellent!

All. (*Laughing loudly.*) The beggar man!

Eurym. Come forth, thou wooer lordliest and last.

Antin. Here is a broad mark for thy shaft, old man.

Pen. Ah, mock him not!

Ulys. Sirs, but to make you sport.

(*He totters towards the bow.*)

Athene, strength! O if my might should fail me!

(*He takes the bow, and after simulated faltering, strings it amid the amazed silence of the Suitors.*

He springs to his height, and appears in his own likeness, his rags falling from him, and disclosing him armed and in the full glory of manhood.)

Dogs, do ye know me now?

Pen. (*Rushing towards him.*) Ulysses!

Ulys. Back!

Suitors. (*Amazedly amid themselves.*) Ulysses! is it he? Is it he — Ulysses?

(*Ulysses shoots, killing Antinous, who falls.*)

Ulys. Who is for me? The swords there and the shields!

(*Telemachus and Eumæus snatch down the weapons, and arming Ulysses and themselves, stand by him.*)

Eurym. (*Coming over fawningly from among the Suitors towards Ulysses.*) Hero restored, I'll stand by thee for one!

Ulys. (*Striding out and spearing him.*) Would'st fawn on me? go fawn among the dead.

(*Eurymachus falls. The Suitors, finding no weapons on the walls, crowd waveringly together.*)

Ctes. (*Encouraging them.*) We are ten to one: crush, crush them by sheer weight.

(*The Suitors make a headlong rush upon Ulysses and his companions, but are stayed in mid rush by thunder, lightning, and supernatural darkness, followed by the apparition of Athene standing by Ulysses.*)

Suitors. The gods fight for him. Fly! we are undone.

(*Athene and Ulysses with Eumæus and Telemachus fall on them, and they are driven in fierce*

brief medley, visible by flashes of lightning, and with noise of groans and falls, out headlong through the door. Sounds of slaughter continue to be heard from the court without. The darkness lifts, discovering Ulysses standing on the threshold at the upper end of the hall, Athene still at his side. He turns, laying by sword and shield, while Penelope gazes in passionate uncertainty toward him from the corner of the hall.)

Ulys. (*Solemnly.*) First unto Zeus and to Athene praise!
Go all of you apart! even thou, my son,
And leave me with Penelope alone.

Ath. Thou art come home, Ulysses! Now farewell!
For violated laws are here avenged,
And I, who brought thee through those bitter years,
Those bitter years which make this moment sweet,
I, even, in this moment have no share.

(*Athene disappears.*)

(*Ulysses and Penelope slowly approach each other across the hall, with rapt gaze, hesitatingly. Then she is folded to his breast in silence, while the voice of the Minstrel is heard without, repeating the words of the song from the first act,*

And she shall fall upon his breast
With never a spoken word,

and the fire on the hearth, which has burnt low throughout this scene, leaps up into sudden brightness.)

CURTAIN

GLOSSARY OF PROPER NAMES AND GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

(For an explanation of diacritical marks, see the latest edition of *Webster's International Dictionary*.)

Acastus (ă-kăs′tŭs), son of Pelias.

Achæans (ă-kē′ănz), a Greek race that in Homer's time possessed the greater part of southern Greece. The word is used in the *Odyssey* for the Greeks generally.

Acheron (ăk′ēr-ŏn), a river in Hades.

Achilles (ă-kĭl′ēz), king of Thessaly; son of Peleus and Thetis; invulnerable except in the heel; hero of the *Iliad*.

Ææa (ē-ē′ȧ), the island of Circe, the sorceress.

Æætes (ē-ē′tēz), son of Helios, the Sun-god, and brother of Circe.

Ægæ (ē′jē), one of the twelve towns of Achaia, celebrated in the earliest times for its worship of Poseidon.

Ægisthus (ē-jĭs′thŭs), *see* Agamemnon.

Æolia (ē-ō′lĭ-ȧ), country of Æolus.

Æolus (ē′ō-lŭs), ruler of the winds.

Agamemnon (ăg′ȧ-mĕm′nŏn), son of Atreus and King of Mycenæ, who led the Greek host against Troy. In his absence his wife, Clytæmnestra, was faithless to him, and on his return her lover, Ægisthus, invited him to a feast and treacherously slew him. Agamemnon's son Orestes afterwards slew both Ægisthus and Clytæmnestra to avenge his father.

Agelaus (ă-jē-lā′ŭs), one of the suitors for the hand of Penelope.

Ajax (ā′jăx), son of Telamon; after Achilles the bravest and most beautiful of the Greek chieftains who fought against Troy.

Alcinous (ăl-sĭn′ō-ŭs), grandson of Poseidon, and king of the Phæacians.

Alybas (ăl′ĭ-bȧs), a mythical country claimed by Odysseus as his native country.

Amnisus (ăm-nī′sŭs), the harbor of Gnossus.

Amphialus (ăm-fī′ȧ-lŭs), a leaper in the games of the Phæacians.

Amphinomus (ăm-fĭn′ō-mŭs), one of the suitors for the hand of Penelope.

Amphitrite (ăm-fĭ-trī′tē), wife of Poseidon, and goddess of the sea.

Anticleia (ăn-tĭ-klī′ȧ), mother of Odysseus.

Antilochus (ăn-tĭl′ō-kŭs), a Greek warrior.

Antinous (ăn-tĭn′ō-ŭs), one of the suitors of Penelope.

Antiphates (ăn-tĭf′ȧ-tēz), king of the Læstrygonians.

Antiphus (ăn′tĭ-fŭs), king of the Læstrygonians.

Apheidas (ă-fī′dȧs), father of Eperitus.

Aphrodite (ăf-rō-dī′tē), goddess of love and beauty, born of the sea foam; Venus.

Apollo (ă-pŏl′lō), son of Zeus, and brother of Artemis. The god of the bow by whose arrows sudden death was supposed to be caused. Also the god of song and music, who taught bards; also called Phœbus and Phœbus Apollo.

Arcesius (ăr-sē′zĭ-ŭs), father of Laertes; grandfather of Odysseus.

Ares (ā′rēz), the god of war; Mars.

Arete (ă-rē′tė), wife of Alcinous, and queen of the Phæacians.

Argive (är′gīv), belonging to Argos. The Greeks are generally called Argives by Homer.

Argo (är′gō), the ship in which Jason went in search of the Golden Fleece.

Argos (är′gŏs), the Homeric name for the Peloponnesus (the part of Greece south of the isthmus of Corinth); also the name of Odysseus' dog.

Argus (är′g*u*s), a hundred-eyed giant slain by Hermes.

Artakia (är-tā′kĭ-ȧ), a fountain in the country of the Læstrygonians.

Artemis (är′tė-mĭs), daughter of Zeus, the goddess of the bow and of hunting; Diana.

Atlas (ăt′lȧs), father of Calypso, a giant who held the heavens apart from the earth.

Athene (*ă*-thē′nē), daughter of Zeus, goddess of wisdom and of the arts, and of good government; Pallas; Minerva.

Atreidæ (ā-trī′dē), *see* Atreus.

Atreus (ā′tr*o͞o*s), father of Agamemnon and Menelaus, who are accordingly called Atreidæ.

Aurora (ô-rō′r*ȧ*), the Greek goddess of the dawn.

Autolycus (ô-tŏl′ĭ-k*ŭ*s), grandfather of Odysseus.

Bootes (bō-ō′tēz), the ox-driver or ploughman. A star-group adjoining the Great Bear; the constellation of the Little Bear.

Cadmus (kăd′m*ŭ*s), founder of Thebes.

Callirhoe (kă-lĭr′ō-ē), a river of Phæacia.

Cassandra (kă-săn′drà), a prophetess, daughter of Priam, king of Troy. On the fall of Troy she was given to Agamemnon as part of the spoil which fell to his share.

Calypso (kă-lĭp′sō), a nymph, daughter of Atlas; she dwelt on the island of Ogygia.

Charybdis (kà-rĭb′dĭs), Scylla and Charybdis were sea-monsters who inhabited two rocks between Sicily and Italy, separated by a narrow straight.

Chronos (krō′nŭs), a Titan, father of Zeus; god of Time.

Cicones (sĭ-kō′nēz), a people who lived on the coast of Thrace.

Cimmerii (sĭm-mē′rĭ-ī), a people who dwelt on the shore of the ocean in the dark land of the far West.

Circe (sûr′sē), daughter of the Sun; an enchantress.

Clytæmnestra (klĭt-ĕm-nĕs′trà), wife of Agamemnon.

Cocytus (kō-sī′tŭs), one of the rivers of Hades; a tributary of Styx.

Crete (krēt), a large island in the Ægean Sea, the seat of a very ancient civilization.

Ctesippus (tē-sĭp′pŭs), one of the suitors for the hand of Penelope.

Ctimene (tĭm′ĕ-nē), sister of Odysseus.

Cyclôpes (sī′klō-pēz), a race of gigantic one-eyed shepherds who were supposed to have lived in Sicily.

Cydonians (sī-dō′nĭ-ănz), people of Crete.

Cyprus (sī′prŭs), an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

Cythera (sĭ-thē′rà), an island south of Greece.

Danaans (dăn′ā-ănz), the Argives were named Danaans after a mythical King Danaus. The Greeks as a whole are often called Danaans by Homer.

Delos (dē′lŏs), an island in the Ægean Sea, sacred to Apollo, and the seat of an oracle.

Demeter (dē-mē′tēr), goddess of fruitful soil and of agriculture; Ceres.

Demodocus (dē-mŏd′ō-kŭs), a minstrel at the court of Phæacia.

Deucalion (dū-kā′lĭ-ŏn), a king of Thessaly who survived the great deluge sent by Zeus.

Diocles (dī′ō-klēz), host of Telemachus at Pheræ.

Dionysus (dī-ō-nī′sŭs), god of the grape and of wine; Bacchus.

Dodona (dō-dō′nȧ), the seat of the most ancient oracle in Greece. The oracle was interpreted from the rustling of the leaves of a sacred oak.

Dolius (dō′lĭ-ŭs), father of Melanthius, a goatherd.

Dorians (dō′rĭ-ănz), early inhabitants of Greece.

Dulichium (dōō-lĭk′ĭ-ŭm), an island belonging to the kingdom of Ithaca.

Echeneus (ĕk-ē-nē′ŭs), a Phæacian.

Echetus (ĕk′ē-tŭs), king of Epirus.

Eilithyia (ĕl-ĭ-thī′yȧ), a goddess.

Elatreus (ē-lā′trōōs), a quoit-thrower of Phæacia.

Elis (ē′lĭs), a country on the west coast of Greece.

Elpenor (ĕl-pē′nôr), a companion of Odysseus at the palace of Circe.

Epeans (ē-pē′ănz), a people who lived in the north of Elis.

Epeius (ē-pē′yŭs), king of Elis.

Eperitus (ē-pĕr′ĭ-tŭs), the name Odysseus assumes when he presents himself to his father.

Erectheus (ē-rĕk′thūs), a mythical king of Athens, who introduced the worship of Athene in that city.

Erebus (ĕr′ĕ-bŭs), the dark underground entrance to Hades.

Erymanthus (ĕr-ĭ-măn′thŭs), a mountain range in the southern part of Greece.

Eteocretans (ē-tē-ō-krē′tănz), a tribe of people existing in Crete.

Eteoneus (ē-tē-ō′nūs), a member of the household of Menelaus.

Ethiopians (ē-thĭ-ō′pĭ-ănz), people living in Africa.

Eumæus (ū-mē′ŭs), the swineherd of Odysseus.

Eupeithes (ū-pī′thēz), father of Antinous.

Eurus (ū′rŭs), the east wind.

Euryalus (ū-rī′ă-lŭs), a wrestler among the Phæacians.

Eurybates (ū-rĭb′ă-tēz), a servant of Odysseus.

Eurycleia (ū-rĭ-klī′ă), nurse of Odysseus.

Eurydamas (ū-rĭd′ă-măs), one of the suitors of Penelope killed by Odysseus.

Eurylochus (ū-rĭl′ō-kŭs), the only companion of Odysseus who did not accept the drink offered by Circe; brother of Penelope.

Eurymachus (ū-rĭm′ă-kŭs), suitor of Penelope.

Eurynome (ū-rĭn′ō-mē), a servant of Penelope.

Eurynomus (ū-rĭn′ō-mŭs), suitor of Penelope.

Gnossus (nō′sŭs), the capital of Minos, king of Crete.

Gorgon (gôr′gŏn), a horrible monster in the form of a woman, with serpents in place of hair.

Graces (grā′sĕz), daughters of Zeus, goddesses of beauty.

Hades (hā′dēz), the dread god of the underworld, called by later Greeks Pluto; the dwelling-place of the souls of the departed.

Halios (hā′lĭ-ŏs), son of King Alcinous and Queen Arete.

Halitherses (hă-lĭ-thĕr′sēz), a son of Mastor of Ithaca. He was a soothsayer, and during the absence of Odysseus he remained behind in Ithaca and assisted Telemachus against the suitors of Penelope.

Helen (hĕl′ĕn), the beautiful wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. Paris the Trojan carried her away to Troy, and the Trojan War was fought in order to recover her and avenge Menelaus.

Helios (hē′lĭ-ŏs), the Sun; Hyperion.

Hellas (hĕl′lăs), originally a district in Thessaly, in the North of Greece, but used by Homer to mean all Greece outside the Peloponnesus.

Hellespont (hĕl′lĕs-pŏnt), a strait between the Ægean Sea and the Sea of Marmora.

Hephæstus (hē-fĕs′tŭs), god of fire and metal-work; Vulcan.

Here (hē′rē), daughter of Chronos, and wife of Zeus; Hera; Juno.

Hermes (hēr′mēz), son of Zeus, and herald of the gods. He slew Argus, a hundred-eyed giant, at the command of Zeus; Mercury.

Hippotas (hĭp′pō-tăs), father of Æolus.

Hypereia (hī-pē-rē′ĭ-ȧ), former home of the Phæacians.

Hyperion (hī-pē′rĭ-ŏn), Helios.

Iasus (ī′ȧ-sŭs), father of Demeter, king of Cyprus.

Icarius (ī-kā′rĭ-ŭs), father of Penelope.

Idomeneus (ī-dŏm′ĕ-nūs), king of Crete, who led the Cretans against Troy in eighty ships.

Ilium (ĭl′ĭ-ŭm), or Troy; the city in Asia Minor against which the Greeks warred for ten years; Ilius.

Ino (ī′nō), wife of Athamas. Athamas was seized with madness, and Ino, in terror, threw herself into the sea and was changed into a sea-goddess, Leucothea.

Iphitus (ĭf′ĭ-tŭs), the Lacedæmonian who gave Odysseus his bow.

Irus (ī′rŭs), a beggar in Ithaca.

Ismarus (ĭs′mā-rŭs), a Thracian town.

Ithaca (ĭth′ȧ-kȧ), (1) a rocky island off the coast of Epirus, the birthplace and (along with Same and Zacynthus) the kingdom of Odysseus. (2) The chief town on the island, in which Odysseus had his palace.

Ithacus (ĭth′ȧ-kŭs), a son of Pterelaus, a hero from whom Ithaca probably derived its name.

Itylus (ĭt′ĭ-lŭs), *see* Pandareus.

Jason (jā′sŏn), the leader of the Argonauts, the Greek heroes who sailed in the ship *Argo* to Colchis to recover the golden fleece from King Æetes.

Lacedæmon (lăs-ē-dē′mŏn), a name for Sparta.

Laertes (lā-ēr′tēz), king of Ithaca, and father of Odysseus.

Læstrygonians (lĕs-trĭ-gō′nĭ-ȧnz), a savage race of cannibals.

Lamos (lā′mŏs), king of Læstrygonia.

Lampetia (lăm-pē-tī′ȧ), daughter of Helios.

Lampus (lăm′pŭs), one of the horses driven by Aurora.

Laodamas (lā-ŏd′ȧ-mȧs), son of Alcinous.

Leiodes (lī′ō-dēz), one of the suitors of Penelope.

Leto (lē′tō), the mother of Apollo and Artemis.

Leucothea (lū-kō-thē′ȧ), *see* Ino.

Libya (lĭb′ĭ-ȧ), Greek name for Africa.

Lotus(lō′tŭs)-eaters, inhabitants of northern Africa.

Malea (mā-lē′ȧ), a cape in the southern part of Greece.

Marathon (măr′ȧ-thŏn), a town twenty-two miles from Athens, situated in the plain on which the battle of Marathon was fought.

Maron (mā′rŏn), grandson of Dionysus.

Medon (mē′dŏn), a herald.

Megapenthes (mĕg-ȧ-pĕn′thēz), a son of Menelaus.

Melanthius (mĕ-lăn′thĭ-ŭs), a goatherd.

Melantho (mĕ-lăn′thō), a serving woman belonging to Penelope.

Menelaus (mĕ-nĕ-lā′ŭs), king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon; husband of Helen of Troy.

Mentor (mĕn′tôr), a faithful friend of Odysseus; guardian of Telemachus.

Mesaulius (mĕ-sô′lĭ-ŭs), a swineherd.

Minos (mī′nŏs), son of Zeus, a king and lawgiver of Crete; one of the judges of the dead in Hades.

Muses (mūz′ĕz), daughters of Zeus, nine in number. They presided over the arts.

Mycenæ (mī-sē′nē), an ancient town in Argolis.

Myrmidons (mēr′mĭ-dŏnz), inhabitants of Thessaly whom Achilles ruled.

Nausicaa (nô-sĭk′ā-ȧ), the Phæacian princess.

Nausithous (nô-sĭth′ō-ŭs), a former king of the Phæacians.

Neæra (nē-ē′rȧ), a nymph.

Neoptolemus (nē′ŏp-tŏl′ē-mŭs), a young warrior, son of Achilles, also called Pyrrhus.

Neritum (nĕr′ĭ-tŭm), a mountain in Ithaca.

Neritus (nĕr′ĭ-tŭs), a son of Pterelaus in Ithaca from whom Mount Neriton in west of Ithaca was believed to have derived its name.

Nestor (nĕs′tôr), king of Pylos. He joined the expedition against Troy; he was famed for his wisdom.

Nisus (nī′sŭs), a noble of Dulichium and father of Amphinomus, one of the suitors of Penelope.

Notus (nō′tŭs), the south wind.

Oceanus (ō-sē′ȧ-nŭs), the great outer sea or river believed to encircle the earth.

Odysseus (ō-dĭs′sūs), the hero of the *Odyssey*.

Ogygia (ŏ-jĭj′ĭ-ȧ), the island where Calypso dwelt.

Olympus (ō-lĭm′pŭs), a mountain in Thessaly, where the gods had their dwelling place.

Orestes (ō-rĕs′tēz), *see* Agamemnon.

Orsilochus (ôr-sĭl′ō-kŭs), father of Diocles.

Pallas (păl′lăs), a name of the goddess Athene; Minerva.

Pandareus (păn-dā′rē-ŭs), of Crete, father of Ædon, who married Zethus, king of Thebes. Ædon accidentally killed her own son, Itylus, and Zeus, in pity for her grief, changed her to a nightingale.

Parnassus (pär-năs′sŭs), a mountain range in northern Greece. The name is specially given to part of the range above Delphi, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

Patroclus (pă-trō′klŭs), friend of Achilles.

Peisander (pī-săn′dēr), one of the suitors of Penelope.

Peisistratus (pī-sĭs′trā-tŭs), son of Nestor, and friend of Telemachus.

Pelasgians (pē-lăs′jĭ-ănz), Greeks who lived in Crete.

Peleus (pē′lūs), king of the Myrmidons and father of Achilles.

Penelope (pĕ-nĕl′ŏ-pē), the wife of Odysseus.

Perimedes (pĕ-rĭ-mē′dēz), a companion of Odysseus.

Persephone (pēr-sĕf′ŏ-nē), goddess of the underworld and wife of Hades; Proserpina; Proserpine.

Phæacia (fē-ā′shĭ-ă), Scheria, mythical island of the Phæacians.

Phædimus (fē′dĭ-mŭs), king of the Sidonians.

Phæthon (fā′ē-thŏn), a surname for Helios. In later writers a son of Helios.

Pheæ (fē′ē), a town on frontiers of Elis and Pisatis.

Pheidon (fī′dŏn), king of the Thesprotians.

Pheræ (fē′rē), a town in Thessaly.

Philœtius (fī-lē′tĭ-ŭs), a servant of Odysseus.

Phœbus (fē′bŭs), Apollo; the god of light.

Phorcys (fôr′sĭs), a sea-god.

Phthia (thī′ȧ), a place in Thessaly.

Pieria (pī-ē′rĭ-ȧ), the country on the coast of Thessaly at the eastern extremity of Olympus.

Pleiades (plē′yȧ-dēz), the seven daughters of Atlas, who were changed into the star-group called the Seven Sisters.

Polybus (pŏl′ĭ-bŭs), father of Eurymachus.

Polyphemus (pŏl-ĭ-fē′mŭs), son of Neptune; one of the Cyclôpes.

Polyctor (pō-lĭk′tôr), father of Pisander, one of the suitors.

Poseidon (pō-sī′dŏn), son of Chronos and god of the sea. As he sent earthquakes he is called "earth-shaker." He showed enmity to Odysseus on account of the blinding of his son Polyphemus; Neptune.

Pramnian (prăm′nĭ-ȧn) **wine**, a strong wine unpleasant to the taste.

Priam (prī′ăm), king of Troy at the time of the Trojan War.

Proteus (prō′tūs), a sea-god.

Pylos (pī′lŏs), the city of Nestor on the coast of Messenia in the Peloponnesus.

Pyriphlegethon (pī-rĭ-flĕg′ĕ-thŏn), a river in Hades.

Rhexenor (rĕx-ē′nôr), father of Arete.

Same (sā′mĕ), city on coast opposite Ithaca.

Samos (sā′mŏs), an island in the Ægean Sea.

Scheria (skē′rĭ-ȧ), the mythical island of the Phæacians.

Scylla (sĭl′lȧ), *see* Charybdis.

Scyros (sī′rŏs), an island in the Ægean Sea.

Sicania (sĭ-cā′nĭ-ȧ), another name for Sicily.

Sidonians (sī-dō′nĭ-ȧnz), a Cretan race.

Sirens (sī′rĕnz), nymphs whose song lured passers-by to destruction.

Solymi (sŏl′ĭ-mī), high mountains in Greece.

Sparta (spär′tȧ), also called Lacedæmon. An island city of the Peloponnesus of which Menelaus was king.

Styx (stĭks), a river in Hades.

Taygetus (tā-ĭj′ē-tŭs), a mountain range in southern Greece.

Teiresias (tī-rē′sĭ-ȧs), a prophet of Thebes struck blind by Pallas Athene.

Telemachus (tĕ-lĕm′ȧ-kŭs), the son of Odysseus.

Thesprotians (thĕs-prō′shȧnz), a people living in the northwestern part of Greece.

Thrinacia (thrĭn-ā′shĭ-ȧ), the three-cornered island of Sicily; sometimes spelled Trinacria.

Troy (troi), a city of Phrygia, besieged by the Greeks for ten years.

Tyndareus (tĭn′dă-rūs), father of Helen and Clytæmnestra.

Ulysses (ū-lĭs′ēz), king of Ithaca; son of Laertes; Odysseus.

Zacynthus (zā-kĭn′thŭs), an island in the Ionian Sea.

Zephyrus (zĕf′ĭ-rŭs), the west wind.

Zethus (zē′thŭs), king of Thebes.

Zeus (zūs), father of gods and men; Jupiter.

A Bird such as the auk
lays eggs on rocks
and [illegible]es. The wi[illegible]
no m[illegible] how strong
may be can not blow
these eggs of the rocks
because they are shaped
so that they spin in
place when the wind
is strong